



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3433 07478638 9

8202
Discovered
Jan. 29, 1947
A.S.I. R93

Columbia University
in the City of New York



Imp'fata
pp 61-64

The College Study
HAMILTON HALL

112. 10

1. English Literature. — History
and criticism.

NCB



ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.

EGBERT TO EDWARD VII.

1649.....1660. CHARLES II. | JAMES II. *Mary.*

MARY II. | ANNE.

WILLIAM III.

OLIVER AND RICHARD CROMWELL
(PROTECTORS.)

BRUNSWICK LINE.
1714.....1800.

Sophia.

GEORGE I.

GEORGE II.
Frederick.

GEORGE III.

GEORGE IV. | WILLIAM IV. *Edward Duke of Kent.*

Victoria



ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.

EGBERT TO EDWARD VII.

1849.....1880. CHARLES II. | JAMES II. *Mary.*

MARY II. | ANNE. | WILLIAM III.

OLIVER AND RICHARD CROMWELL
(PROTECTORS.)

BRUNSWICK LINE.
1714.....1800.

Sophia.

GEORGE I.

GEORGE II.

Frederick.

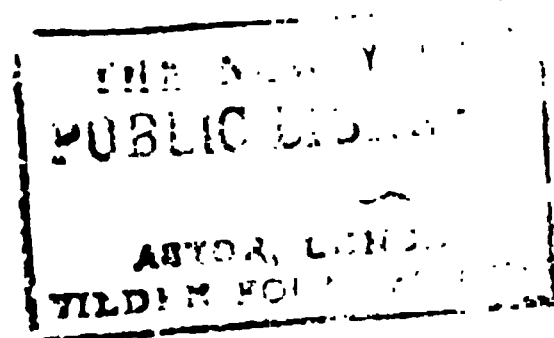
GEORGE III.

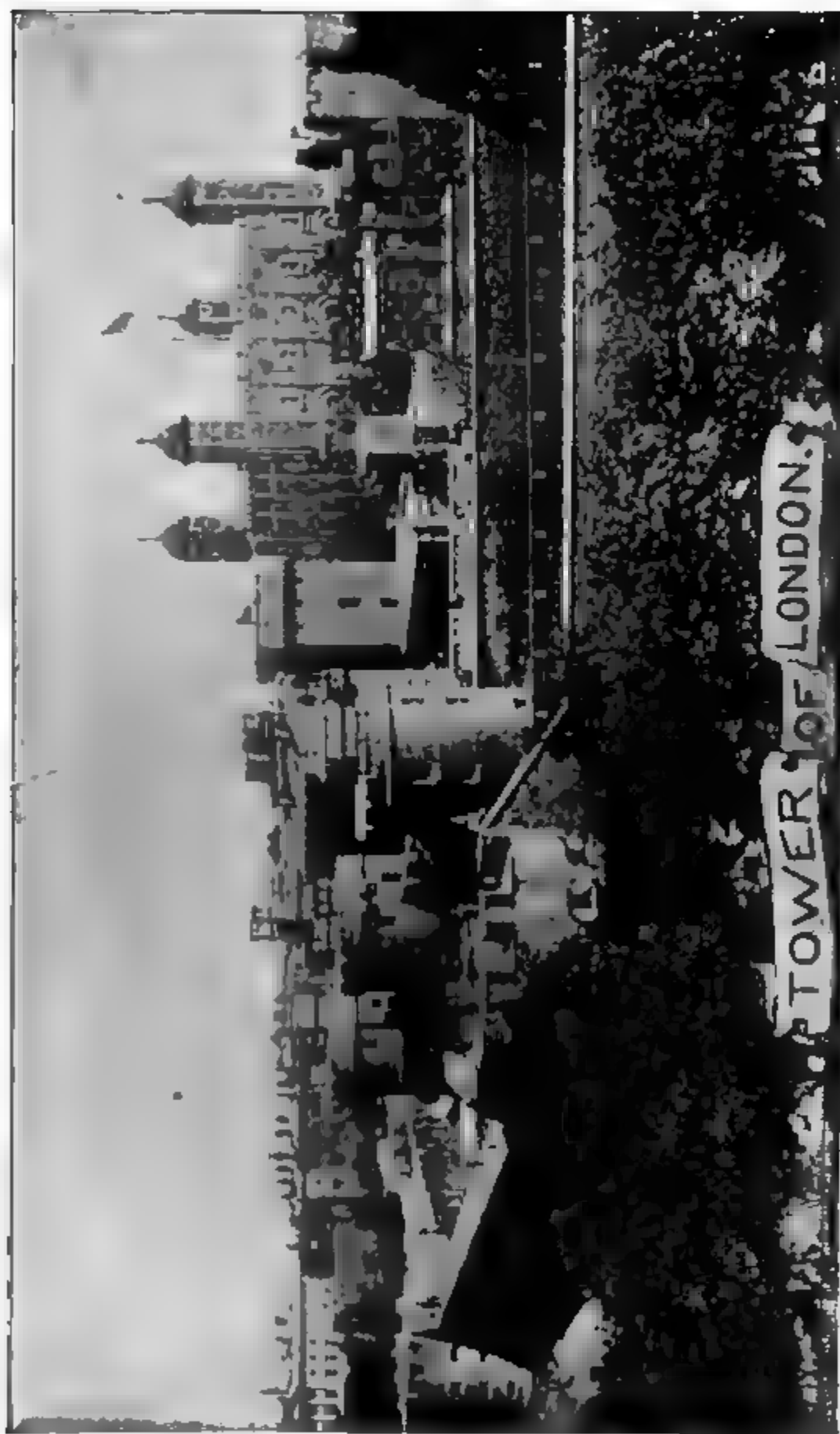
GEORGE IV. | WILLIAM IV. | *Edward Duke of Kent.*

Victoria.

LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS





TOWER OF LONDON.

ENGLISH AUTHORS

A HAND-BOOK OF ENGLISH
LITERATURE

FROM

Chaucer to Living Writers

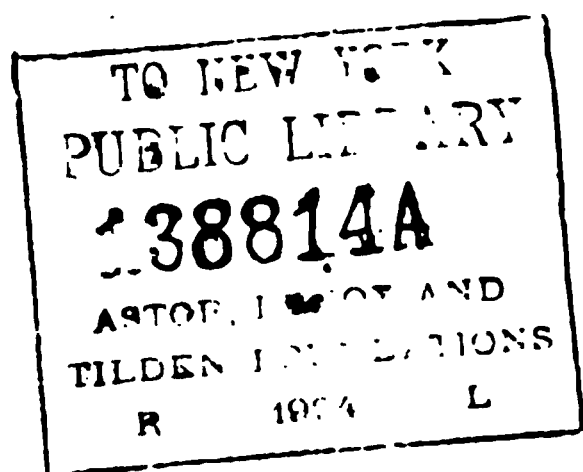
BY

MILDRED RUTHERFORD
ATHENS, GA.

"If a book come from the heart, it will contrive to reach other hearts : art and authorcraft are of small amount to that."—CARLYLE.

ATLANTA, GA.
THE FRANKLIN PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.
GEO. W. HARRISON, MANAGER

1906



Copyrighted according to Act of
Congress, in the year 1890.

INDEX.

Addison, Joseph (Illustration)...	139	Bibles, Editions of.....	50
Ainsworth, Harrison	476	Black, William (Illustration)....	673
Aird, Thomas	476	Blackmore, Richard D.....	671
Akenside, Mark	256	Blackstone, Sir William.....	256
Alcuin	14	Blair, Hugh	256
Alford, Henry	609	Blair, Robert	191
Alfred the Great.....	13	Beowulf	11
Alfric the Grammarian.....	14	Boothby, Guy	734
Allen, Grant (Can.).....	734	Borrow, George	476
Allingham, William	476	Boswell, James	256
Allison, Sir Archibald.....	476	Bowing, Sir John	609
Arbuthnot, John	133	Boyle, Robert	132
Arnold, Edwin	689	Braddon, Mary Elizabeth.....	709
Arnold, Matthew	571	Brewster, Sir David.....	476
Arnold, Thomas	349	Brinley, George	608
Ascham, Roger	52	Brontë, Charlotte	438
Aston, W. G.....	734	Brown, Frances	476
Austin, Alfred	728	Brown, John	609
Aytoun, William E.....	746	Brown, Thomas	355
		Brown, William	53
Bacon, Francis	85	Browne, Sir Thomas	182
Bailey, Philip	476	Browning, Elizabeth Barrett (Il- lustration)	537
Baillie, Joanna	304	Browning, Robert (Illustration).	600
Bain, Alexander	609	Brooks, Shirley	476
Bale, John	52	Bruce, James	355
Banim, John.....	608	Bryce, Prof. James	607
Barbour, John	51	Buchanan, George	52
Barclay, Alexander	51	Buchanan, Robert	734
Barclay, Robert	133	Buckland, William	609
Barr, Robert	734	Buckle, Henry Thomas	476
Barrie, J. M.....	715	Bulwer, Edward George Lytton (Illustration)	546
Baxter, Richard	132	Bulwer, Edward Robert (Owen Meredith) (Illustration)	627
Bayle, Haynes	476	Bunyan, John	117
Beach, Angus Bethune.....	609	Burke, Edmund	260
Beaumont, Francis	53	Burnet, Thomas	133
Bede	14	Burney, Frances (Mme. D'Ar- blay)	307
Beattie, James	256	Burns, Robert (Illustration)....	271
Bellenden, John	52	Burton, John Hill.....	608
Bellot, Hellalre	734	Burton, Robert	54
Bennet, Gilbert	133	Butler, Joseph	256
Bennett, William	476	Butler, Samuel	132
Bentham, Jeremy	355		
Bentley, Richard	133		
Berkeley, George	256		
Besant, Walter	674		

INDEX.

Butler, William Archer.....	609	Corelli, Marie	734
Byrom, John	256	Cosmo-Innes	608
Byron, George Gordon (Illus.)...	337	Coster, Lawrence	35
Cædmon	12	Coverdale, Miles	51
Calne, Hall	734	Cowley, Abraham	131
Caird, John	609	Cowper, William (Illustration)..	289
Camden, William	53	Crabbe, George	355
Campbell, Lord	608	Craig, Isa	476
Campbell, Thomas	387	Craik, Mrs. (See Miss Muloch)..	582
Candlish, Robert	609	Cranmer, Thomas	46
Canterbury Tales	24	Crashaw, Richard	53
Carew, Thomas	53	Crockett, Samuel Rutherford....	734
Carleton, William	476	Crowe, Catherine Mrs.....	608
Carlyle, Thomas (Illustration)..	424	Crowest, Frederick J.....	734
Castle, Egerton	734	Crowley, George	355
Cavallers	98	Cudworth, Ralph	132
Cavendish, George	52	Daniel, Samuel	53
Caxton, William	33	Darwin, Charles (Illustration)...	463
Chalmers, Thomas	476	Darwin, Erasmus	256
Chamberlayne, William	131	Davenant, Sir William	131
Chambers, Robert	608	Davis, John Francis	609
Charles the Rash	33	Davy, Sir Humphrey	455
Chatterton, Thomas	266	Defoe, Daniel	156
Chaucer, Geoffrey (Illustration)..	21	Dekker, Thomas	54
Cheke, Sir John	52	Denham, Sir John	131
Chesterton, Gilbert K.....	734	DeQuincy, Thomas	517
Chevy, Chase	19	Dickens, Charles (Illustration)..	401
Chillingworth, William	54	Dillon, Wentworth (Earl of Ros-	
Churchill, Charles	256	common)	133
Clare, John	476	Disraeli, Benjamin	565
Clarke, Adam	355	Dixon, William Hempworth....	608
Clarke, Edward	355	Dobell, Sidney	476
Clarke, Mary Cowden	608	Dobson, Austin	732
Clarke, Samuel	191	Dobson, Mrs.....	734
Cleveland	36	Doddridge, Philip	206
Clodd, Edward	734	Dodsley, Robert	256
Cobbett, William	355	Donaldson, John W.....	476
Coleridge, Hartley	476	Doone, John	53
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor (Illus.)	490	Doomsday Book	17
Collier, John Payne	608	Douglas, Gavin	51
Collins, William	256	Doyle, Conan	734
Collins, William Wilkie (Illus.)..	591	Drayton, Michael	53
Colt, John	37	Drummond, William	54
Colton, Charles	131	Dryden, John (Illustration)....	126
Comedy and Tragedy.....	52	Dunbar, William	51
Congreve, William	133	Dyce, Alexander	608
Cook, Eliza	476	Dyer, John	191
Cooke, Wingrove	609	Early History of Great Britain.	11
Cooper, Anthony	191		

AMERICAN AUTHORS

EARLY COLONIAL — LIVING WRITERS

BY

MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD

Author and Publisher

ATHENS, GA.

Cloth ; pp. 653 ; \$1.50.

Dealers' and Teachers' Discount. Sixty Illustrations.

CLIPPINGS FROM THE PRESS.

The author is well known in the South, and to our mind one of the most valuable features of the work is the thorough and impartial way in which she has endeavored to accord the South its proper place in American Literature. Northern writers receive their full meed of praise, but the literary workers of the South are accorded a better position than one generally sees awarded to them in compilations of this character. — Saturday Evening Post.

American Authors is receiving high praise from the Northern press. This it deserves. Miss Rutherford has surpassed all former efforts in this last work. — Atlanta Constitution.

A very commendable feature of the work is the series of questions on American history placed at the end of each chapter, which calls the attention of the student to the influence of the events and movements of the time upon the development of contemporary literature. — Baltimore News.

In the first place the word "charming" has its aptness when we say that this book gives us charming reading. We have not

seen a dull passage in it. It abounds in interesting incident and apt delineation. And then there is a clear, concise and just presentation of the character of authors and the true philosophy of their work.—Wesleyan Christian Advocate.

We once heard a very prominent educator speak disparagingly of the literary talent of the South. He will revise his opinion when he has read Miss Rutherford's most admirable book. In the South alone she shows us that there are over thirty-five hundred writers.—Christian Index.

This book of Miss Rutherford's is a treasure in the house.—Bill Arp.

The educators of the land owe it to you to call a convention in your honor, and pass a vote of thanks to you.—Margaret J. Preston.

The work gives one the impression of careful preparation and general accuracy.—Review of Reviews.

A volume of American Authors, by Mildred Rutherford, of Athens, Ga., shows that America is not only rich in writers, but her literature is equal in worth and variety to that of any country or age.—Current Literature.

It is a dull scholar indeed who will not be stimulated to larger effort for self-cultivation by the interesting biographies of this volume, by the easy criticisms of great works, by the personal descriptions and well-executed pictures which make great men seem alive and real, by the introduction of the newest names in literature, bringing it down to the very days in which we live, and by the very close connection of history with all literary effort and success.—Nashville Banner.

Miss Rutherford has manifested a rare ability to discriminate and a wonderful power to interest her students in the work of living writers. She has recognized no sectional distinctions, but has with an impartial hand given justice to all.—Atlanta Constitution.

FRENCH AUTHORS

FROISSART — LIVING WRITERS

BY

MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD

Author and Publisher

ATHENS, GA.

Cloth; pp. 625; \$1.50; (1906).

Dealers' and Teachers' Discount. Forty-two Illustrations.

French Authors for convenience is divided into eight Ages:

The Dark Age.....	487- 800
The Age of Infancy.....	800-1000
Age of the Troubadours and Trouvères.....	1000-1350
Formative Age of French Literature.....	1350-1500
The Golden Age.....	1500-1700
The Age of Scepticism.....	1700-1800
The Age of the Revolution or.....	} 1800-1850
The Age of Reason.....	
The Age of Nature or.....	} 1850—
The Age of the Republic.....	

PREFACE.

French Authors neither purports to be an analytical nor a purely critical review of French literature, but simply an outline study of its history, dealing with the most prominent literary men and women in France, and giving short sketches concerning their home life. The book has been compiled from lecture notes, and is published for a fourfold purpose:

1. To aid students who are not familiar with French, and who therefore fail to become acquainted with many writers of France, whom they know by name only.

2. To aid mothers and teachers in deciding what French authors should be read by the young people of the day. Finding the sketch of the author's life, and learning something of the char-

acter of his works, those who have not time to read the book for themselves may judge whether a work by this or that author can be read without injury. While many may differ as to individual merit or demerit, none will deny the harmful influence of most French novels.

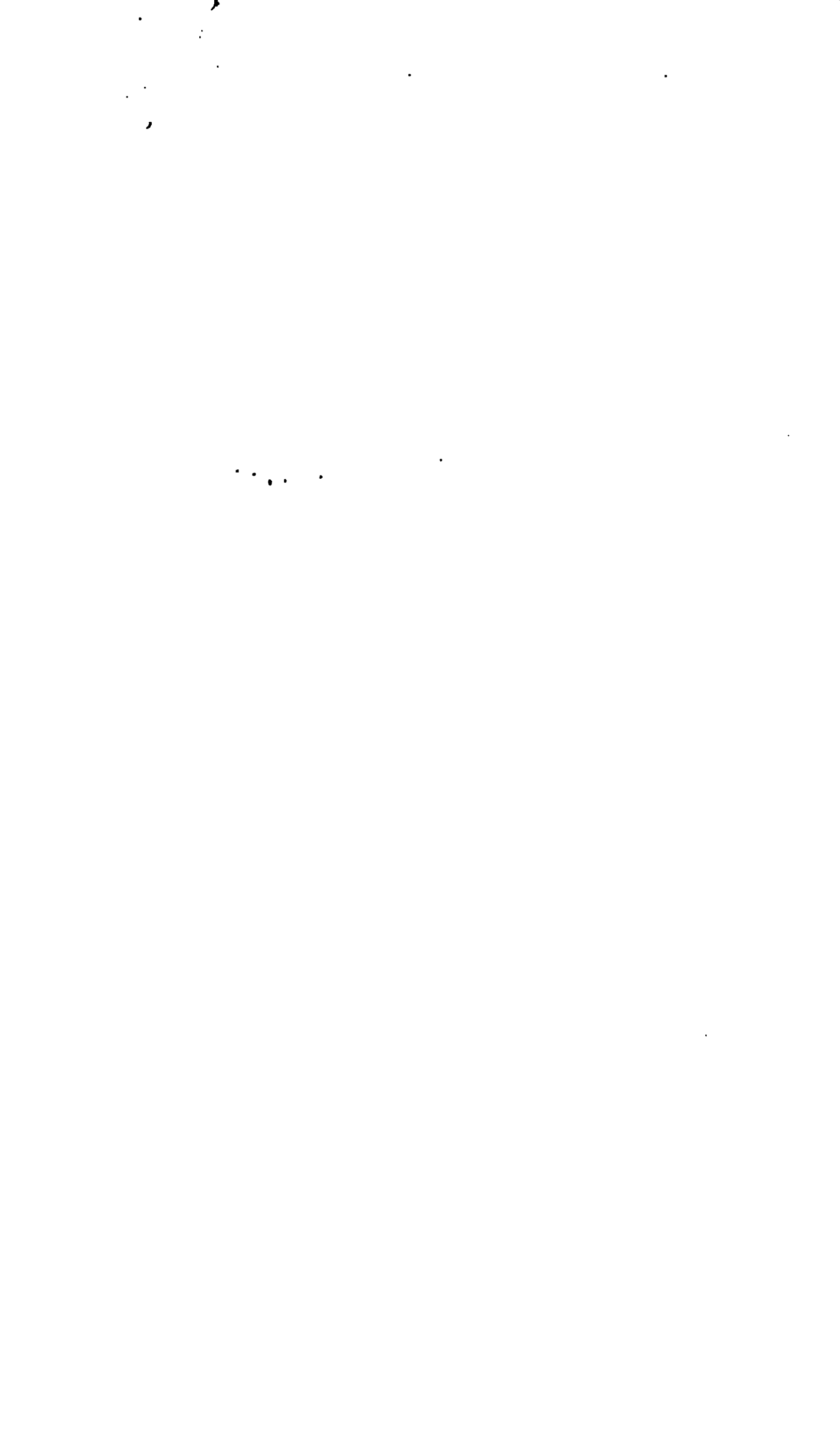
3. To aid those who are students of the French language in schools and colleges to obtain a knowledge of the home life of the author whose work they are translating and criticising.

4. To aid all libraries, private and public, for the collected information concerning these literary men and women it is hoped will be found of real encyclopedic value, as no published work as yet contains the sketches of some of the living writers of France.

Time and pains have been expended in compiling this book in loving interest and with a sincere desire to aid and give pleasure and profit to others.

Extract from History of French Literature, Page 30.

The nineteenth century really presents a group of novelists and dramatists reminding one of that remarkable group of English writers in the seventeenth century. The literature of this period is not professedly pious like that of the seventeenth century, nor professedly infidel like the eighteenth century, but is one of intense interest, and holds the reader under its seductive influence. What shall be said of poetry and history in French literature of this period? Undoubtedly poetry is weak, but history is strong. In France during the eighteenth century, poetry, not dramatic, was revived, prose romance and literary criticism were brought to a perfection hitherto unknown, and history produced works more various, if not more remarkable, than at any previous stage of the language. In philosophy she has devoted herself to the historical side chiefly. Political philosophy particularly and its kindred sciences have received a large share of attention, but poetry has never advanced beyond a certain point—the structure of the language is against it. In poetry Victor Hugo was a law unto himself. He showed an utter disregard of arbitrary and critical rules, and he has been the measure of all the literary productiveness of France on the poetic side. But rebel as Hugo was, he could never have done what he did without the language and methods of his predecessors, so we may say that French literary art really began with Boileau and the Academy. Théophile Gautier, while he acknowledged the supremacy of Hugo, possessed talent of an individual order, and developed it more or less independently. He is said to have been the most perfect poet in point of form that France has produced. Gautier developed the purely pagan and Renaissance aspect of the romantic movement inaugurated by Victor Hugo.



INDEX.

Early Writers	15	Giffillan, George	608
Edgeworth, Maria	374	Gissing, George	734
Edwards, Amella B.....	675	Gladstone, William Ewart.....	734
Eighth Era of English Literature	355	Gleig, George	608
Elliot, George (Illustration).....	556	Goldsmith, Oliver (Illustration).	232
Elyot, Sir Thomas	52	Gore, Catherine	608
Ellis, Sarah	476	Gosse, Edmund	731
Eras of English Literature.....	20	Gower, John	18
Erigena	14	Grant, James	608
Evelyn, John	132	Gray, Thomas	215
Exeter, Joseph of.....	14	Green, J. R.....	734
		Gregory the Great (Pope).....	11
Fabian, Robert	52	Greville, Mrs.....	256
Falconer, William	256	Griffin, Gerald	608
Faraday, Michael	630	Grostéle	15
Fargeon, B. L.....	734	Grote, George	476
Fargus, F. J. (Hugh Conway)..	734	Guthrie, Austey	734
Farquhar, George	133	Gutenberg, John	33
Ferguson, Adam	256		
Ferrier, James	608	Habington, William	54
Fieldding, Henry	200	Haggard, Henry Rider (Illus.)..	701
Fifth Era of English Literature	132	Hakluyt, Richard	54
First Era of English Literature	31	Hall, Anna Maria.....	608
Fisner, John	52	Hall, Edward	52
Fletcher, Giles & Phineas.....	53	Hall, Joseph	54
Fletcher, John	53	Hall, Robert	353
Foot, Samuel	256	Hallam, Henry	353
Ford, John	53	Hamilton, Sir William.....	476
Ford, Richard	476	Hammerton, Philip Gilbert.....	734
Forster, John	476	Hanay, James	476
Fortescue, Sir John	51	Hardy, Thomas	713
Foster, John	355	Hare, Julius	609
Fourth Era of English Literature	131	Harry, Blind	51
Fox, John	51	Hatton, Joseph	734
Freeman, Edward A.....	734	Havergal, Frances Ridley.....	552
Froude, James Anthony (Illus.).	663	Hawes, Stephen	51
Fuller, Thomas	131	Hawkesworth, John	256
		Hawkins (See A. Hope.)	
Gairdner, James	667	Hazlitt, William	353
Galt, John	355	Heber, Reginald	355
Galton, Francis	665	Helps, Arthur	476
Gardiner, Samuel Rawson.....	667	Hemans, Felicia (Illustration)..	359
Garrick, David	256	Henley, W. E.....	734
Gaskell, Elizabeth	476	Henry, Matthew	133
Gauden, John	131	Henryson, Robert	51
Gay, John	191	Hervy, Thomas Kibble.....	476
Geoffrey of Monmouth.....	14	Heraud, J. A.....	734
Gibbon, Charles	734	Herbert, Lord of Cherbury.....	54
Gibbon, Edward	211	Herbert, George	53

INDEX.

Herrick, Robert	53	Keats, John (Illustration).....	330
Herschel, Sir John.....	355	King, William	256
Hewlett, Maurice	734	Kinglake, Alexander	476
Heywood, John	52	Kinglake, Alexander William...	666
Hichens, Robert S.....	734	Kingsley, Rev. Charles.....	467
History of English Literature...	9	Kipling, Rudyard	720
Hobbes, Thomas	54	Kitto, John	609
Hogg, James	391	Knight, Charles	608
Home, Henry	101	Knowles, Sheridan	475
Home, John	256	Knox, John	52
Home, John Hartwell	600	Knox, Mrs. (Isa Craig).....	476
Hood, Thomas	529		
Hook, Walter Farquhar.....	608	Lake Poets	479
Hooker, Richard	52	Lamb, Charles and Mary.....	506
Hope, Anthony	734	Landon, Letitia Elizabeth.....	380
Horne, Richard Henry.....	476	Landor, Savage	355
Hovedon	115	Lang, Samuel	476
Howard, Henry (Earl of Surrey)	51	Lang, Andrew	730
Howell, James	54	Langland, Robert or William...	17
Howitt, William	608	Langtoft	15
Hughes, Thomas	608	Langton, Cardinal	14
Hume, David	207	Lankester, Prof.....	664
Hume, Mary	476	Lardner, Dionysius	608
Hunt, Leigh	334	Large, Robert	83
Huxley, Thos. Henry (Illus.)...	640	Latimer, Hugh	52
Hyde, Edward (Earl of Clarendon)	131	Layard, Austen	476
		Leckey, W. E. H.....	604
Ingelow, Jean (Illustration)....	635	Leland, John	52
Inglis, Henry David	609	Lemon, Mark	476
Ingulphus	14	Lever, Charles	476
Important Events	753	Lewes, George Henry.....	475
Irving, Edward	355	Lewis, Sir George Cornwall.....	608
		Lindsay, Sir David.....	52
James I. of England.....	54	Lingard, John	355
James I. of Scotland.....	51	Livingston, David	476
James, George P. R.....	476	Lochyer, J. Norman.....	605
Jameson, Anna	459	Locke, John	132
Jeffrey, Lord	355	Lockhart, John Gibson	475
Jerrold, Douglas	476	Lovelace, Richard	131
Jewsbury, Geraldine	608	Lover, Samuel	608
John of Salisbury.....	14	Lowth, Robert	256
Johnson, Samuel (Illustration)..	221	Lubbock, Sir John	664
Johnston, Arthur	52	Lydgate, John	51
Jones, Henry Arthur.....	734	Lyell, Sir Charles	608
Jones, Sir William	256	Lynton, E. Lynn	687
Jonson, Ben	93	Macaulay, Thomas Babington	
Joseph of Exeter.....	14	(Illustration)	393
Jowett, Benjamin	609	McCarthy, Dennis Florence.....	476
Junius	256	McCarthy, Justin	607
		McClintock, Leopold	609

INDEX.

McClure, Sir Robert	609	Moore, Thomas (Illustration)....	282
McCosh, Prof.....	608	More, Hannah	248
McCrie, Thomas	355	More, Sir Thomas	36
MacDonald, George (Illustration)	668	More, Henry	133
Mackay, Charles	476	Morell, J. D.....	608
Mackenzie, Henry	355	Morris, Lewis	734
Mackintosh, Sir James	355	Morris, William	659
Maclaren, Ian	728	Motherwell, William	476
Macleod, Norman	609	Müller, Frederick Maximilian	
M'Neille, Hugh	609	(Illustration)	656
MacPherson, James	256	Mulloch, Dinah Maria.....	582
Macquoid, Mrs. T. R.....	688	Murchison, Sir Robert.....	476
Maginn, William	608	Murray, David Christie	724
Mandeville, Sir John de.....	15		
Mansel, Henry Longueville.....	608	Napier, William	355
Mantell, Gideon	608	Nesbit, E.....	734
Markham, Gervase	54	Newman, Francis	609
Marlowe, Christopher	53	Newman, John Henry	609
Marryat, Frederick	476	Newton, Sir Isaac	136
Marsh, Annie	608	Nicoll, Robert	476
Martin, Sir Theodore.....	734	Ninth Era of English Literature	475
Martineau, James	609	Norman, Henry	734
Marvel, Andrew	132	Norris, William Edward	734
Mason, William	256	North, Christopher	523
Massey, Gerald	476	Norton, Hon. Mrs.....	476
Massinger, Philip	53		
Masson, David	476	Oecleve, Thomas	51
Mather, Helen	714	Oliphant, Margaret	682
Maurice, Frederick Denison.....	609	Osborne, Sherard	609
Maurier, George du.....	734	Ossian	9
Maxwell, William H.....	608	Otway, Thomas	133
Mayhew, Henry	476	Overby, Sir Thomas	54
Meredith, Owen (See Bulwer)...	641	Owen, John	133
Meredith, George	711	Owen, Richard	608
Middleton, Conyers	256		
Mill, James	355	Paley, William	256
Mill, John Stuart	476	Palgrave, Sir Thomas.....	476
Miller, Hugh	476	Park, Mungo	355
Millman, Henry Hart.....	476	Parker, Bessie	476
Milne, J. G.....	734	Parker, Sir Gilbert.....	734
Milnes, Richard Moncton	476	Parnell, Thomas	191
Milton, John (Illustration).....	101	Patmore, Coventry	476
Minot, Lawrence	51	Payn, James	723
Miracle Plays	52	Penn, William	133
Mitford, Mary Russell	319	Percy, Thomas	256
Moir, David Macbeth	476	Philpotts, Edith	734
Montagu, Elizabeth	315	Phillips, Ambrose	191
Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley..	179	Phillips, John	133
Montgomery, James	355	Phillips, Samuel	608
Moore, George	734	Piers Plowman	17

INDEX.

Pitt, William (Earl of Chatham)	256	Saintsbury, George	734
Plays and Players	52	Sala, George Augustus	602
Poet Laureate	737	Sandys, George	54
Pollok, Robert	355	Savage, Richard	191
Ponson, Richard	356	Schreiner, Olive	710
Pope, Alexander (Illustration)	170	Scott, Walter (Illustration)	367
Porter, Jane	317	Second Era of English Literature	51
Porter, Rev. Josias	609	Sedley, Sir Charles	133
Praed, Winthrop Macworth	476	Selden, John	54
Prior, Matthew	133	Seventh Era of English Literature	256
Proctor, Adelaide	384	Shakespeare, William (Illus.)	69
Proctor, Bryan	476	Shaw, George Bernard	734
Purchas, Samuel	54	Shelley, Percy Bysshe (Illus.)	322
Puritans and Cavaliers	98	Shenstone, William	256
Pusey, Edward	609	Sheridan, Brinsley	355
Quarles, Francis	53	Sherlock, Thomas	256
Queen of England	735	Sherlock, William	133
Quiller-Couch, D. G.	784	Shirley, James	53
Ragg, Thomas	476	Sidney, Algernon	132
Raleigh, Sir Walter	64	Sidney, Sir Philip	52
Ramsey, Allen	101	Singleton, Mrs. (Violet Fane)	734
Rawlinson, Sir Henry	609	Sixth Era of English Literature	191
Ray, John	132	Skelton, John	52
Reade, Charles	577	Smedley, Frank	608
Reade, John Edmund	476	Smiles, Samuel	734
Reid, Mayne	608	Smith, Adam	256
Reid, Thomas	256	Smith, Albert	608
Ricardo, David	355	Smith, Alexander	476
Rice, James	694	Smith, Goldwin	734
Richard Cœur de Lion	14	Smith, Sidney	447
Richardson, Samuel	109	Smith, William	608
Robertson, Rev. William	210	Smollet, Tobias	201
Robinson, F. W.	734	Somerville, Mary	476
Rochester, Earl of	133	South, Robert	132
Rogers, Henry	476	Southey, Caroline	476
Rogers, Samuel	355	Southey, Robert (Illustration)	490
Roscoe, William	355	Southwell, Robert	53
Roscommon, Earl of	133	Spencer, Herbert (Illustration)	653
Rossetti, Christina	631	Spenser, Edmund (Illustration)	57
Rossetti, Dante Gabriel	634	Sprat, Thomas	133
Rotheland	15	Stanhope, Earl	608
Rowe, Nicholas	191	Stanhope, Philip	191
Ruskin, John (Illustration)	621	Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn	609
Russell, Lady Rachel	133	Steele, Sir Richard	149
Russell, William Clark	734	Stephen, Leslie	734
Russell, William Howard	608	Sterling, John	608
Sackville, Charles	133	Sterling-Maxwell, Sir William	608
Sackville, Thomas	53	Sterne, Lawrence	256
		Stevenson, Robert Louis	673

INDEX.

Stewart, Dugald	355	Utopia	40
Still, John	51	Ussher, James	54
Stillington, Edward	133		
St. John, Henry	191	Vanbrugh, Sir John	133
Strickland, Agnes	608	Vaughan, Henry	131
Strype, John	133	Vaughan, Robert	608
Stubbs, William	734	Veitch, John, LL.D.....	734
Suckling, Sir John	54	Victoria's Children and Grand- children	736
Sumner, John Bird	600		
Swain, Charles	476	Wace	14
Swift, Jonathan	160	Wallace, Alfred Russell	665
Swinburne, Algernon Chas. (Il.)	692	Waller, Edmund	131
Symonds, J. A.....	734	Walpole, Horace	256
		Walton, Izaak	53
Talbot, Catherine	256	Warburton, Elliot	609
Talfourd, Sir Thomas	476	Ward, Adolphus W.....	734
Tannahill, Robert	355	Ward, Mrs. Humphrey.....	705
Taylor, Sir Henry	734	Warren, Samuel	476
Taylor, Isaac	476	Waterton, Charles	609
Taylor, Jeremy	131	Watson, William	734
Temple, Frederick	609	Watson, Rev. John (See Ian Mac- laren).	
Temple, Sir William	132	Watts, Alaric Alexander.....	476
Tennent, Sir Emerson	473	Watts, Isaac	133
Tennyson, Alfred (Illustration)..	612	Wesley, John	194
Tennyson, Charles	612	Wharton, Joseph	256
Tennyson, Frederick	612	Wharton, Thomas	256
Tenth Era of English Literature 608 and	734	Whatley, Archbishop	476
Thackeray, Anne Isabella.....	696	Whewell, William	476
Thackeray, William Makepeace (Illustration)	415	White, Gilbert	256
Third Era of English Literature	52	White, Kirk	355
Thirlwall, Bishop	476	Wilde, Oscar	734
Thompson, Robert Anchor	609	Wilson, George	608
Thompson, James	256	Wilson, John	523
Thorn, William	476	Wilson, Thomas	54
Tickell, Thomas	191	Wiseman, Cardinal	609
Tillotson, John	132	Wordsworth, William (Illus.)...	481
Tollet, Elizabeth	256	Wotton, Sir Henry	53
Trench, Richard Chevenix.....	608	Wyatt, Sir Thomas.....	52
Trevisa, John de.....	51	Wycherly, William	133
Trollope, Anthony	431	Wycliffe, John de.....	18
Trollope, Frances	312	Wyntoun, Andrew	51
Trollope, Thomas Adolphus.....	608		
Tulloch, John	609	Yates, Edmund	734
Tupper, Martin Farquhar (Illus.)	596	Yeats, William Butler.....	734
Tyndale, William	42	Young, Edward	256
Tyndall, John (Illustration).....	650	Yonge, Charlotte M.....	686
Udall, Nicholas	51	Zangwill, Israel	733

PREFACE.

ENGLISH AUTHORS, compiled from notes used in the school-room during ten years, is given to the public at the earnest solicitation of those teachers who have watched my methods, and such of my pupils as have been under my instruction in literature.

The features of the book which should make it acceptable as a text book are—the simple language in which it is written, the systematic combining of the study of history with literature, the interspersing of the acts and anecdotes of an author with his literary life, the presentation of his face and figure by means of cuts or engravings, and the sketches of the living and late writers.

The sketches of the living writers have been prepared at great disadvantage, as I have been entirely dependent upon short notices in newspapers and magazines, and while these may not always be relied upon, they will be valuable, as no literature yet published, neither indeed any cyclopedia, contains all the information.

The best authorities have been consulted, and only that which is apt to interest and chain the attention of the young has been retained. Sometimes entire sketches have been copied, but credit has always been given the writer.

I hope teachers will take as much pleasure in teaching the book as I have taken in preparing it.

M. RUTHERFORD,

January, 1890.

Athens, Ga.



NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Language is the mother of literature, for language is the medium through which thoughts are expressed, and written language is recorded thought. There can be no thought without knowledge, therefore there must be in all recorded matter a knowledge of the facts to be presented and a knowledge of the surrounding circumstances that lead to the establishment of these facts.

In studying the literature of any people, we must not divorce it from the age in which it was produced. Shakespeare's dramas reflect the intellectual wealth and freedom of the Elizabethan era, and could not have been written during the early Saxon or Norman periods any more than Ossian's poems or Bede's writings could have been conceived in this rushing twentieth century. Yet time can never wholly account for such a genius as Homer, or such a poet as Shakespeare. Social condition or environment is such a formative principle in literature, that it is absolutely necessary to study the physical conditions surrounding authors before we begin to study their expressed thoughts; for the thoughts are vitally affected by the environment, not only of the home—whether that home is one of intelligence or ignorance, of wealth or poverty, of love or misery; but by the political condition of the country—whether it is at war or at peace, whether it is enjoying a period of freedom or persecution. There is many a

sentiment expressed that is unintelligible to the reader until the heart-throbs of the writer is known; for an author is at his best only when he gives to the world the real joy or the real heart-throbs of his being; he is then capable of reaching other hearts that have joys or heart-throbs.

As was said before, race, epoch or surroundings can not account for everything in literature—a personal element must be taken into consideration. Time and time again great geniuses have appeared as centers of new influences in literature, and the literature of the times is noticeably affected by them. We have already mentioned Shakespeare and Homer as illustrations of this. The Greek poets drew their inspiration, their philosophy, their opinions from Homer. Warriors patterned themselves after his heroes, and the oracles used his verses for their answers.

The purest literature is where the thoughts are expressed in the very best way; and when those thoughts lead the soul to noble aspirations and high ideals, that makes the truest literature. The best in music, literature or art came from Christ. The highest literature is impossible without religion, not only because the thought of God is the most sublime and fruitful of thoughts, but because from this loftiest thought all our lower thoughts take their measure and color. He who has no sense of God can never look at finite things in their right proportions. He who does not see God an infinite personality, righteousness and love, can never interpret the world with its sorrow and its sins. Let us be thankful then that the literature of the Anglo-Saxon race, our race, had the touch of the Divine hand

placed upon it ; for with its unconquerable love of independence, preferring death to slavery, possessing a native virtue and strength, this race became ennobled by Christianity before any literature of any kind was produced.

If Roman and Celt had been left to work out their destiny without Saxon interference, we would to-day be speaking a Roman or Celtic language. The man who first gave a decided impulse to Anglo-Saxon literature was Pope Gregory the Great, and it dates from the day that he called the beautiful captive youths "Angels, not Angles." At the time of Augustine's mission the Saxons appear to have had no written characters other than runes. The monastery brought to this people a prose literature—all literature begins with poetry but is established by prose—and the Saxons up to this time had known no literature but that which was poetical.

Roman domination, however, could neither develop nor deform the Saxon race. Christianity took root, but it produced no change in the genius of the people. Sixty thousand Normans then poured into their midst, bringing their manners and language (German in element and substance) and introduced into the Saxon language a third of Norman French words which had the effect of changing the grammar of the language very materially. At the end of three hundred years, however, the conquerors were conquered, for the speech became English, and the language remains true to the Saxon element. The poetic genius of the Saxons did disappear after the Norman conquest, but it was only to reappear in greater force five centuries later.

The poem *Beowulf* is always cited as one of the first

sentiment expressed that is unintelligible to the reader until the heart-throbs of the writer is known; for an author is at his best only when he gives to the world the real joy or the real heart-throbs of his being; he is then capable of reaching other hearts that have joys or heart-throbs.

As was said before, race, epoch or surroundings can not account for everything in literature—a personal element must be taken into consideration. Time and time again great geniuses have appeared as centers of new influences in literature, and the literature of the times is noticeably affected by them. We have already mentioned Shakespeare and Homer as illustrations of this. The Greek poets drew their inspiration, their philosophy, their opinions from Homer. Warriors patterned themselves after his heroes, and the oracles used his verses for their answers.

The purest literature is where the thoughts are expressed in the very best way; and when those thoughts lead the soul to noble aspirations and high ideals, that makes the truest literature. The best in music, literature or art came from Christ. The highest literature is impossible without religion, not only because the thought of God is the most sublime and fruitful of thoughts, but because from this loftiest thought all our lower thoughts take their measure and color. He who has no sense of God can never look at finite things in their right proportions. He who does not see God an infinite personality, righteousness and love, can never interpret the world with its sorrow and its sins. Let us be thankful then that the literature of the Anglo-Saxon race, our race, had the touch of the Divine hand

placed upon it ; for with its unconquerable love of independence, preferring death to slavery, possessing a native virtue and strength, this race became ennobled by Christianity before any literature of any kind was produced.

If Roman and Celt had been left to work out their destiny without Saxon interference, we would to-day be speaking a Roman or Celtic language. The man who first gave a decided impulse to Anglo-Saxon literature was Pope Gregory the Great, and it dates from the day that he called the beautiful captive youths "Angels, not Angles." At the time of Augustine's mission the Saxons appear to have had no written characters other than runes. The monastery brought to this people a prose literature—all literature begins with poetry but is established by prose—and the Saxons up to this time had known no literature but that which was poetical.

Roman domination, however, could neither develop nor deform the Saxon race. Christianity took root, but it produced no change in the genius of the people. Sixty thousand Normans then poured into their midst, bringing their manners and language (German in element and substance) and introduced into the Saxon language a third of Norman French words which had the effect of changing the grammar of the language very materially. At the end of three hundred years, however, the conquerors were conquered, for the speech became English, and the language remains true to the Saxon element. The poetic genius of the Saxons did disappear after the Norman conquest, but it was only to reappear in greater force five centuries later.

The poem *Beowulf* is always cited as one of the first

and greatest in Anglo-Saxon literature and the national epic. In its strictest sense *Beowulf* can not be this, for neither scene nor personages are English. The leading characters are Danes or Goths and they live in Sweden, and yet so thoroughly are the manners of the Anglo-Saxons in their ancient home depicted in this poem that it has been regarded as national. It dates half a century before the introduction of Christianity into England, and tells of heathen times and heathen men, and is decidedly heathen in tone. It describes a very heroic character and exhibits the high ideals that those northern nations had. Some Christian successor evidently tampered with the poem, and so manipulated it that it is thought by many modern critics to have been composed more than a hundred years after Augustine and to show a Christian spirit. In studying the poem we should study the spirit of the poem and care little for the actual date of its composition. Its spirit is of an old heroic heathen age and bodies forth chivalry in its intensest form. Rude as the poem is the hero is grand, but is so only by his deeds. Fidelity is his strong characteristic. Faithful, first to his prince, then to his people, he goes alone into a strange land to deliver his fellow men. He forgets himself in death while thinking only to profit others. The poem teaches beautiful lessons of self-abnegation, but it does not teach it from the Christian's standpoint. The poem is more than six thousand lines in length, and its author is not known.

CAEDMON is a writer found in Saxon literature. D'Israeli calls him "The Milton of our forefathers," and there are many points of resemblance between his

Creation and *Paradise Lost*. His story is an interesting one. He was a cowboy living at Whitby near Northumbria. It was the custom in those days for each to sing in turn as the harp was passed round at supper. This Caedmon could never do, so when he saw the harp coming to him, he slipped out of the room eager to hide his shame. He went out among the cows moaning over his disgrace. Here he fell asleep and dreamed that a stranger came to him, and said, "Caedmon, sing." "I can not sing," said poor Caedmon, "and that is the reason I slipped from the hall." "Nay," said the stranger, "but thou canst sing. Sing the *Creation*." Upon that, the lips that had so long been sealed burst forth into song, and the poor cowboy felt a new-born power within his breast, and on waking repeated every word he had been reciting. His fame reached the ears of the Abbess Hilda and she gave him some passages of Scripture to test his powers. He was equally successful there.

He sang the story of *The Creation*, *The Fall*, the *History of Daniel* and many passages in the life and death of our Saviour.

Caedmon died about 680 of a slow, wasting disease. Milton has been accused of copying Caedmon's style and words.

ALFRED THE GREAT was another and possibly the most influential of all the early writers, for he did most to encourage literature.

We have many incidents from the life of this great and learned king which we gather from English history and with which all are familiar—the story of the book of poems given by his mother, Osburgha, for learning

to read so soon, the scolding of the herdsman's wife for letting the cakes burn, the acting as a spy in the camp of the Danes, besides others. He did more for the improvement of his people during his reign than any king who had preceded him. He invited the learned men of France to come over and preside over the leading schools. He encouraged learning of all kind.

Worn out by the constant stress of government and a grievous disease, the nature of which was then unknown, and which the physicians ascribed to the "spite of the Devil," he died on the 26th of October, 901, in the fifty-second year of his age, closing his eyes on peace at home and abroad.

He translated Bede's Ecclesiastical History of England, Boethius on the Consolation of Philosophy, translations of Orosius, and of Pope Gregory's Pastorate, and an unfinished rendering of the Psalms.

Among other Anglo-Saxon writers we find ALFRIC THE GRAMMARIAN, so called because he translated a Latin grammar into Anglo-Saxon.

There were some Anglo-Norman writers such as JOHN OF SALISBURY, JOSEPH OF EXETER, INGULPHUS and GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH, but few of special note, and a few Norman-French writers as WACE, CARDINAL LANGTON, and RICHARD COEUR DE LION, besides the Latin writers like BEDE, ALCUIN, and ERIGENA.

After the Norman conquest the literature became such an intermingling of Saxon, Norman French and Latin that no lasting literature was produced until Chaucer's time. If any writer put his thoughts into French his class of readers was limited to those speaking French, and the greater part of the people could not read it.

The Normans had such a contempt for the language of the conquered Saxons that it would not have been read by them had it been put into Saxon. It was for two hundred years that the children in school were compelled to recite in French. The Universities compelled the students to converse in Latin and French; Saxon was the language only of the serfs. The poetry of this period necessarily was French, therefore inferior, for the French language is not adapted to poetry. The Normans had the leisure to read, therefore authors wrote most for those who could appreciate and pay for their work. The Saxon or English writers even, when they did write, attempted French and failed—such as Grostêle, Langtoft, Rotheland, Hoveden and others. Some even would write one-half of a verse in French and the other half in English, so that both Norman and Saxon could understand. But French became, finally, the court language, and the high-born had to speak it. The Normans were compelled to learn English, in order to communicate with their Saxon serfs. Then a Norman king, Henry I., married a Saxon wife, Matilda Atheling. He was obliged to learn to speak the language of his wife. His children were taught in the language of their mother and had a Saxon nurse. Little by little this language became respected and by an introduction into it of many Norman words tending to refine and polish it, it became, under Henry III., the language of the people. So we may say that our English language was formed by compromise.

John de Mandeville's Travels, the oldest prose writings in this new language, is after all but a translation of a translation. He first put them into Latin, then

translated them into French, and then into English, so that as he expressed it, "Every Man of my Nacioun may undirstande it"; and while the fearful exaggeration in these travels makes his work of little value as history or literature, the world is really indebted to him for something more than these, for he first suggested the idea that the earth is round, but he said he could not understand why the people on the opposite side "do not fall into space as they stand with head downward."

MANDEVILLE (1300-1371) told the most absurd stories of the men and places that he visited. For instance, he said that he had seen men with tails like monkeys, and elephants being carried through the air in the talons of birds, and Ethiopians with one foot, but that so large that it was used for an umbrella, and that it was not unusual to see men twenty-eight feet tall. He spent thirty years in travel, and was absent so long that his friends supposed that he was dead. He is buried at Liege, where he died in the seventy-first year of his age.

"He was a man of unimpeached probity, and a Christian of devoted piety." He had honors thrust upon him, and could have married the Sultan's daughter had he wished and secured with her great riches, but he refused because his faith had to be exchanged for Mohammedanism. He related fables, but he did it honestly, and many of them have been confirmed by later discoveries. We owe him much, for to him perhaps we owe not only the first map of the world, but intercourse with foreign nations.

The following is his account (not in his own words, however) of the origin of the white and red rose:

Near Bethlehem is the field Floridus, in which a fair maid was unjustly condemned to die, and as the fire began to burn about her she prayed to our Lord that, as she was not guilty, He would in mercy help her and make her innocence known to men. And when she had thus prayed she entered the fire, and immediately the fagots were extinguished, and became red rose trees, and those fagots that had not been lighted became white rose trees and both trees were full of beautiful flowers and these were the first rose trees that man ever saw.

He had been very studious as a child, and was exceedingly curious to see the world. A journey over the globe in his day was as solemn as a departure to the realms of death, and even if he was gossipy and said incredulous things, everything taken into consideration, it must be conceded that he was a very remarkable man.

The Doomsday Book, giving to each man a definite place and to each a definite duty, so that no one should be at liberty to lead at his own pleasure an unaccountable existence—it was in reality a military life transferred to social life—was instrumental in large measure in shaping from the rude intermingling of Saxon and Norman blood the Englishman we see today.

The Vision of Piers Plowman by WILLIAM LANGLAND followed, giving a picture of the condition of affairs that existed under the double taxation by the Pope and King after the Hundred Years' War. This writer was supposed to have been a secular priest of Oxford and his dream opened the eyes of his countrymen to the domination of the clergy. The allegory shows a Puritan's intensity of hatred for the wrong, and a devotion

to the right. From a literary standpoint it marks the turning or transition period in English literature.

JOHN GOWER followed with his moral works which Lowell said should be read as penance, but Chaucer refers to Gower as "Moral Gower," and credits him with an influence in his day. His best works were *Speculum Meditant's*, *Vox Clamantis* and *Confessio Amantis*.

Then JOHN DE WYCLIFFE began the translation of the Bible, taking the stand that "Religion must be secular in order to escape from the hands of the clergy who forestall it; each must hear and read for himself the word of God; he will be sure then that it has not been corrupted in the passage; he will feel it better, and more, he will understand it better." He was "honored of God to be the first preacher of a general reformation to all Europe." He was born at a little village, Wyclif, the cliff by the water, and was the son of a country squire. He entered Oxford very early, being only sixteen, but in a short time distinguished himself in logic and theology. He won a fellowship in Merton, which was the most learned college of Oxford. After having been appointed to several posts of honor, he was made warden of Canterbury Hall, and became involved in the disputes between the Romanists and the government.

He was the first to translate the whole Bible into English. This was not a translation from the original Hebrew and Greek, but from the Latin Vulgate. Besides this work he wrote several Latin books and numerous tracts and treatises. He was called the "Morning Star of the English Reformation." His followers were called Lollards. He was born in 1324 and died in 1384, and lived in Edward III.'s reign.

The ballads written at this period were many but were in the hands of the yeomen and harpers; they sang, but their songs reach us so transformed by later editions that a right estimate can not be gotten of them. Among these ballads the most admirable are *Chevy Chase* and *The Nut-Brown Maid*. However, amid all this barrenness of literature—literature that bore no real fruit—a definite language was attained and there did appear out of this intermixture of people and style a great writer—GEOFFREY CHAUCER—who, by his genius, education and life, was able to satisfy the world. He was of the court, for he was husband of the Queen's maid of honor and a member of the King's council; he was learned—well versed in all branches of scholastic knowledge—as a man of the world and a man of action—eminently fitted to be called the “Father of English Poetry.” With him a new spirit was infused into literature. No longer was seen the childish imitation of chivalrous life, but the grave spirit of inquiry and craving for deep truths whereby art becomes complete. He observes characters, notes their difference, studies them and makes them living distinct personages.

Thou morning star of English poesie,
In matchless rhyme, maker of melody,
We hail thee, first of that great group of three,
Whose names immortal, glorious e'er shall be.
We love thy simple grace, thy native charm,
Thy guileless humor critic's tongues disarm.
Thou tongue of nature, priest of fields and flowers,
Quaint, gentle laureate of the birds and bowers.
Thy song maintains its power, thy charm its sway
To soothe the soul that's listening to thy lay,
Drinking at thy pure spring, learning there of thee
May be a guide to weary ones who see
In thy chaste thought a better way to live,
That shall to life and love a noble purpose give

English literature, for convenience, may be divided into ten eras well defined :

1. From 670 to 1066—Age of Beginning.
2. From the Conquest to Chaucer—Transition Period.
3. From Chaucer to Shakespeare—Age of Chaucer.
4. From Shakespeare to Milton—Elizabethan Age.
5. From Milton to Addison—Puritan Age.
6. From Addison to Johnson—Augustan Age.
7. From Johnson to Scott—Age of Johnson and Burns.
8. From Scott to Tennyson—Age of Scott and Byron.
9. From Tennyson to Swinburne—Victorian Age.
10. From Swinburne to Present Day—Nineteenth Century Period.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *When was the Norman Conquest?*
2. *What circumstances led to it?*
3. *What effect did it have upon the language?*
4. *Who united the Saxon and Norman lines?*
5. *Who first gave a decided impulse to Anglo-Saxon literature?*
6. *What is considered the first national epic in Saxon literature?*
7. *Who was Caedmon?*
8. *Who called him the "The Milton of our forefathers?"*
9. *Who was Osburgha?*
10. *Which of the Saxon kings did most for England?*

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

1328.

1400.

Edward III.

Richard II.

Henry IV.

WORKS.

Canterbury Tales.

Romaunt of the Rose,

The Flower and the Lefe.

Troilus and Cresseide,

The House of Fame,

"If character may be divined from works, he was a good man, genial, sincere, hearty, temperate of mind, more wise, perhaps, for this world than the next, but thoroughly humane, and friendly with God and man."—*Lowell*.

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious strains that fill
The spacious time of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still.

—*Tennyson*.

The exact date of Chaucer's birth, as well as his parentage, is unknown, nor is there any certainty as to where he was educated. This much is known, however, that he studied both at Cambridge and Oxford, and acquired an excellent knowledge of French, Latin, and Italian. He became a page in the royal household, and early attracted the attention of Edward III., then the reigning sovereign. It was here he met Phillipa Pykard, maid of honor to Queen Phillipa, and a younger sister of the wife of John of Gaunt. He fell in love with her and afterwards married her, wondering that

"Heaven had fashioned such a being,
And in so little space,
Made such a body and such a face
And so great beauty and such features
More than be in other creatures."

By his marriage he gained the support of the Lancastrians, and his fortune fluctuated with theirs.

So courtly was he in accomplishments that he was commissioned by the king to go to Genoa and Florence on matters of importance to the State, and while there met Petrarch and Boccaccio, whose works greatly enriched his mind with stores of learning. On his return, he was made comptroller of the customs of wine and wool. For this he received a fine salary, which, with his pension, gave him a liberal support. He was then sent to France to negotiate a marriage with Mary, the daughter of John, king of France, and Richard II. During Richard II.'s reign, in a contest about church and state privileges, he sided with the Lancastrians, and was thrown into prison. He remained in the tower only a short time, having been released as soon as John of Gaunt returned from Spain.

Chaucer's personal appearance was striking. He was of middle stature, inclined to corpulency, had a round face, very fair complexion without color, dusky yellow hair, and was short and thin, with round, trimmed beard. His nose was sharp, his forehead broad, and his eyes small with a perceptible droop to the lids. His ordinary dress was a loose frock of camlet reaching to the knee, with wide sleeves fastened at the waist. To his frock was fastened a hood which indoors hung down his back, and out of doors was twisted around his head. He wore bright red stockings and black shoes.

He did not begin writing his greatest work, *Canterbury Tales*, until late in life, after he was sixty. He took the idea from Boccaccio's Decameron where ten young ladies go out from Florence during the plague to spend ten days. To beguile the time they agreed that each should tell a tale a day. This made one hundred tales. It was the custom in Chaucer's day to go on

pilgrimages, and the most popular one was to Canterbury to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, who was murdered during the reign of Henry II. So he seizes upon this custom as a frame in which to set his pictures of life, *The Canterbury Tales*. He supposes thirty-nine pilgrims on their way to the tomb of the saint. He joins them at the Tabard Inn, and proposes, in order to while away the time going and returning, that each should tell a story, and that whoever told the best should have a supper at the expense of the others. The landlord was to be the judge.

All classes of English society are represented in this troop. There is the knight, the lawyer, the doctor, the Oxford student, the miller, the prioress, the monk, the carpenter, and the clerk.

Chaucer died before these Tales were completed. One of the most striking of them is the Clerk's Tale, Patient Griselde. She, by patient submission and unconquerable affection, softens the tyranny of her husband. Smitten on the one cheek she turns the other to him. In the true spirit of charity she learns "to suffer all things, believe all things, hope all things, and endure all things."

"The story is said not for that wives should
Follow Griselde as in humility,
For that were impossible, though they would,
But that every knight in his degree
Should be constant in adversity,
As was Griselde, therefore Petrarch writeth
This story which with high style he inditeth,
For since a woman was so patient
Unto a mortal man, well more we ought

To receive all in kindness that God has sent.
 Let us then live in virtuous sufferance."

Only two of the Canterbury Tales are in prose. The other works of Chaucer are *Troilus and Cresseide*, *Romaunt of the Rose*, *The House of Fame*, and *The Flower and the Lefe*, although there is some doubt concerning the last.

Chaucer had two sons, Thomas and Lewis. Thomas became Speaker of the House of Commons.

At the age of seventy-two the poet died and was buried in the now famous Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, having the honor of being the first poet ever laid to rest there. He is known as the "Father of English Poetry."

"He is the poet of the dawn who wrote
 The Canterbury Tales, and his old age,
 Made beautiful with song; and as I read
 I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
 Of lark and linnet, and from every page
 Rise odors of ploughed field or flowery mead."

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. Name the Norman sovereigns.
2. How were the Norman and Saxon lines united?
3. Name the Plantagenets.
4. Give Henry II.'s claim to the throne.
5. What relation was Richard II. to Henry IV.?
6. Whom did Richard II. marry?
7. What relation was Henry IV. to Edward IV.?
8. What led to the War of the Roses?
9. How many battles?
10. What side wore the red rose?
11. Which the white?
12. How did the contest end?

THE CLERK'S TALE.

There is, right at the west side of Itaille,
 Down at the root of Vesulus the cold,
 A lusty plain abundant of vitaille ;

* * * *

A marquis whilom lord was of that land,
 As were his worthy elders him before ;
 And obeisant aye ready to his hand
 Were all his lieges, bothe less and more.

* * * *

Therewith he was, to speaken of lineage,
 The gentilest born of Lombardy,
 A fair person and strong and young of age
 And full of honors and of courtesy ;
 Discreet enough his country, for to gie,
 Save in some things that he was to blame :
 And Walter was this younge lordes name.
 I blame him thus, that he considered nought
 In time coming what might him betide ;
 But on his lust present was all his thought,
 And for to hawk and hunt on every side :
 Well nigh all other cures let he slide ;

His people complained that he would not marry and urged that he should choose a wife. So urgent were they that he consented provided they would not say one word against his choice.

" Let me alone in choosing of my wife :
 That charge upon my back I will endure
 But I you pray, and charge upon your life,
 That, what wife that I take, ye me assure
 To worship her, while that her life shall dure,
 In word and work, both here and everywhere,
 As she an emperore's daughter were."

* * * *

With hertly will they sworn and assenten
 To all this thing. There saide no wight, "Nay ;
 Beseeching him of grace, ere that they wenten,
 That he would granten them a certain day
 Of his spousail, as soon as ever he may.
 For yet alway the people somewhat dread
 Lest that the marquis would no wife wed.
 He granted them a day, such as him lest,
 On which he would be wedded securely ;
 And said he did all this at their request ;
 And they with humble heart, full buxomly,
 Kneeling upon their knees full reverently,
 Him thanken all ; and thus they have an end
 Of their intent, and home again they wend

PARS SECUNDA.

Not far from thilke palace honorable,
 Where as this marquis schope his marriage,

There stood a thorp of sighte delitable,
 In which that poore folk of that village
 Hadden their beastes and their herbergage,
 And of their labor took their sustenance,
 After the earthe gave them abundance.
 Among this poore folk there dwelt a man
 Which that was holden poorest of them all
 But highe God sometime senden can
 His grace unto a little oxe stall.
 Janicula, men of that thorp him call,
 A daughter had he, fair enough to sight,
 And Griselde this younge maiden hight.

* * * *

But though this maiden tender were of age,
 Yet, in the breast of her virginity,
 There was enclosed ripe and sad courage
 And in great reverence and charity
 Her olde poore father fostered she;

* * * *

Upon Griselde, this poor creature,
 Full often siþe this marquis set his eye,
 As he on hunting rode peradventure:
 And when it fell that he might her espy,
 He, not with wanton looking of folly,
 His eyen cast on her, but, in sad wise,
 Upon her cheer he would him oft advise.
 Commending in his heart her womanhede
 And eke her virtue, passing any wight
 Of so young age, as well in cheer as deed:
 For though the people have no great insight
 In virtue, he considered aright
 Her bountee, and disposed that he would
 Wed her only, if ever he wedden should.
 The day of wedding came, but no wight can
 Tellen what woman that it should be;
 For which mervaille wondered many a man
 And saiden, when they were in privity,
 "Will not our lord yet leave his vanity?
 Will he not wed? Alas, alas, the while!
 Why will he thus himself and us beguile?"

In the meantime Walter has the wedding outfit ordered with all manner of jewels and robes to suit Griselde's statue.

Griselde of this, God wot, full innocent
 That for her shapen was all this array,
 To fetchen water at a well is went,
 And cometh home as soon as ever she may;
 For well she had heard say that thilke day
 The marquis shoulde wed, and, if she might
 She woulde fain have seen some of that sight.
 She thought, "I will with other maidens stand

That be my fellows, in our door and see
 The marquisesse, and therefore will I fond
 To done at home as soon as it may be,
 The labor which that longeth unto me;
 And then I may at leisure her behold,
 If she this way unto the castle hold."
 And as she would over the threshold gon,
 The marquis came and gan her for to call.
 And she set down her water-pot anon
 Beside the threshold of this oxe stall,
 And down upon her knecs she gan to fall,
 And with sad countenance she kneeleth still,
 Till she had heard what was the lorde's will.
 This thoughtful marquis spake unto the maid
 Full soberly, and said in this mannere,
 "Where is your father, Griselde?" he said,
 And she with reference and humble cheer
 Answered, "Lord, he is already here."
 And in she goeth, withouten longer let,
 And to the marquis she her father fet.
 He by the hand then taketh this old man,
 And saide thus, when he him had aside:
 "Janicula, I neither may nor can
 Longer the pleasance of mine herte hide,
 If that thou vouchsafe what so betide,
 Thy daughter will I take ere that I wend,
 As for my wife unto her life's end.
 Thou lovest me, that wot I well certain,
 And art my faithful liegeman ybore,
 And all that liketh me, I dare well sayn,
 It liketh thee, and, specially, therefore,
 Tell me that point that I have said before,
 If that thou wilt unto this purpose draw,
 To taken me as for thy son-in-law."
 The sudden case the man astonied so
 That red he wax, abashed, and a'l quaking
 He stood, unnethes said he wordes no;
 But only this. "Lord," quoth he, "my willing
 Is as ye will; against your liking
 I will no thing, ye be my lord so dear,
 Right as you list, governeth this matier."
 "Then will I," quoth this marquis softly,
 "That, in thy chamber, I and thou and she
 Have a collation, and wost thou why?
 For I will ask her if it her will be
 To be my wifo and rule her after me;
 And all this shall be done in thy presence:
 I will not speak out of thine audience."

* * * * *
 "Griselde," he said. "Ye shall well understand,
 It liketh to your father and to me

That I you wed ; and eke it may so stand,
 As I suppose ye will that it so be.
 But these demands ask I first," quoth he,
 " That since it shall be done in hasty wise,
 Will ye assent, or elles you advise ?
 I say this, ' Be ye ready with good heart

* * * *

And eke when I say yea, ye say not nay,
 Neither by word ne frowning countenance ?
 Swear this, and here I swear our alliance."
 Wondering upon this thing, quaking for dread,
 She saide, " Lord, undigne and unworthy
 Am I to thilk honor that ye me bid ;
 But as ye will yourself, right so will I ;
 And here I swear that never willingly
 In work, ne thought, I nill you disobey,
 For to be dead, though me were loth to die."
 " This is enough, Griseldo mine," quoth he,
 And forth he goeth, with a full sober cheer,
 Out at the door, and after that came she ;
 And to the people he said in this mannere :
 " This is my wife," quoth he, " that standeth here.
 Honoreth her and loveth her, I pray,
 Whoso me loveth. There is no more to say."

* * * *

Then he turned her over to the ladies in waiting that she should be clad in
 bridal array. The marquis put the ring upon her finger himself, and had her
 set upon a snow white horse and led joyfully unto the palace.

Not longe time after that this Griselde
 Was wedded, she a daughter hath ybore.
 All had her lever han borne a knave child.
 Glad was this marquis and the folk therefore
 For though a maiden child come all before,
 She may unto a knave child attain
 By likelihood. * * *

PARS TERTIA.

Then it entered into Walter's heart to tempt his wife and try her patience
 so when the child was old enough to be weaned, he told her that because his
 people murmured so on account of this being a daughter he had determind to
 do with her as pleased them.

She saide, " Lord, all lieth in your pleasance.
 My child and I, with hertly obeisance,
 Ben youres all, and ye may save or spill
 Your owen thing. Worketh after your will.
 " There may no thing, so God my soul save !
 Liken to you, that may displeasen me.
 Ne I desire nothing for to have,
 Ne dreade for to lese, save only ye.
 This will is in mine heart, and aye shall be,

No length of time or death may this deface,
 Ne change my courage to another place."
 Glad was this marquis for her answering.
 But yet he feigned as he were not so.

* * * *

Then an officer came in and said he had been commanded to take the child. Griselde sat patiently and let him do his bidding, and only begged that she might kiss her but once again. Then she pleaded that they should not bury her little body where any beast "no briddles" should interfere. Walter had commanded that the child should be carried to his sister's at Boulogne, where she was to be raised and educated. After four years when a male child was born, he assayed to tempt his wife again. This time he told her that his people murmured that one of the blood of Janicula should succeed him, and so bitter were they in their complaints he felt that he must yield to them and send the boy too away. Griselde did not complain, but said, "I will your lust obey."

This ugly sergeant in the same wise
 That he her daughter fette, right so he,
 Or worse, if men can any worse devise.
 Hath hent her son, that full was of beauty;
 And ever in one so patient was she.
 That she no cheere made of heaviness,
 But kissed her son, and after gan it bless.
 Save this she prayed him, if that he might,
 Her little son he would in earthe grave,
 His tender limmies, delicate to sight,
 From fowles, and from bestes for to save.
 But she none answer of him mighte have.
 He went his way, as him nothing ne rought,
 But to Boloygno he tenderly it brought.
 This marquis wondreth ever longer the more
 Upon her patience, and if that he
 Ne hadde soothly knowen therebefore
 That harfitly her children loved she.
 He would have weened that of some subtlety
 And of malice, or of cruel courage,
 That she had suffered this with sad visage.

* * * *

He waiteth, if by word or countenance,
 That she to him was changed of courage.
 But never could he finden variance;
 She was aye one in heart and in visage,
 And aye the further that she was in age,
 The more true, if that were possible,
 She was to him, and more penible.

* * * *

Finally, when both the children were nearly grown one last attempt he made to try her love and patience. This time he told her that the people demanded another wife for him and he had determined to gratify them and on a certain day he would bring his bride, and that she must see that all the

preparations were made for her reception. After that she must return to her home just as she was when he had taken her from it.

Men speak of Job, and most of his humblesse,
As clerkes, when hem list, can well indite;
Namely, of men; but as in soothfastness,
Though clerkes praisen women but a lite,
There can no man in humblesse him acquite
As women can, ne can be half so true
As women ben, but it befall of new.

* * * *

Full busy was Griseld in everything,
That to the feste was appertinent.
Right naught was she abashed of her clothing,
Though it were rude and some del eke to-rent;
But with glad cheere to the gate is went
With other folk, to greet the marquisesse,
And after that doth forth her business.
With so glad cheer his gwestes she receiveth,
And cunningly everich in his degree,
That no defaute no man apperceiveth,
But aye they wondren what she might be,
That in so poor array was for to see,
And couthe such honour and reverence;
And worthily they praisen her prudence.
In all this mene while, she ne stent
This maid and eke her brother to commend,
With all my heart in full benigne intent,
So well that no man could her praise amend.
But at the last, when that these lordes wend
To sitten down to meat, he gan to call
Griselde, as she was busy in the hall.
"Griselde," quoth he, as it were in his play,
"How liketh thee my wife and her beauty!"
"Right well, my lord," quoth she, "for in good fay
A fairer saw I never none than she.
I pray to God give her prosperity;
And so hope I that he will to you send
Pleasance enough unto your lives end.
"One thing beseech I you and warn also—
That ye ne pricke with no tormenting
This tender maiden, as ye have done me.
For she is fostered in her nourishing
More tenderly, and, to my supposing,
She coude not adversity endure
As could a poorly fostered creature."
And when this Walter saw her patience,
Her glade cheer and no malice at all,
And he so oft had done to her offense,
And she aye sad and constant as a wall,
Continuing ever her innocence over all,
This sturdy marquis gan his hearte dress

To serve upon her wifely steadfastness,
 "This is enough, Griselde mine," quoth he,
 "Be now no more aghast, ne evil afraid,
 I have thy faith and thy benignity,
 As well as ever woman was assayed,
 In great estate, and poorelich arrayed.
 Now know I, deare wife, thy steadfastness."
 And her in arms he took and gan to kiss.
 And she for wonder took of it no keep;
 She hearde not what thing he to her said.
 She ferde as she had start out of a sleep,
 Till she out of her mazedness abraid.
 "Griselde," quoth he, "by God that for us deyde,
 Thou art my wife, none other I ne have,
 Ne never had, as God my soule save!
 This is my daughter, which thou hast supposed
 To be my wife. That other faithfully
 Shall be mine heir, as I have aye purposed.
 Thou bare them of thy body trewely.
 At Boloygne have I kept them privily.
 Take them again, for now mayst thou not say
 That thou hast born none of thy children tway.
 "And folk that otherwise have said of me—
 I warn them well that I have done this deed
 For no malice, ne for no cruelty,
 But for to assay thee in thy womanhede,
 And not to slay my children—God forbid!
 But for to keep them privily and still,
 Till I thy purpose knew and all thy will."
 When she this hearde, aswounded down she falleth
 For piteous joy; and, after her swooning,
 She both her younge children to her calleth,
 And in her armes, piteously weeping,
 Embraceth them, and tenderly kissing,
 Full like a mother, with her salte tears,
 She bathed both her visage and her hairs.
 Oh, such a piteous thing it was, to see
 Her swooning, and her humble voice to hear
 "Grand mercy, Lord, God thank it you," quoth she,
 "That ye have saved me my children dear.

* * * *

Full many a year, in high prosperity,
 Liven these two in concord and in rest;
 And richely his daughter married he
 Unto a lord, one of the worthiest
 Of all Itaille; and then, in peace and rest,
 His wife's father in the court he keepeth,
 Till that the soul out of his body creepeth,
 His son succeedeth in his heritage
 In rest and peace, after his father's day;
 And fortunate was eke in marriage,

Al put he not his wife in great assay.
This world is not so strong, it is no nay,
As it hath been in olde times yore;
And hearkneth what this author saith therefor
This story is said, not for that wives should
Follow Griselde, as in humillity;
For it were importable, though they would;
But for that every wight, in his degree.
Shoulde be constant in adversity
As was Griselde; therefore Petrarch writeth
This story, which with high style he inditeth.
For sith a woman was so patient
Unto a mortal man, well more we ought
Receiven all in gree, that God us sent.

WILLIAM CAXTON.

1412.

1492.

Henry VI., Edward IV.—V., Richard III., Henry VII.

WORKS.

Translations from French, History of Troy, Game and Play of Chess, The Golden Legend (Sixty-three works in all, original and translated).

“O Albion! still thy gratitude confess
To Caxton, founder of the British press;
Since first thy mountain rose, or rivers flowed,
Who on thy isles so rich a boon bestowed?”

—*M'Creery.*

William Caxton, a native of Kent, has the honor of being our first printer. When quite a boy, not more than fifteen, he went to Belgium as an apprentice to a wealthy London merchant, Master Robert Large, a dealer in wool and woollen fabrics.

He remained there twenty-three years, living part of the time as copyist in the house of Margaret Plantagenet, the sister of Edward IV., who had married Charles the Rash, of Burgundy. From her Caxton received a yearly fee for which he rendered “honest service.” It was when his mercer’s life ended that he took up his pen, and began to work with types and ink-balls.

Being of a book-loving turn, he spent his leisure moments copying manuscripts. This work had hitherto been done by the monks, with their many “colored inks and slow, patient pen.” It was natural then, as the demand for books increased, that Caxton should look about for the means of doing the work more easily and quickly. He became interested in the art of printing that had begun in Germany at this time, and was

flourishing all around him. Lawrence Coster, at Haarlem, had shaped his letters of beech bark and had received the impression from the sap upon the parchment. Guttenberg, of Mentz, had improved upon this by making his own ink, and inventing a rude press. Faust and Schoeffer joined him, but afterwards betrayed his secret by offering Bibles for sale at one-eighth the usual price. These Bibles were printed in red ink, and it was said by the ignorant that the blood of the salesmen had been used for that purpose, but it was red because the art of making it black had not yet been discovered.

In 1474 Caxton went home and began business in one of the buildings belonging to Westminster Abbey. The list of books he printed shows his good taste. He first translated the *History of Troy* from French into English, and this is the first book ever printed in the English language. This work, however, was done in Cologne before he came to England.

The next book, the first ever printed on English soil, was *The Game and Playe of Chesse*, also translated from the French. He next brought forth the story of *Jason and the Golden Fleece*, *Chaucer's*, *Gower's* and *Lydgate's* works, translations of *Virgil* and *Ovid*, *Æsop's Fables*, *Book of Good Manners*, and *The Craft to Know Well How to Die*, *Chronicles of England*, and *Morte D'Arthur*. He gave to the world sixty-four books in all.

It is a singular fact that the history of printing should be so involved in mystery since this art gives to posterity every important event. The able minds in Europe have had sharp disputes as to whom the honor of its discovery belongs. If the honor is to be awarded for the *discovery of the principle*, it is due then to Lawrence

Coster of Haarlem who first discovered the art of obtaining the impressions from carved wood as early as 1430. If the honor is to belong to the one who *discovered or invented movable type*, then John Guttenberg of Mentz deserves the praise. He used the type in 1440 and is called the father of printing. If the honor is to the one first *using metal type*, then to Schocffer and Faust belongs the merit of the invention—Schocffer, the inventor, and Faust the patron, by whose pecuniary aid he was enabled to bring his discovery to perfection.

Although the fifteenth century produced so little literature of note, it gave birth to two very great events—the art of printing and the discovery of America.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Name the sovereigns of the York Line.*
2. *Name the sovereigns of the Tudor Line.*
3. *State Henry VII.'s right to the throne.*
4. *Whom did he marry?*
5. *Review kings from Norman to Tudor Line, giving right of each king to the throne.*
6. *State how Edward V. and his brother Richard met their fate.*
7. *Give character of Richard III.*
8. *How many children had Henry VII.?*
9. *Who succeeded him?*
10. *What was his character?*

SIR THOMAS MORE.

1480.

Henry VII.

1535.

Henry VIII.

WORKS.

Utopia.

Life of Edward V.

"Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor—
A dauntless soul erect, who smiled on death."

—*Thomson.*

Sir Thomas More was one of the saintliest men of English literature. He followed his principles and sense of duty even so far as to die for them, and his constancy and integrity should be objects for our admiration.

He was born in London and was a page in the house of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, who used to say of him that he would prove a marvelous man to those who could live to see it. He entered Oxford at seventeen and was made a member of Parliament at twenty-two. The learned scholars of the day applauded him when he triumphed against desperate opposition in introducing Greek into the Universities.

Erasmus, a celebrated Dutch scholar, became a devoted friend and admirer of his, although seventeen years his senior. He went to England especially to enjoy the pleasure of More's conversation. Their first meeting as given by Cleveland is very amusing. Each had heard of the other without ever having met, so one day at the lord mayor's table, a discussion arose as to the doctrine of transubstantiation, More advocating it with all his powers, Erasmus with equal zeal refuting it.

At length in the heated discussion Erasmus said, "*Aut tu Mores es aut nullus*" (Either you are More or no one), to which More replied, "*Aut tu es Erasmus aut Diabolus*" (Either you are Erasmus or the Devil).

Sir Thomas was noted for his wit, and generally got the best of every one in a contest, but Erasmus on one occasion came out victor, for having borrowed a horse from More instead of returning it sent this epigram intended as an answer to More's arguments about transubstantiation :

"Of Christ's body you said
Believe it is bread,
And bread it surely will be ;
Thus to you I write back,
Believe that your hack
Is with you, and with you is he."

More's reply is not recorded. We may imagine it.

More was thoroughly unselfish, and this unselfishness was never more plainly shown than in his married life. When on a visit to Mr John Colt he was introduced to his two daughters. He was much pleased with the younger and would have addressed her, but thinking that the elder sister would feel hurt not to be selected first, he determined to offer himself to her, never dreaming that she would accept him. He was accepted and his nobility of character in marrying her was well rewarded, for she made him a loving wife and a devoted mother to his children. She had three daughters and two sons. After her death he married Mrs. Alice Middleton, a very different woman, totally unsuited to his taste, and seven years older than himself. He was speaking to her in behalf of a friend, with no idea of addressing her himself, when she said, "You would do better, if

you would speak for yourself." He felt in honor bound to ask her then to be his wife. She was talkative, vain, ignorant, proud, and narrow-minded, and would have made More's life miserable, if he, like Socrates, had not determined to laugh away his cares. His eldest daughter Margaret was a great comfort to him. She was his constant companion, and gave him more comfort than all the other members of his household. She was an excellent Greek and Latin scholar, and could discuss, in an intelligent way, all literary and political questions with her father. Erasmus was particularly struck with "Meg's" accomplishments and commended her more than once.

More was highly esteemed by Henry VIII. and entrusted with several important missions. Upon the disgrace of Wolsey he was appointed Lord Chancellor, being the first layman who ever held that office. Henry evidently raised him to that post of honor to obtain his influence in his marriage to Anne Boleyn; but More was sincerely attached to the Roman Catholic Church, and looked with horror upon anything denounced by the Pope. He begged to be excused from giving his opinion, but Henry, monster of wickedness as he was, forced him to die upon the scaffold a martyr to his adherence to papal authority. Mistress Alice begged him to yield to the wishes of the king, and with tears showed him the miserable condition to which she and her children would be reduced should he refuse, but More was inexorable when right was involved. He was condemned to the tower for refusing to take the oath acknowledging Henry to be the head of the Church. When Henry found that he could not change him in his opinion, he had him beheaded.

In personal appearance More was not prepossessing. He had irregular features, gray, restless eyes, tumbled brown hair, and was exceedingly careless in his dress. He had a witty, jovial disposition, and in the deepest trouble was ready with his fun. When in prison and denied the use of pen and ink, he wrote a note to his daughter Margaret, and said it was written with a coal, it was all the pen he had, but it would take a peck of coal to tell her how much he loved her. Again, when on his way to execution, he begged them to see him "safe up," but as for his coming down he could shift for himself. And when his head was laid upon a block, he removed his beard saying, "'Tis a pity this should be cut; it has never committed treason."

His head was put on London bridge, but his daughter afterwards secured it at great risk to her life, and it was buried with her. His body was placed in St Peter's Chapel within the enclosure to the tower, but was afterwards removed to his daughter's side.

More's principal work is his *Utopia*, an imaginary land "Nowhere." He paints people and things perfect in that land. There is no need for laws or lawyers, for there are no contentions; there is no desire for jewels since they have the sun and moon and stars themselves. There the people are only allowed to work six hours a day, and all have things in common. The children in this land are never taught things that they must needs be corrected for when they are older, and in short everything in this wonderful land is just as it should be.

The first English History, the *Life of Edward V.*, was written by More. In this book the character of Richard III. is painted in blackest colors. Hume speaks of this history in terms of highest praise. He

says, "No historian of ancient or modern times can possibly have more weight."*

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Name the Tudors.*
 2. *Why called Tudor?*
 3. *How many wives had Henry VIII.?*
 4. *Name them and their fate.*
 5. *What caused Cardinal Wolsey's fall?*
 6. *What great reformer was an intimate friend of More's?*
 7. *Why was More beheaded?*
 8. *What history did he write?*
 9. *Name the kings from Edward IV. to Henry VIII.*
 10. *Who was Elizabeth Woodville?*
-

DESCRIPTION OF THE ISLAND, UTOPIA.

It is somewhere in the midst of the sea, of a crescent shape, like the new moon, but more curved, the two extremities coming nearer together. Hence the concave part forms an admirable harbor for ships, but the entrance is so full of rocks, that no one but a Utopian could steer a vessel safely into the harbor.† They are therefore secure from the attacks of an enemy. There are fifty-four cities in the island, about the same distance apart. They are surrounded by high walls; the streets twenty feet wide. All the houses have large gardens in the rear. "Whoso will may go in," for there is nothing within the houses that is private, or any man's own. And every tenth year they change houses by lot.

THEIR TRADES AND MANNER OF LIFE.—Agriculture is that which is so universally understood among them all, that no person, either man or woman is ignorant of it. The husbandmen labor the ground, breed cattle, hew wood,

* In the "Household of Sir Thomas More," published by Dodd, Mead & Co., we find much to interest us in the home-life of this good man, and would advise all to read it.

† So graphic is Sir Thomas More's description of Utopia, that many of the learned of that day took it for true history, and thought it expedient that missionaries should be sent to convert so wise a people to Christianity.

and convey it to the towns. They also raise a great deal of poultry and that "by a marvelous policy; for the hens do not sit upon the eggs; but by keeping them in a certain equal heat, they bring life into them, and hatch them; and the chickens as soon as they come out of the shell follow men and women instead of hens." Besides agriculture, every man has some peculiar trade to which he applies himself. All the island over they wear the same sort of clothes, without any other distinction than that which is necessary for marking the difference between the two sexes, and the married and unmarried. The fashion never alters, and every family makes their own clothes.

IN TRAVELING, though "they carry nothing forth with them, yet in all their journey they lack nothing: for wheresoever they come they be at home." There are no "wine taverns nor ale-houses" there, so that the disgraceful business of manufacturing or selling intoxicating drinks is not known. Happy island!

THEIR NOTIONS OF FINERY AND WEALTH.—"The Utopians wonder how any man should be so much taken with the glaring, doubtful lustre of a jewel or stone, that can look up to a star, or to the sun itself; or how any should value himself because his cloth is made of finer thread; for, how fine so ever that thread may be, it was once no better than the fleece of a sheep, and that sheep was a sheep still for all its wearing it. They wonder much to hear that gold, which in itself is so useless a thing, should be everywhere so much esteemed, that even man, for whom it was made, and by whom it has its value, should yet be thought of less value than it is; so that a man of lead, who has no more sense than a log of wood, and is as bad as he is foolish, should have many wise and good men serving him, only because they had a great heap of that metal."

THEIR NOTIONS OF HUNTING.—"Among foolish pursuers of pleasure they reckon all those that delight in hunting, or birding, or gaming of whose madness they have only heard, for they have no such thing among them. What pleasure, they ask, can one find in seeing dogs run after a hare? It ought rather to stir pity, when a weak, harmless, and timid hare is devoured by a strong, fierce and cruel dog. Therefore, all this business of hunting is, among the Utopians, turned over to their butchers; and they look on hunting as one of the basest parts of a butcher's work."

OF LAWS AND LAWYERS.—"They have but few laws, and such is their constitution that they need not many. They do very much condemn other nations whose laws, together with the comments on them, swell up so many volumes, for they think it an unreasonable thing to oblige men to obey a body of laws that are both of such a bulk and so dark that they cannot be read or understood by every one of the subjects. They have no lawyers among them, for they consider them as a sort of people whose profession it is to disguise matters as well as to wrest laws; and, therefore, they think it is much better that every man should plead his own case, and trust it to the judge."

OF THEIR NOTIONS OF WAR.—"They detest war as a very brutal thing; and which, to the reproach of human nature, is more practiced by men than any sort of beasts; and they against the custom of almost all other nations think that there is nothing more inglorious than that glory which is gained by war. They would be both troubled and ashamed of a bloody victory over their enemies; and in no victory do they glory so much as in that which is gained by dexterity and good conduct, without bloodshed.

WILLIAM TYNDALE.

1484.

1536.

Henry VIII.

WORKS.

Translation of the New Testament from the Greek.

“Rome thundered death, but Tyndale's dauntless eye
Look'd in death's face and smiled, death standing by.
In spite of Rome, for England's faith he stood,
And in the flames he seal'd it with his blood.”

—*Cleveland.*

William Tyndale was born on the borders of Wales, and spent his boyhood at Oxford. After graduating there he went to Cambridge and spent some time; then took orders as a priest, and being a good linguist, excelling in Latin and Greek, he obtained a position as tutor in the family of a Gloucestershire knight, Sir John Walch.

He seems to have been successful in pleasing his employer, but having made himself an object of dislike to the neighboring clergymen by outspoken support of such men as Luther and Erasmus, he gave up his situation and went to the south of England. Here he preached for sometime in the neighborhood of Bristol, and then went to London.

For years Tyndale had cherished the plan of translating the Bible into English, and it became now his settled purpose to do so, although he knew it would be a work that would endanger his life. For some years after Wycliffe's death, in a convocation of clergy assembled at Oxford, Archbishop Arundel published a constitution by which it was decreed “that no one should

therefore translate any text of Holy Scripture into English, by way of a book, or tract, and that no book of this kind should be read that was composed lately in the time of John Wycliffe, or since his death."

Failing to obtain help from Bishop Tonsal, Tyndale found a friend in the person of Alderman Humphrey Monmouth, a London merchant. He not only housed and fed his guest, but gave him an allowance of £10 a year. Feeling that England was not a safe place in which to proceed with his work, for he would have been subject to instant arrest by the clergy, this zealous man with the spirit of a martyr left his native country, his home, his friends, to go to a foreign land in order to carry out his plans. He declared that every ploughboy should soon know the Scriptures well.

With the allowance from Monmouth he was enabled to go to Germany, and there it was he met Luther, whose contests with the Pope were stirring the entire religious world. Tyndale fixed upon Antwerp as his future home, and set to work in earnest. Every argument was used to entice him back to England, but he was wise enough to know that it was only to get him there to put him to death, and he steadfastly refused to return.

With the assistance of William Roy, a runaway friar, he soon issued an edition of the New Testament translated from the original Greek. The books smuggled into England were eagerly received by the people, and so great was the demand that two reprints were made by Dutch printers. The importers and distributors of these Bibles were punished with great rigor. The translator's brother and two others had an impossible fine imposed on them and suffered the indignity of riding

facing the horses' tails to Cheapside, where the copies of the books were burned.

Bishop Tonstal, alarmed at the rapid spread of these books, called upon the able pen of Sir Thomas More to aid in suppressing their circulation. More, ever zealous in his attachment to the Roman Catholic Church, responded in seven books against the "heretic." He was very bitter and used violent language. He said, "Our Savior will say to Tyndale, 'Thou art accursed; Tyndale, the son of a devil; for neither flesh nor blood has taught thee these heresies, but thine own father, the devil that is in hell.'" And again he said, "Ah, blasphemous beast, to whose roaring and lowing no good Christian man can without heaviness of heart give ear."

So great did Tyndale's name become and so heartily did the Catholic Church dislike him, that vigorous measures were now on foot to capture him. He succeeded in eluding the authorities, while all the time busily employed in writing tracts in favor of the Reformers. Finally, by the baseness of an English student at Louvain, his hiding place was betrayed, and he was carried a close prisoner to the castle of Vilwood, near Brussels. While in this close confinement he spent his days in preparing a third edition of the New Testament designed for the farm boys.

In September of 1536 he was convicted of heresy and carried to Antwerp to suffer at the stake. His last words were a prayer for the progress of the Reformation, "O Lord, open the king of England's eyes." Truly this agonized prayer was heard, and answered in a short time after his death, for Henry VIII., formerly an adherent of the Pope, now denounced him and ordered the Bibles to be placed in every Church of Eng-

land, where they could be read by the thirsting masses. In some places you may yet see the old Bible and chain used in Henry's reign.

Our modern revision of the Scriptures is founded upon Tyndale's Bible and differs but little from it.

HISTORY REVIEW.

- 1. How did the War of the Roses end?***
 - 2. Name the last battle.***
 - 3. Whom did Henry VII. marry?***
 - 4. Who was Henry VII.'s successor?***
 - 5. How many wives did Henry VIII. have?***
 - 6. Who succeeded him?***
 - 7. Who was his mother?***
 - 8. Who was Mary's mother?***
 - 9. Who was Elizabeth's mother?***
 - 10. Review from Norman to Stuart line.***
-

And marke * A Certayne lawere stood vp and tempted hym saying; Master what shall I do to inheret eternal lyfe? He sayd vnto him: What ys written in the lawye? Howe redest thou? And he answered and sayde: Thou shalt love thy lode god wyth all thy herte and with all thy soule and with all thy strengthe and wyth all thy mynd; and thy neighbour as thy sylfe. And he sayd vnto hym: Thou hast answered right. This do and thou shalt live. He willynge to iustifie hym sylfe sayde vnto Jesus: Who ys then my neighbour?

Jesus answered and sayde: A certayne man descended from Jerusalem into Jericho And fell into the hondes off thieves' whych robbed hym off his rayment and wonded hym and departed levyng hym halfe deed. And yt chaunced that there cam a certayne preste that same waye and sawe hym and passed by. And lyke wyse a levite when he was come neye to the place went and looked on hym and passed by. Then a certayne Samaritane as he jorneyed cam neye vnto hym and behelde hym and had compassion on hym and cam to hym and bounde vppe hys woundes and poured in wyne and oyle and layed him on his beaste and brought him to a common hostry† and drest him.‡ And on the morrowe when he departed he toke out two pence and gave them to the host and said vnto him, Take care of him and whatsoever thou spendest above this when I come agayne I will recompence the. Which now of these thre thynkest thou was neighbour unto him that fell into the thieves' hondes? And he answered: He that shewed mercy on hym. Then sayd Jesus vnto hym, Goo and do thou lyke wyse.

* Behold.

† Inn.

‡ Made provlsion for him.

THOMAS CRANMER.

1489.

Henry VIII.

1556.

Mary.

Edward VI.

WORKS.

Book of Common Prayer.

The Twelve Homilies.

The Great Bible.

Thomas Cranmer, the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, was the son of a yeoman living at Aslacton, Nottinghamshire. At the little village school in his native place, he acquired the rudiments of an education, and at the age of fourteen went to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he remained sixteen years.

When on a visit to Mr. Cressy at Waltham, he met the secretary and almoner of Henry VIII. who asked his opinion concerning the divorce of Henry from Katharine of Aragon. Cranmer, ever fearful to commit himself, said it was a question for the Universities to decide. If they said the divorce was lawful, the Pope must abide the decision; if they said not, then Henry must submit. When the king heard of this expression of Cranmer's opinion he was greatly delighted, and said "That man has got the right sow by the ear," and from that day Cranmer was a made man. He was chosen royal Chaplain at once and placed in the household of Anne Boleyn's father to put into writing all he had to say in favor of the divorce. He was then appointed to travel over the Continent to inculcate his beliefs. While at Nuremberg he married the niece of Osiander, although he himself was then a Catholic priest. From this time, however, he favored the reformers most stren-

uously, and Henry made him on his return to England Protestant Archbishop of England.

He declared the marriage with Katherine null and void. The Queen upon this took a most violent dislike to him, and refused to appear at his Court. It is not true that he married Henry to Anne Boleyn, as has been stated, for he did not know of their marriage until a fortnight after it had taken place, but he did deliver the crown and scepter to Anne at her coronation.

He was always opposed to cruelty of any kind, and interposed to save More and Fisher. He was ever ready to forgive his personal enemies, and had a good, kind heart, although he was physically a coward.

When Anne Boleyn was arrested and ordered to the Episcopal palace, Cranmer wrote a letter to the king in her behalf, but before it was sent the officers of the crown summoned him to the Star Chamber, and there so intimidated him with threats that he signed a post-script saying that he was convinced of her guilt. He appeared in judgment against her and condemned her to death.

He acknowledged Henry as head of the Church, with all power to appoint its spiritual officers. He took an active part in suppressing the monasteries, but favored using the money for education and religion instead of for mercenary objects. He was instrumental in placing the Bible in the hands of the English people, and it was through his influence that the Creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Commandments were taught in English.

In 1539 the famous "six articles" were adopted against his advice and exertion. These were not all Protestant in their character, and bore hard upon Cranmer in his changed belief, for one of them declared that

it was not permitted a priest to marry. So he was obliged to send his wife and children back to Germany, and there they were compelled to remain until Henry's death. He favored Henry's marriage to Anne of Cleves, and yet he presided over the assembly which pronounced the marriage dissolved. He first informed Henry of the unfaithfulness of his fifth wife, Catharine Howard, and we must suppose he was a willing informer.

He tried to convince Edward VI. that it was right to burn heretics, and when he failed was inconsistent enough to condemn people to the stake for the very opposite belief for what he had condemned them in Henry's reign.

When Edward wished to leave the throne to Lady Jane Grey, his cousin, Cranmer was reluctantly induced to sanction the act. He adhered to her faithfully and consequently had to fall with her. When Mary came to the throne he had nothing to hope from her. She compelled him to acknowledge by writing that all he had hitherto taught was false, and that he had been the bitterest of prosecutors and compared himself to the penitent thief. He then begged pardon of all his oppressors and greatly humiliated himself before Mary. But in spite of all this he was ordered to prepare for the stake.

When the fire was kindled around him he at last was brave enough. He declared himself a Protestant, and that he neither believed in papal supremacy or transubstantiation. He confessed with shame his recantations, and said the hand that signed them should first burn. When the flames rose around him higher, he thrust it into them, saying, "This hand hath offended, this unworthy right hand." He showed now no unmanly

weakness, but, with eyes turned toward heaven, exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," and then expired.

From the old Latin missal Cranmer compiled the beautiful service book now used in all Episcopal Churches, "The Book of Common Prayer."

The Litany, differing slightly from what it is now, was first used in the service by him. By an act of Parliament in 1548 all ministers were ordered to use this book in Divine service.

A book of Twelve Homilies was also prepared by Cranmer to be used by those ministers not able to write their own sermons. His revised translations of the Bible, called "Cranmer's Bible," or the "Great Bible," is his third great literary work.

HISTORY REVIEW.

- 1. Who appointed Cranmer Archbishop of Canterbury?***
- 2. How did he gain the king's favor?***
- 3. Who was Lady Jane Grey?***
- 4. Why did Edward wish to have her succeed him, instead of his sister?***
- 5. How did Cranmer lose favor with Mary?***
- 6. Give the Norman line?***
- 7. State the right of Henry II., Henry III., Henry IV., Henry V., Henry VI., Henry VII., and Henry VIII. to the throne.***

ENGLISH VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE.

- 1380, Wycliffe translated the Bible from the Latin Vulgate.
- 1526, Tyndale's New Testament and five books of the Old was printed at Cologne, and translated from the Greek.
- 1535, Miles Coverdale translated the entire Bible from the original Hebrew and Greek.
- 1537, Matthew's Bible was a fusion of Tyndale's and Coverdale's edited by John Rogers. It had the king's license and was the first "authorized version."
- 1539, Cranmer's or the Great Bible was Matthew's Bible revised and compared with the Hebrew and published under the sanction of Cranmer.
- 1560, The Geneva Bible was published by the Reformers at Geneva, and was a favorite Bible with the Puritans and Scotch Presbyterians.
- 1568, The Bishop's Bible was a revision made at the suggestion of Archbishop Parker by fifteen theologians, eight of whom were Bishops.
- 1611, King James' Bible was a translation from the Hebrew and Greek, authorized by James I. Forty-seven divines took each a portion which all revised at last. This is our Bible used at the present day.
- 1881, A revised edition begun in 1881 has been published under the auspices of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Many of the expressions have been changed, but in most instances the idea is the same.

1328-1474.

MINOR WRITERS.

JOHN GOWER, (moral Gower, blind in old age,) 1325-1408. *Speculum Meditantis Vox Clamantis*, *Confessio Amantis*.

KING JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND, (married Joan Beaufort, captured and confined in Windsor Castle,) 1394-1437. *The King's Quhair*, *Christis Kirk on the Grene*, and *Peblis at the Play*.

ROBERT OR WILLIAM LANGLAND, (struck first blow for the Reformation,) 1300— *Piers Ploughman*.

Lawrence Minot, John Barbour, Andrew Wynthoun, Thomas Occleve, John Lydgate, Blind Harry, John de Trevisa, and Sir John Fortescue.

SECOND ERA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

1474-1558.

HENRY HOWARD, earl of Surrey, 1516-1547. Translation of second and fourth books of Virgil's *Æneid*, *Sonnets*.

NICHOLAS UDALL, (wrote first English comedy, although John Still's *Gammer Gurton's Needle* claims to be the first real comedy,) 1506-1557. *Ralph Royster Doyster*.

MILES COVERDALE, 1487-1568. Translated whole Bible.

JOHN FOX, 1517-1587. *Acts and Monuments of the Church*, *Book of Martyrs*.

John Still, Robert Henryson, William Dunbar (Scott called the first of Scottish poets), Gavin Douglas, Alexander Barclay, Stephen Hawes,

John Skelton, John Heywood, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Sir David Lindsay, Robert Fabian, Edward Hall, John Fisher, Sir Thomas Elyot, John Bellenden, John Leland, John Bale, John Knox, George Cavendish, Sir John Cheke, Hugh Latimer.

THIRD ERA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

1568-1648.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS, MIRACLE PLAYS, MORALITIES, INTERLUDES, COMEDY AND TRAGEDY.

ROGER ASCHAM, (Tutor to Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey,) 1515-1568. Toxophilus, The Schoolmaster, Affairs and State of Germany, (Emperor Charles V.)

GEORGE BUCHANAN, (Latin Sec. for Mary and Edward VI., tutor for Mary Queen of Scots, and James I., called Scottish Virgil,) 1506-1582. History of Scotland, Epithalamium, The Chameleon.

ARTHUR JOHNSTON, (Physician to Charles I., Scottish Ovid,) 1587-1629. Latin version of Psalms in Elegiacs.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, (Raleigh called him "English Petrarch," Queen Elizabeth called him "the jewel of her dominion," and "the darling of the women." He fell in love with Lady Rich, Essex's sister, but married the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham; Countess Pembroke was his sister Mary; he was nephew of Earl of Leicester,) 1554-1586. Defense of Poesie, Arcadia, and Sonnets.

RICHARD HOOKER, 1563-1600. Laws of Ecclesiastical polity.

THOMAS SACKVILLE, Lord Buckhurst, wrote first English tragedy, 1536-1608. *Gorboduc*, or *Ferrex and Porrex*, *The Mirror of Magistrates*, and *Induction*.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, 1584-1595. *Peter's Complaint* and *Mary Magdalene's Funeral, Tears, Queen Elizabeth*, 1533-1603. *Verses on her own Feelings*.

SAMUEL DANIEL, 1562-1619. *A History of Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster*, *Musophilus*.

MICHAEL DRAYTON, 1563-1631. *Polyolbion*, *Baron's Wars* and *England's Heroical Epistles*, and *Nymphidia*.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, 1564-1594. *Tamburlaine the Great*, *Life and Death of Dr. Faustus*, *the Jew of Malta*, and *Edward II*.

JOHN DONNE, (founder of Metaphysical School), 1573-1631.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT, 1586-1615.

JOHN FLETCHER, 1576-1625. Fifty-two plays.

PHILIP MASSINGER, 1584-1640. *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, and eighteen plays.

IZAACK WALTON, 1593-1683. *The Complete Angler*, *The Lives of Donne*, *Wotton*, *Hooker*, *George Herbert*, and *Bishop Sanderson*.

Sir Henry Wotton, Giles and Phineas Fletcher, John Ford, Thomas Carew, William Brown, Robert Herrick, Francis Quarles, George Herbert, James Shirley, Richard Crashaw, (wrote

"The conscious water saw its God and blushed" and received the prize at Eton for the best thesis on the miracle of turning the water into wine.

Sir John Suckling, Thomas Wilson, William Camden, Richard Hakluyt, Samuel Purchas, James I., Joseph Hall, Robert Burton, Thomas Dekker, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, James Ussher, John Selden, Thomas Hobbes, James Howell, Sir Thomas Overbury, Gervase Markham, George Sandys, William Chillingworth, William Drummond, William Habington.

MONTHLY REVIEW.

1. What is the mother of literature ?
2. What is a formative principle in literature ?
3. Does race, epoch or surroundings account for all in literature ?
4. What constitutes the purest literature ?
5. Who first gave a decided impulse to Anglo-Saxon literature ?
6. What effect did the Norman Conquest have on the language ?
7. Who wrote Beowulf ? Where was the scene laid ?
8. What accounts for the Christian element in the poem ?
9. Who was Caedmon ? What did he write ?
10. Name two more Anglo-Saxon writers.
11. Name some Latin writers.
12. Who was John de Mandeville ?
13. What was the Doomsday Book ?
14. Name an early English writer and his work.
15. What king was on England's throne when Wycliffe lived and wrote ?
16. Name the different editions of the Bible.
17. Which do we use ?
18. Who was Lady Rich ?
19. From what did Wycliffe translate his Bible ?
20. Who gave to England the first English version of the Bible ?
21. Who really struck the first blow for the English Reformation ?
22. Who was called the " Morning Star of the English Reformation ? "
23. Who was reigning when Chaucer wrote ?
24. What was the plan of " The Canterbury Tales ? "
25. Where did Chaucer get his idea of Patient Griselda ?
26. Who was the " Father of English Poetry ? "
27. Who was the first poet buried in Westminster Abbey ?
28. Who was the first English printer ?
29. During whose reigns did he live ?
30. What was the first book printed in English ?
31. What was the first book printed on English soil ?
32. Who was Margaret Plantagenet ?

33. What writer was brother-in-law to the king's son?
34. Who was Thomas à Becket?
35. Who wrote the "House of Fame?"
36. Who was Cardinal Wolsey? Why deposed?
37. Who succeeded him?
38. Who wrote Utopia?
39. During whose reign did he live?
40. Name his two wives and circumstances relating to courtship.
41. Who was "Meg"?
42. What was the fate of Sir Thomas More?
43. Who was Erasmus?
44. Describe the meeting between More and Erasmus.
45. Who wrote the first English history?
46. Whose life was it and whose villainy did it portray?
47. Whose home was at Chelsea?
48. Who boasted he would live to see the Bible in the hand of every plowboy in England? Did he do it?
49. Who suffered at the stake?
50. Who was tied facing the horses' tails and made to ride to Cheapside?
51. During whose reign were the Bibles chained in the churches?
52. Whom did Henry VIII. say "had the right sow by the ear?"
53. Who was a good man but a physical coward?
54. Who compiled the Book of Common Prayer?
55. Who wrote sermons for others to preach?
56. Who was the "Scottish Virgil?"
57. Who was the "Scottish Ovid?"
58. What poet was blind in his old age?
59. Who was Joan Beaufort?
60. Where is Windsor and what author was confined there?
61. Who wrote "Piers Plowman?"
62. Who wrote the "First Comedy?"
63. Who wrote the "First Tragedy?"
64. Who wrote the Book of Martyrs?
65. Who was Elizabeth's tutor?
66. Who was Mary Queen of Scots' tutor?
67. Who was called the English Petrarch? By whom?
68. Whom did Elizabeth call the "Jewel of her dominion?"
69. Who was the "darling of the women?"
70. Who was the Countess of Pembroke?
71. Who wrote Arcadia? Defense of Poesie? Toxophilus?
72. Who first translated the Bible from the original Hebrew and Greek?
73. What is the edition of the Bible last published?
74. Who wrote "The conscious water saw its God and blushed?"
75. Who was Phillipa Pyknard?

PLUS QUESTIONS.*

1. *Why do members of Parliament sit with their hats on?*
2. *Why does the Lord Chancellor sit upon a woolsack?*
3. *Who was the first Prince of Wales?*
4. *What woman was the prime mover in the massacre of St. Bartholomew?*
5. *The length of whose arm was taken for the yard measure?*
6. *What German king kept an English king in prison until ransomed?*
7. *Who first used pins?*
8. *What king died from bumping his head against the wall?*
9. *What battle broke the Perpetual Peace?*
10. *What French queen died from poison conveyed in gloves?*

* Answers to Plus Questions will be sent to teachers on application. The questions are given to stimulate pupils to search history and literature.



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

EDMUND SPENSER.

1552.

1590.

Queen Elizabeth.

WORKS.

Faerie Queene. Shepherd's Calendar, Lament to Astrophel,
Colin Clout, View of the State of Ireland.

Do you love Spenser? I love him in my heart of hearts.—*Southey*.

Milton has acknowledged to me that Spenser was his original.—*Dryden*.

Spenser seems to me a most genuine poet, and to be justly placed with Shakespeare and Milton, and above all other English poets —*Macintosh*.

Of all the poets he is the most poetical —*Hazlitt*.

One unpardonable fault, the fault of tediousness, pervades the whole of the Faerie Queene. We become sick of cardinal virtues and deadly sins, and long for the society of plain men and women. Of the persons who read the first Canto not one in ten reaches the end of the first book, and not one in a hundred persevere to the end of the poem —*Macaulay*

Two hundred years after Chaucer gave to the world his Canterbury Tales, Spenser wrote his Faerie Queene. Like Chaucer and Shakespeare very little is known about his youth or his surroundings.

When genius is so prominent one can be independent of genealogies, for, as Richardson observes, unlike the snail, it is not necessary to carry one's house upon the back, and it therefore makes little difference that Spenser was of obscure birth, or that he claimed kinship with a family of noble birth and estate.

He went to Cambridge at an early age as a sizar,* but was forced to leave, probably on account of poverty of purse, although some authorities state he took his degree of M. A. there in 1575. From college he went to the north of England and began his life as a writer. He fell in love with a beautiful girl, Rosa Lynde, who trifled

* A sizar is a student who does menial work in part payment for tuition, etc.

with his affections in a heartless way. We ought not to regret this, however, as it was the means of giving to us the *Shepherd's Calendar*. For twelve or fourteen years after this he never thought of marriage; then he fell in love with Elizabeth (her last name is lost). She was of lowly origin, a country lass, but Spenser describes her "eyes as sapphires blue," and her hair as "rippling gold."

The *Shepherd's Calendar* was dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney, one of Spenser's best friends and patrons. Drayton says if Spenser had written nothing else this would have immortalized him.

At the time this poet lived no one had ever been known to gain a support by literary labors, so Spenser felt it was important to gain the patronage of wealth. Sidney introduced him to Dudley, Earl of Leicester, a favorite of the Queen. He brought him to the notice of Elizabeth who gave him an appointment in Ireland and a grant of three thousand acres of land in the County of Cork.

Kilcolman Castle was his residence while in Ireland. Here surrounded by this beautiful scenery and separated from the society of men of letters, he composed his most important poetical works. Sir Walter Raleigh, one of the officers in the English army, often visited him in Ireland. In fancy we can see the two friends lying upon the banks of the Mulla, Spenser reading his *Faerie Queene* and Raleigh praising it. They doubtless discussed poetry in general, politics and all the gossip of the time. It was not long after one of Raleigh's visits to him that his *Faerie Queene* was published. The two friends crossed the sea with the first three books. Raleigh introduced him to the Queen who gave him a

pension of fifty pounds, no small sum in those days, and also made him poet laureate. He returned to his Irish castle rejoicing, with every prospect of a long and happy life with his wife and children. But those were troublous times in Ireland. Kilcolman Castle belonged to the forfeited estate of the rebel Desmonds. The Irish hated the English lords and looked upon them as usurpers, so in the Tyrone Rebellion, 1598, hordes of peasants surrounded the castle, and after sacking it, fired it. Spenser and his wife barely had time to flee. In the hurry his new-born baby was left behind and perished in the flames. Three months after this Spenser died of a broken heart at an inn in King's street, Westminster. He was buried in the Poet's Corner at the Abbey, near where Chaucer rests. Poets were his pall bearers, and cast elegies into his grave.

His greatest work is without doubt *The Faerie Qucene*. The plan was to write a poem in twelve books, each book representing some virtue, but only six of these books were finished. The poem is an allegory, and the peculiar style in which it is written, eight lines, after the poets of Italy, with a ninth line added by Spenser, has characterized that stanza as Spenserian. Prince Arthur, Earl of Leicester, is the hero of the poem, and falls in love with the Faerie Queene, who is represented by Elizabeth. Envy is Mary Queen of Scots. Spenser flatters Elizabeth by calling her red hair "yellow locks, crisp like golden wire." Such flattery is outrageous, but it was the fashion of the day and poets are only human.

His other works of less reputation were *Shepherd's Calendar*, *Colin Clout*, and *Lament to Astrophel* (written at Sidney's death), and a prose work, view of the *State*

of Ireland. Spenser's poetry has inspired many men to write verses. None of our poets have so exuberant an imagination. "He is a creature of imagination all compact." We fully agree with Welsh that "he threw into English verse the soul of harmony, and made it more expressive, more richly descriptive than it ever was before. More than any other writer he contributed to transformation of style and language. Centuries hence men will be touched the more powerfully, the more they are advanced, by this artist and his art."

HISTORY REVIEW.

- 1. Whom did Edward VI. wish to succeed him?***
- 2. How long did Lady Jane Grey reign?***
- 3. What was her fate?***
- 4. Mention some noted men burned during Mary's reign.***
- 5. Who introduced Spenser to the notice of Queen Elizabeth?***
- 6. What was Mary Queen of Scots' claim to the throne?***
- 7. What was her fate?***
- 8. Who was her first husband?***
- 9. Who was Lord Darnley? How related to Mary?***
- 10. What was his fate?***

his person, a proud and handsome picture to gaze on, but there was genuine worth and genius under the showy exterior. Raleigh, the trained soldier, the experienced navigator, the gallant courtier, skilled politician and man of great mental endowments, proved a valuable and trustworthy favorite of the queen. She sent him on several embassies to foreign countries, asked his advice on matters of state, and what is remarkable for Elizabeth, she followed such advice when given. For a time Raleigh held full sway at court, to the chagrin and anger of the Cecils and Howards. They were his bitter enemies and finally occasioned his fall. During the invasion of the Spanish Armada Sir Walter was in command of a part of the English fleet and was instrumental in checking and defeating King Philip's squadrons. For this service his royal mistress rewarded him liberally. About this time, when his good fortune was at its flood, he conceived the idea of colonizing the New World. Full of enthusiasm, failure seemed impossible, and he spared neither trouble nor expense in fitting out an expedition. Finally when all was ready the fleet set sail with Raleigh on board and the queen's written permit to take possession of any lands they might discover.

After an uneventful voyage the fleet touched on the coast of the Carolinas, as then called, and Raleigh named the country Virginia, for his virgin queen. He tried with poor success to establish a colony at Jamestown. The reader of American history knows of the trials and hardships endured by that little band of Englishmen, the story of the brave John Smith, the romance of Pocahontas, and the final establishment of the pale faces in the land of the red man. It was not

until after Raleigh's death that the settlement prospered and bloomed into a village. From one of his expeditions to America he brought into England the sweet potato and tobacco weed.

But a cloud hung over the hitherto sunny life. Unlike her royal father, Elizabeth could not bear the idea of marriage, and nothing enraged her more than for one whom she liked to marry. This Raleigh did and was immediately banished from court. After sometime the testy old queen had him recalled, but her favor did not long benefit him. She was fast approaching death, and in 1603, when James came to the throne, already under the influence of the Cecils, Raleigh was looked upon by him as an undesirable courtier. He was arrested and placed in the tower on the charge of trying to place Arabella Stuart upon the throne. Fearing to execute him James kept him in prison for twelve years, six of which his wife was with him. During this long imprisonment Raleigh set himself the task of writing a history of the world from the creation down to his day, but he only brought it as far as the fall of Macedon. Upon this work rests his literary fame. Now we would think it dull reading, but it is a remarkable work, coming from the pen of a soldier and sailor.

But he was soon to be roused from his books and quiet thoughts, for James' vision of gold and an overflowing treasury induced him to fit out an expedition for a trip to America in order to gain possession of the longed-for gold. Raleigh was chosen commander on account of his maritime experience. Old and careworn, with the marks of many years on his shoulders, he set sail in command of fourteen ships for the mouth

of the Orinoco River. Unsuccessful in his search for gold, he attacked a Spanish settlement and obtained two bars of the precious ore. This comprised the entire cargo for the grasping king. Heart-broken on account of the loss of his eldest son, who had been killed in the fight, disappointed in his hopes of finding gold and obtaining freedom, he returned to England to be again thrown in the tower a state prisoner. The Spanish government demanded reparation for the injury done them, and the weak James, who wished to please the Spanish court in order to marry his son Charles to the Infanta, ordered that Raleigh should be tried on the old charge of treason. Long did he defend himself, but to no avail. Attorney General Coke, before whom he was arraigned, with great heat of passion, exclaimed, "I want words to express the viperous treasons." "True," Raleigh replied, "for you have spoken the same thing half a dozen times over already." But in spite of eloquence and justice, Raleigh was sentenced to be beheaded. When on the scaffold he took the deadly axe in his hand and smilingly said, "This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases."

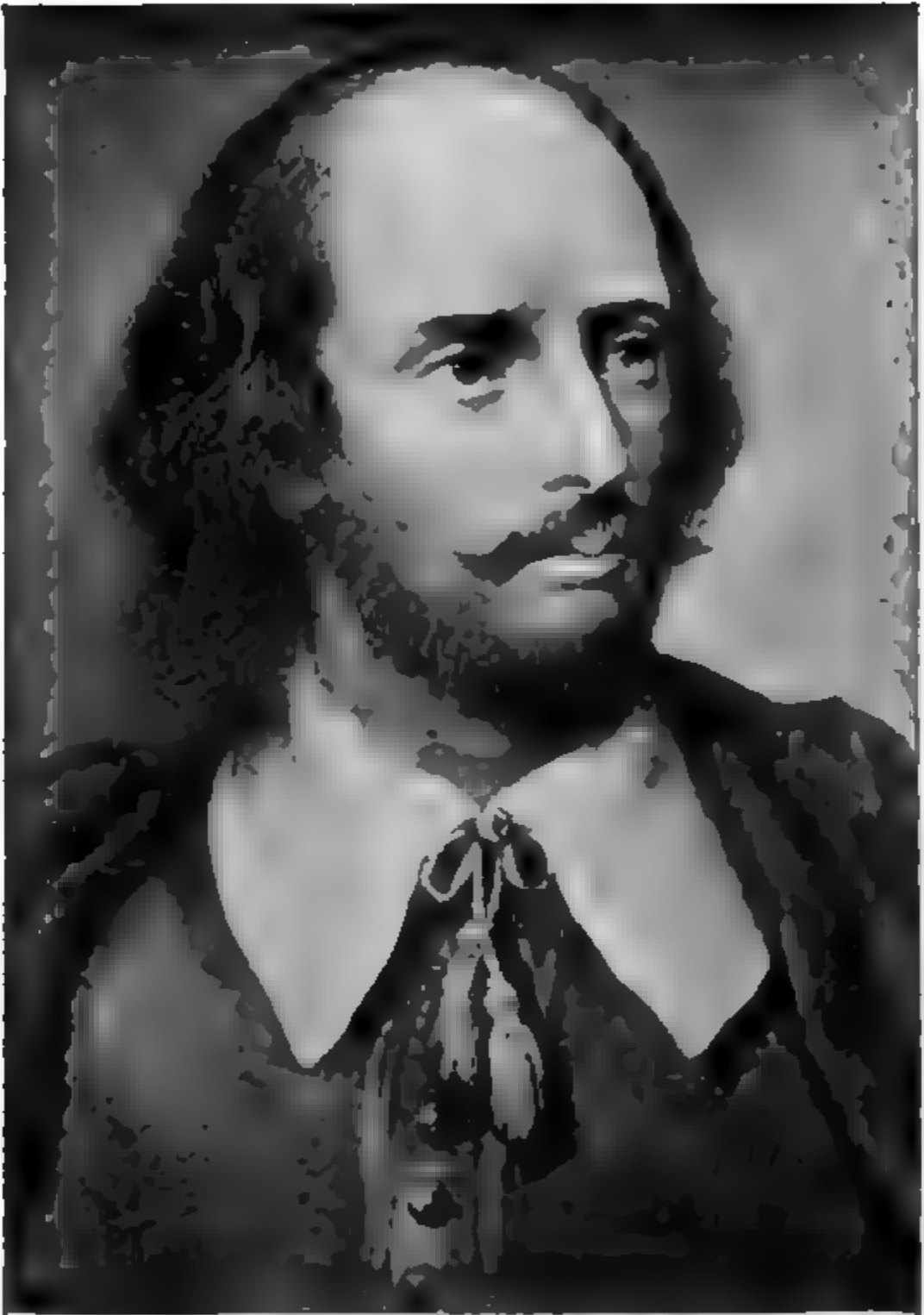
In one of the largest London galleries you may see a portrait of Raleigh painted in a white satin doublet, richly embroidered, "with a great string of pearls around his neck big as a robin's egg," and a hat with a long feather fastened by a great blazing ruby. Alas! for those who trust in princes' favors!

He wrote poems of such sweetness that Spenser called him the "Summer's Nightingale." He has also been called the "English Proteus."

ANNIE W. SMITH.

HISTORY REVIEW.

- 1. *What was the Tyrone Rebellion?***
- 2. *What discoveries did Raleigh make?***
- 3. *Who was on the English throne when America was discovered?***
- 4. *Who was Arabella Stuart?***
- 5. *Who tried to place her on the English throne?***
- 6. *Who was reigning in France on St. Bartholomew's Day?***
- 7. *What was his mother's name?***
- 8. *Review from William the Conqueror to Elizabeth.***
- 9. *Name sovereigns of the Stuart line.***
- 10. *Give James I.'s right to the throne.***
- 11. *Why was Raleigh called the "English Proteus?"***



SHAKESPEARE



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

1564.

Elizabeth.

1616.

James.

WORKS.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. Pericles, Prince of Tyre.....1590. | 19. Much Ado About Nothing.....1599. |
| 2. Comedy of Errors.....1591. | 20. As You Like It.....1600. |
| 3. Love's Labor Lost.....1591. | 21. Merry Wives of Windsor.....1601. |
| 4. King Henry VI., Part I.....1592. | 22. Troilus and Cressida.....1601. |
| 5. King Henry VI., Part II.....1592. | 23. King Henry VIII.....1602. |
| 6. Midsummer Night's Dream.....1593. | 24. Timon of Athens.....1602. |
| 7. Romeo and Juliet.....1593. | 25. Measure for Measure.....1603. |
| 8. Taming of the Shrew.....1594. | 26. King Lear.....1604. |
| 9. Two Gentlemen of Verona.....1595. | 27. Cymbeline.....1605. |
| 10. King Richard III.....1595. | 28. Macbeth.....1606. |
| 11. King Richard II.....1596. | 29. Julius Cæsar.....1607. |
| 12. King Henry IV., Part I.....1596. | 30. Antony and Cleopatra.....1608. |
| 13. King Henry IV., Part II.....1596. | 31. Coriolanus.....1609. |
| 14. The Merchant of Venice.....1597. | 32. The Winter's Tale.....1610. |
| 15. Hamlet.....1597. | 33. The Tempest.....1611. |
| 16. King John.....1598. | 34. Othello.....1612. |
| 17. All's Well that Ends Well.....1598. | 35. Twelfth Night.....1613. |
| 18. King Henry V.....1599. | 36. Titus Andronicus (doubtful). |

"Sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child."—*Milton*.

"I am always happy to meet persons who perceive the transcendent superiority of Shakespeare over all other writers."—*Emerson*.

"The name of Shakespeare is the greatest in our literature, it is the greatest in all literature. No man ever came near him in creative powers of the mind, no man ever had such strength and at the same time such variety of imagination."—*Hallam*.

Coleridge calls him the "Thousand-souled Shakespeare," and Ben Jonson named him "The sweet swan of Avon."

"Shakespeare is of no age. He speaks a language which thrills in our blood in spite of the separation of two hundred years. His thoughts, passions, feelings, strains of fancy; all are of this day as they were of his own; and his genius may be contemporary with the mind of every generation for a thousand years to come."—*Christopher North*.

The skeleton of "this cottage-born and cottage-bred" poet, as Dr. Lipscomb calls him, has been clothed with flesh and blood by various authorities, who have fre-

quently given to "an airy nothing a local habitation and a name." When only a century and a half had passed the English nation actually knew less of their greatest author than we now know of Homer after the lapse of thirty centuries. This, however, matters little to us, so far as the poet is concerned. "All that is known of him with any degree of certainty is that he was the son of John Shakespeare and Mary Arden, and that he was born at Stratford-on-Avon *about* the twenty-third of April, 1564, that he was baptized on the twenty-sixth of the same month, that he was married to Anne Hathaway, that he had three children, Susannah, Judith and Hamnet, that he went to London and commenced life as an actor, that he wrote poems and plays, that he made his will, died and was buried."

This skeleton has been decked and dressed to suit each biographer's fancy. There are some facts in regard to his father and mother, however, that come from reliable sources and serve to throw a little light upon the son. John Shakespeare, the poet's father, was a "gentleman farmer." He may have been at the same time a butcher, a glover, a wool stapler, a leather dealer, or whatever his biographers may choose to make him, and the fact would not affect the greatness of his son. That he lacked business capacity and system we know, for it is stated he was arrested in bailiff's courts for comparatively small debts, and that he was once fined for not removing a heap of dirt from before his own door. His mother was Mary Arden, whose grandfather, Robert Arden, was Groom of the Chamber to Henry VII. She was a woman of most excellent traits of character, systematic and painstaking and her father's favorite child. In dying he left her one of the executors of his will,

and gave her as a special legacy the Wilmecote estate three miles from Stratford. She was lovely and amiable in character, strong and firm of purpose, with a keen and active intellect.

A son is said to take by heredity the mother's qualities of heart and mind, therefore it is to be supposed that "the nature and discipline of Mary Arden did much towards making Shakespeare what he was." "Men of genius as they grow older grow into their mothers. The mother is the final man." He must have had some opportunity of growing familiar with the noblest attributes of womanhood. Why not suppose then, as Dr. Lipscomb suggests, "that the light and glory of them beamed upon him from his mother." He was imperfectly educated, but he had as much culture as he wanted, and of whatever kind he wanted. Such minds as his have no need to be taught. They are full to overflowing. Dryden said of him, "Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greatest commendation; he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inward and found her there."

That he attended the Grammar School at Stratford, then taught by Rev. Thomas Hunt, a curate of an adjoining parish, is more than probable; that he was instructed there in the ancient languages is almost a certainty; and Ben Jonson's remark, that he knew "small Latin and less Greeke," must not affect our opinion as to the amount he knew, for Jonson himself was eminent for classical scholarship and gloried in the fact. What seemed to him a small amount of Latin and Greek would to others appear a fair possession. The fact that his vocabulary numbered over fifteen

thousand words, a number greater than any other English poet, proves his knowledge of the languages to have been great.

“Education at last is more than mere learning, it is growth. Whatever then contributes to the growth of the intellect, whether it be religious associations or books that are read, it acts upon the intellect and is education.”

Shakespeare's parents were evidently educated people as well as religious people. They were protestants, whatever proofs are furnished to the contrary, and it is natural to suppose that their son was saturated with scriptural language and doctrine such as he imbibed from the Book of Common Prayer, the English Primer and the Geneva Bible.

A mind like his would eagerly devour books of legendary lore, such as the old Chronicles and Border Ballads of Scotland. From many books that existed at that time we can trace probable suggestions of some of his plays. For instance in the Palace of Pleasure there is an Italian story of *Romeo and Juliet* translated from the French. In Fabyan's Chronicles of British History we find the story of *Lear* and his three daughters. From Hall's Chronicles, a narrative of wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, he may have culled material for most of his historical works. From Gesta Romanorum he got his idea of *Merchant of Venice*; from Reginald Scott's discovery of Witchcraft he gained his ideas of the weird sisters in *Macbeth*, and perhaps he found there his Puck, his Titania, and his Queen Mab. From Holinshed's Chronicles he probably found much to aid him in his other historical plays. Besides these sources of education

there was another and a very important one which should have been mentioned before, that is his local associations. His home was only thirteen miles from Kenilworth Castle, where, when he was about twelve years old, Leicester so royally entertained Queen Elizabeth. Isn't it likely that a boy of active habits and lively imagination should have seen all that was possible of these exhibitions. Warwick Castle, with its huge pile of masonry, was only ten miles from Stratford. Coventry, where the mysteries were enacted, was only eighteen miles away, and a day's walk would have brought him to Shrewsbury, where Hotspur Percy was slain and Earl of Douglas taken. The minute description of this fight proves that Shakespeare was an eye witness and familiar with the surroundings. At no great distance from Stratford was Tewkesbury, the scene of another great battle described in Richard III. The battle of Bosworth Field was within thirty miles of Stratford, and persons who saw the fight were probably living in the time of Shakespeare, as there was only the lapse of forty years. The boy dramatist may have caught the inspiration from these old narrators, for Bosworth was then to English history what Waterloo was later. Friar Lawrence in Romeo and Juliet was evidently one of the monks from the Abbey of the Benedictines, which was robbed and dismantled during the reign of Henry VIII. This Abbey was only a short distance from Stratford.

Later on, when Shakespeare went to London, he was thrown with the most learned men of the day, and must have gained culture and refinement by association with them. A man's surroundings evidently go far to make the man. No one then can calculate how much

Stratford, with her historical surroundings, did to make Shakespeare the man, the dramatist, and the poet.

That he was wild in his youth there is scarcely a doubt, and we know that he did drink too much wine at times; and while we cannot disprove the "deer stealing story," the ugly "verses about Sir Thomas Lucy," the "Crab apple tree story," we can with no greater certainty prove them. We are forced also to believe that he married Anne Hathaway of Shottery hastily and unwisely, and while we are puzzled to understand why he should marry a woman eight years older than himself, there isn't a shadow of doubt in our minds but that he truly loved her at one time. We cannot reconcile this belief, however, with his will, which left her only his "second best bedstead."

It is true that he left his family to go to London, but he went from necessity to make a better support, and he returned and amply provided for them. He always paid a yearly visit to Stratford. We don't believe the story that he held horses before the theater doors, or was call boy, though it would not affect our idea of his greatness if it were true; but we know that he revised and wrote plays for the stage, often acting himself. His acting, however, was only "respectable" as he invariably took the minor parts, such as the ghost in *Hamlet*, and Adam in *As you like it*. He was conscious of his inability to act well, and showed his good sense by taking the insignificant parts. His taste for the stage may have come from seeing the plays which came to Stratford. His father was mayor, and there is every probability that he took his little son with him to see the actors that came there.

After earning a good support in London he returned

home, bought the New Place, adorned and beautified it, and there hoped to spend a long life of ease and comfort. He had collected around his hearthstone children and grandchildren. His daughter Susannah had married Dr. John Hall, and Judith had married Thomas Quiney. These all lived with him. His brother Gilbert and sister Joan were settled near him. He had an only son, Hammet, who died when eleven years old.

At the age of fifty-two, on the anniversary of his supposed birthday, the great and immortal Shakespeare died. He was buried in the church at Stratford-on-Avon, near the north end of the chancel, and there is this quaint inscription on his tomb, put there in all probability by one of his sons-in-law, and may have been written by Shakespeare himself.

“ Good friend, for Jesus’ sake forbear,
“ To digg the dust enclosed heere,
“ Blest be ye man yt spares these stones,
“ And curst be he yt moves my bones.”

These verses have had the effect of keeping his dust undisturbed. No man has dared to touch it. A woman's curiosity led to an attempt to do so, in order to prove that Bacon was the author of Shakespeare's Plays, but it failed, for the people at Stratford would allow no desecration.

There is not a single descendant from his family living. He was the eldest of thirteen children and the father of three, still no one remains to bear even the name of this great man.

His will contains these words: “ I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing through the only merits of Jesus Christ,

my Savior, to be made partaker of life everlasting."

The theory advanced by late reviewers that Bacon wrote some of the plays attributed to Shakespeare is absurd and easily refuted. The arguments are weak and unfounded, the "Donnelly Cipher" without force to sustain the enigma.

ARGUMENTS FOR AND AGAINST BACON'S BEING THE AUTHOR.

It is urged that Shakespeare would have published his plays if he had been the author. Bacon could not, because in the historical plays he had used language that would have endangered his position at Court, hence he kept silent in regard to all. This is answered,—

Shakespeare dared not publish them for they would then have become public property, and could no longer have been controlled by his company, and kept only for use in his own theater. He no doubt intended to publish them later, had his life been spared.

The writer of Shakespeare's Plays was a philosopher as well as poet. Bacon could never merit the title of poet under any stretch of the imagination. Dr. Clarke observes, "It would be more sensible to suppose that Shakespeare wrote Bacon's works than that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's Plays." But we do not agree with him, for it was as impossible for Shakespeare to write Novum Organum as for Bacon to write Hamlet and Macbeth. Bacon's mind was reasoning and philosophic; Shakespeare's, brilliant and creative. Bacon was a statesman, a member of Parliament, interested in all political questions of the day; Shakespeare never aspired to office or meddled with politics. England was convulsed at this time with all sorts of conflicts, which Bacon as

philosopher might have excluded from his *Novum Organum*, but which Bacon as a dramatist could never have omitted in his Plays. Shakespeare's writings reflect nothing of this turmoil and strife.

Shakespeare's heroines (not all prominent female characters, but his true heroines) reveal a purity and womanly delicacy—qualities that no contemporary dramatist depicts. These creations evidently came from one brain, and that brain was the son of Mary Arden. Bacon's experience with women, on the other hand, had been anything else but fortunate, so he had no conception of nobleness of character in the sex.

When we sum up the arguments on Shakespeare's side, his mother's influence and training, his local associations, his command of language, his religious instruction, his love for legendary lore, and his opportunity for acquiring such, his associations with literary men, his opportunity for studying court manners and life, his taste for acting, his being thrown with the best actors of the day—advantages unequalled by any writer of that or any other time—it makes it impossible for us to doubt that *he only* is the author of the Plays attributed to him.

“Shortly after Shakespeare's death, some of the scholars of the day, finding his phraseology obscure in meaning, attempted to improve his writings by changing some of his expressions. But they found that Shakespeare's language so altered did not give expression to Shakespeare's ideas. That his brain was so fertile with new thoughts, that, to express them, he had created a language aside, and was a law unto himself. So great was Shakespeare's mind and of such importance was he to the world, that George Gilfillan has said, that when

the angels are moving thro' space, they will designate this mundane sphere thus: 'That is Shakespeare's world.' "

The Plays, as handed down to us now, have been greatly revised and improved, and the annotated copies, with certain passages expunged, can be safely put into the hands of young students.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Name the Stuart sovereigns.*
 2. *Review from Edward IV.*
 3. *What acts of Elizabeth's reign are commendable from a literary standpoint?*
 4. *Where is Stratford-on-Avon?*
 5. *What is Shrewsbury noted for?*
 6. *For what is Tewkesbury noted?*
 7. *Who entertained Elizabeth at Kenilworth?*
 8. *Who was his wife?*
 9. *Draw map of England and locate Stratford-on-Avon, Kenilworth, Warwick, Tewkesbury, Shrewsbury, Coventry and London.*
-

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT II.

SCENE II.—Capulet's Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound—

[Juliet appears above, at a window.]

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she;

She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
 As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
 See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand;
 O that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks:

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er thy head,
 As is a winged messenger of heaven
 Unto the white—upturned wond'ring eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazy pacing clouds,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou, Romeo?
 Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*]

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;
 What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
 By any other name would smell as sweet;
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
 Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
 And for that name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word;
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE II.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good

to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree; such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband: O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, overname them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he does nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself.

Ner. Then is there the county Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *An if you will not have me choose:* he hears merry tales, and smiles not; I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. Heaven defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur LeBon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless, you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray Heaven grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now! What news?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come, from a fifth, the prince of Morroco, who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

[*Exeunt.*]

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Obe. Well, go thy way : thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.—
My gentle Puck, come hither : Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, (but thou couldst not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd ; a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west ;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow ;
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon ;
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell !
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white : now purple with love's wound,—
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower ; the herb I show'd thee once ;
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb : and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [Exit.

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love,
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it, with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

[Demetrius is pursued by Helena, who persists in proffers of her love, which Demetrius still rejects. Oberon listens to their conversation.]

Fare thee well, nymph ; ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Re-enter Puck.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me,
 I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
 Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
 Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
 With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine;
 There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
 Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
 And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
 Weed wide enough to throw a fairy in;
 And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
 And make her full of hateful fantasies.
 Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
 A sweet Athenian lady is in love
 With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes:
 But do it, when the next thing he espies
 May be the lady: Thou shalt know the man
 By the Athenian garments he hath on.
 Effect it with some care; that he may prove
 More fond of her than she upon her love.

[Puck mistakes Lysander for the lover, on whom he is commissioned by Oberon to exercise his fairy spells.]

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT III.—SCENE II.

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
 Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
 And let me show him that made the will.
 Shall I descend? And will you give me leave!

Cit. Come down.

2d Cit. Descend.

3rd Cit. You shall have leave.

4th Cit. A ring; stand round.

1st Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2nd Cit. Room for Antony; most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle: I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
 That day he overcame the Nervii:—
 Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through;
 See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
 And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel;

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him !
 This was the unkindest cut of all
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep; and I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1st Cit. O piteous spectacle!

2nd Cit. O noble Cæsar!

3rd Cit. O woful day!

4th Cit. O traitors, vililans!

1st Cit. O most bloody sight!

2nd Cit. We will be revenged: revenge; about,—seek,—burn
 fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1st Cit. Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.

2nd Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
 They, that have done this deed, are honorable:
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
 And will, no doubt with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is:
 But as you know me all, a plain blunt man
 That love my friend, and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him.
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, not utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
 And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1st Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3rd Cit. Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves!
Alas, you know not—I must tell you then :—
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true; the will :—let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2nd Cit. Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

3rd Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar. When comes such another?

1st Cit. Never, never: Come, away, away;
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body. *[Exeunt Citizens with the body.]*

Ant. Now let it work; Mischief, Thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And whither will I straight to visit him :
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius. *[Exeunt.]*

FRANCIS BACON.

1561.

Elizabeth.

1625.

James I.

WORKS.

Instauratio Magna.

- I. *De Augmentis Scientiarum.*
- II. *Novum Organum.*
- III. *Sylva Sylvarum.*
- IV. *Scala Intellectus.*
- V. *Prodromi.*
- VI. *Philosophia Secunda.*

Of the State of Europe.
Essays, Civil and Moral.
New Atlantis.
History of Henry VII. (Never finished).

"My conceit of his person was never increased towards him by his place or honors; but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself; in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men and most worthy of admiration that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want."—*Ben Jonson.*

Pope said, "Bacon was the wisest, brightest, and meanest of mankind," and this saying is considered by many perfectly just. While we censure him, we pity him.

Reared in the lap of luxury, exposed to all the allurements wealth could give, and to all the enticements incident to court life; flattered from childhood by the personal notice of the queen; knighted in manhood by King James I., and afterwards presented by him with the great seal, Bacon could ill bear with nobleness of spirit those reverses that came upon him in later life, and consequently yielded to the temptation of taking bribes and deserting a friend—which two acts have left blots upon his reputation that no time can efface.

His father was Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England. His mother was Anne Cooke, whose father, Sir Anthony Cooke, had been tutor to Edward VI. As a child Bacon was remarkably

precocious. He had such a delicate constitution that he took no interest in the out-door sports that usually interest boys. Queen Elizabeth, in her visits to his father's home, was attracted by his brightness, and on one occasion inquired of him his age. He replied, "I am two years younger than your Majesty's happy reign." Delighted with the dignity of this reply, she called him her "Little Lord Keeper." He was only thirteen when he entered Cambridge, and then he distinguished himself for application to his studies and philosophical discussions. After remaining there four years he joined the English ambassador, Sir Amias Paulet, in Paris. This was a bad school for morals, and, although Bacon was proof against the worst temptations, it had an evil effect upon him, and gave him extravagant views of life, and inculcated a love for magnificence and display, which lingered with him through life. It is said he took a real feminine delight in bright colored clothes, and loved "to be gazed at upon the streets, and to be wondered at in the cabinet."

His father's death left him without the means to indulge these extravagant tastes, and he was obliged to prosecute his law studies to gain a support, and he said he now found he would have to "think to live instead of living to think."

During these years he did not neglect his philosophical researches, but planned his great work *The Instauration Magna*, which was written in Latin. This was never finished. One part, *Newum Organum*, gave him his high place in literature. His uncle, Lord Burleigh, was England's finance minister, and his cousin, Robert Cecil, was one of the ablest politicians of Elizabeth's and James' reigns. It would seem then that with such

powerful and influential kinsfolk Bacon's fortunes were assured, but jealousy burned in the hearts of both of these men, and the help they gave was given grudgingly. Bacon finally applied to Essex, the stepson of Leicester, for aid in obtaining the solicitorship. Essex did his best for him, but it was given to another. The disappointment was very keen, and Essex felt so sorry for him that he gave him Twickenham, worth £1,800.

Bacon thought to retrieve his fortune by marrying a rich widow, but Attorney-General Coke was destined to be his rival in love as well as law, for Lady Hatton accepted him and discarded Bacon. She, however, proved a perfect shrew, and gave her husband no peace or happiness, so the wound in Bacon's breast was soon healed, and the bachelor of forty-five not long after this led to the altar a blushing young bride, Miss Alice Barnham. He was dressed in purple velvet and she in cloth of satin. His fortunes began to grow brighter from this time. He was knighted by James, and held in succession the offices of Solicitor-General, Judge of Marshalsea Court, Attorney-General, member of the Privy Council, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, Lord High Chancellor, Baron Verulam, and Viscount of St. Albans. He had now reached the height of political distinction. He undoubtedly had the greatest intellect of the age; indeed he was the most profound thinker the seventeenth century produced, but grave doubts are entertained as to his nobility of character. The stain of accepting bribery, and ingratitude to Essex, has blackened his fame. Many friendly biographers have tried to excuse him. During his troubles he had no warmer friend than Essex, and yet, just as soon as Essex was accused of treason, Bacon appeared leading the accusation. His

apologists plead that it was his duty to his queen and country to pursue this course, and furthermore add that his accusations were so mild that Elizabeth exclaimed, in her indignation, "I see old love is not easily forgotten." This would be a strong point in his favor had he not written an account of Essex's treason after his friend's death, which still further blackened his character.

While Lord Chancellor he was accused of accepting bribes. Twenty-two distinct charges were brought against him. The matter was investigated and he was found guilty; he confessed in writing his guilt but was fined £40,000, and sent to the Tower. In two days James remitted the fine and released him. He returned to his home at Gorhambury and there spent the remainder of his life in reading, writing, and in making scientific experiments.

The cause of his death was his zeal for science. One day in riding near Highgate the thought occurred to him that flesh could be preserved by snow as well as salt. The ground being then covered with snow he ordered the carriage to be stopped, went into a cottage, bought a fowl, and with his own hands stuffed it with snow. He became thoroughly chilled, and feeling too unwell to go home he spent the night with a friend, the Earl Arundel. They put him into a bed with damp sheets, and fever ensued from which he died in a few days. He was buried with his mother in St. Michael's church near St. Albans.

"The mind of Bacon forms an exception to the general rule; his fancy was more vivid in old age than in youth, for the fancy of a young man grows less bright as his reason grows stronger."

In regard to his being an orator, Ben Jonson said,

“No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough nor look aside without loss. The fear of every one that heard him was lest he should make an end.” He was as great an orator as he was writer. We know him best through his essays and his *Novum Organum*. To be ignorant of Bacon’s essays is to argue one’s self unlearned.

His other works are *History and Reign of Henry VII.*, *Fable of the New Atlantis*, and *Version of the Psalms*. He seemed to be fully conscious of the greatness of his works, for he says in his will, “For my name and memory I leave it to men’s charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and to my own country after some time has passed away” He feared that justice would not be done him by his own countrymen for a time, at least not until the memory of his accepting bribes, and his treachery to a friend had been forgotten.

Burke says, “Who is there that upon hearing the name of Lord Bacon does not instantly recognize everything of genius the most profound, everything of literature the most extensive, everything of discovery the most penetrating, everything of observation of human life the most distinguishing and refined?”

HISTORY REVIEW.

- 1. *Who was Earl of Leicester?***
 - 2. *What relation to Essex?***
 - 3. *Why did Essex lose favor with Elizabeth?***
 - 4. *What is considered the reason of Bacon's ingratitude?***
 - 5. *Who was Lord Burleigh?***
 - 6. *What prominent kinsmen did Bacon have at court?***
 - 7. *Why did he receive no help from them?***
 - 8. *Who was Edmund Burke?***
 - 9. *Review sovereigns from William, giving right to the throne.***
 - 10. *What were the duties of Lord Chancellor?***
-

THE END OF KNOWLEDGE.

It is an assured truth, and a conclusion of experience, that a little or superficial knowledge of philosophy may incline the mind of man to atheism; but a further proceeding therein doth bring the mind back again to religion: for in the entrance of philosophy, when the second causes, which are next unto the senses, do offer themselves to the mind of man, if it dwell and stay there, it may induce some oblivion of the highest cause; but when a man passeth on farther, and seeth the dependence of causes, and the works of Providence, then, according to the allegory of the poets, he will easily believe that the highest link of nature's chain must needs be tied to the foot of Jupiter's chair. To conclude, therefore, let no man, upon a weak conceit of sobriety, or an ill-applied moderation, think or maintain, that a man can search too far, or be too well studied in the *Book of God's word*, or in the *Book of God's works*; divinity or philosophy; but rather let men endeavor an endless progress: or proficiency in both: or let men beware that they apply both to charity, and not to swelling: to use, and not to ostentation; and again, that they do not unwisely mingle, or confound these learnings together.

THE USES OF KNOWLEDGE.

Learning taketh away the wildness, and barbarism, and fierceness of men's minds: though a little superficial learning doth rather work a contrary effect. It taketh away all levity, temerity, and insolency, by copious suggestion of all doubt and difficulties, and acquainting the mind to balance reason on both sides, and to turn back the first offers and conceits of the kind, and to accept of nothing but examined and tried. It taketh away vain admiration of any thing, which is the root of all weakness: for all things are admired, either because they are new, or because they are great. For novelty, no man wadeth in learning or contemplation thoroughly, but will find that printed in his heart, "*I know nothing.*" Neither can any man marvel at the play of puppets, that goeth behind the curtain, and adviseth well of the motion. And for

magnitude, as Alexander the Great, after that he was used to great armies, and the great conquests of the spacious provinces in Asia, when he received letters out of Greece, of some fights and services there, which were commonly for a passage, or a fort, or some walled town at the most, he said, "It seemed to him, that he was advertised of the battle of the frogs and the mice that the old tales went of." So certainly, if a man meditate upon the universal frame of nature, the earth with men upon it, the divineness of souls excepted, will not seem much other than an ant-hill, where some ants carry corn, and some carry their young, and some go empty, and all to and fro a little heap of dust. It taketh away or mitigateth fear of death, or adverse fortune: which is one of the greatest impediments of virtue, and imperfections of manners. For if a man's mind be deeply seasoned with the consideration of the mortality and corruptible nature of things, he will easily concur with Epictetus, who went forth one day, and saw a woman weeping for her pitcher of earth that was broken; and went forth the next day, and saw a woman weeping for her son that was dead; and thereupon said, "*Yesterday I saw a fragile thing broken; to-day I have seen a mortal thing die.*" And therefore Virgil did excellently and profoundly couple the knowledge of causes, and the conquest of all fears together.

It were too long to go over the particular remedies which learning doth minister to all the diseases of the mind, sometimes purging the ill humors, sometimes opening the obstructions, sometimes helping the digestion, sometimes increasing appetite, sometimes healing the wounds and exulcerations thereof, and the like; and therefore I will conclude with the chief reason of all, which is, that it disposeth the constitution of the mind not to be fixed or settled in the defects thereof, but still to be capable and susceptible of reformation. For the unlearned man knows not what it is to descend into himself, or to call himself to account; nor the pleasure of that most pleasant life, which consists in our daily feeling ourselves to become better. The good parts he hath, he will learn to show to the full, and use them dexterously, but not much to increase them; the faults he hath, he will learn how to hide and color them, but not much to amend them: like an ill mower, that mows on still and never whets his scythe. Whereas, with the learned man it fares otherwise, that he doth ever intermix the correction and amendment of his mind with the use and employment thereof.

PLEASURE OF KNOWLEDGE.

The pleasure and delight of knowledge and learning far surpasseth all other in nature; for shall the pleasures of the affections so exceed the pleasures of the senses, as much as the obtaining of desire or victory exceedeth a song or a dinner; and must not, of consequence, the pleasures of the intellect or understanding exceed the pleasures of the affections? We see in all other pleasures there is a satiety, and after they be used, their verdure departeth; which sheweth well they be but deceits of pleasure and not pleasure, and that it was the novelty which pleased and not the quality: and therefore we see that voluptuous men turn friars, and ambitious princes turn melancholy; but of knowledge there is no satiety,* but satisfaction and appetite are perpetually interchangeable; and therefore appeareth to be good; in itself simply, without fallacy or accident.

*A perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.—*Comus.*

PRESERVATION OF KNOWLEDGE.

As water, whether it be the dew of heaven or the springs of the earth, doth scatter and lose itself in the ground, except it be collected in some receptacle, where it may, by union, comfort and sustain itself, and for that cause, the industry of man hath framed and made spring-heads, conduits, cisterns, and pools; which men have accustomed likewise to beautify and adorn with accomplishments of magnificence and state, as well as of use and necessity; so knowledge, whether it descend from divine inspiration or spring from human sense, would soon perish and vanish to oblivion, if it were not preserved in books, traditions, conferences and places appointed, as universities, colleges, and schools for the receipt and comforting the same.

BEN JONSON.

1574.

Elizabeth.

James I.

1637.

Charles I.

WORKS.

Fifty-Four Dramatic Pieces.

Comedies,
Every Man in His Humor,
The Silent Woman,
Volpone or the Fox,
The Alchemist,

Tragedies,
Cataline,
Sejanus,
Prose Works,

Discoveries or Observations on Poetry and Eloquence.

“Ben Jonson,” says Taine, “was a genuine Englishman, big and cowardly framed, energetic, combative, proud and often morose. He had a heavy, uncouth figure, a wide, long face, which was early marred by scurvy, a square jaw and enormous cheeks. His animal organs were as much developed as his intellect, and he was prone to strange imaginations. He told Drummond once that he saw the Carthaginians and the Romans fighting on his big toe;” and yet he was not melancholy by nature, for he was always ready for merriment, assisted, alas, too frequently by good Canary wine, with which he drenched himself, and which eventually became a necessity to him. What we know of his life is in harmony with his person; he suffered much, fought much, dared much.

His father, a minister at Westminster, having died a month before his birth, Ben was thrown, at an early age, upon the cold charities of the world. His mother, a woman of strong, vigorous mind, married a bricklayer, and her son was withdrawn from school, where he was making extraordinary progress, to work at his step-

father's trade. He was disgusted, and in order to escape this drudgery, ran away and joined the army. While serving there he killed a man in sight of both armies, but somehow escaped punishment.

A wealthy gentleman, overhearing him repeat some phrases from Homer, gave him the opportunity of completing his studies at Cambridge. Upon leaving the university he became an actor, and often occupied himself in touching up dramas. He got into some difficulty with a fellow actor, fought and killed him, and was severely wounded himself. For this murder he was thrown into prison, and came very near being hanged. A Catholic priest visited and converted him while in prison. Upon his release, at the age of twenty, he married a woman who, he says himself, was "a shrew, but honest." Children came, and he was forced to struggle hard to live. Unfortunately he gave great offense to the king by some irreverent phrase in one of his pieces. He heard that Marston and Chapman were to have their ears slit for this irreverence, so he gave himself up to obtain their pardon. It is said his mother had prepared a drink of poison for him, and to show her courage, intended to drink of it first rather than have him convicted again.

Towards the latter part of his life his money failed him. He was always liberal and improvident. He had written a vast amount, but was compelled to write a vast deal more in order to live. Paralysis, scurvy and dropsy ensued. His wife and children died, and we find him an old man, unable to leave his room or even walk without assistance. He lived alone, forsaken by all save an old woman who served him. He died in August, 1637, and was buried in an upright posture near

the Poet's Corner at the Abbey. A workman, hired for eighteen pence by a passer by, carved into the stone "O Rare Ben Jonson." This very stone is still preserved in the side wall of Westminster Abbey, but over the spot where his body lies a new one bearing the same inscription has been placed.

Jonson was egotistical and overbearing, while he was social and generous even to prodigality. He and Shakespeare were great friends until the latter sued him, then he turned against his former friend, and said harsh and bitter things of him. A short while before he had said Shakespeare "was not for a day, but for all times." They both attended regularly the Mermaid Club, of which he was the self-constituted autocrat. He treated his hearers like school boys.

His reputation as critic was second to none. Few writers have labored more or as faithfully. His knowledge was vast, and he was the best classical scholar of his day. He had so well digested Greek and Latin ideas that they were incorporated with his own. His plays are coarse and unrefined, even though they are bitter against vice. *Every Man in His Humor* is considered the finest. Another, and one where the plot entertains and holds the attention, is the *Silent Woman*. The hero, a young gentleman, has an eccentric old uncle, who cannot bear the slightest noise, and has shut himself up from everything which can molest him or break his quiet. He quarrels with his nephew, who expects to be his heir, and resolves to disinherit him and marry, provided he can find a woman who will not talk too much. The *Silent Woman* is accordingly introduced to him—a woman warranted to speak very seldom and then hardly above a whisper.

He is charmed with her, and hurries on the wedding, but as soon as the knot is tied the Silent Woman turns into a fluent talker and termagant. Hosts of friends come in to visit her, a band of instruments enter, playing loudly, and the old man is on the point of going mad when his scapegrace nephew comes to his relief. He offers to show his uncle a way of release from the marriage if he will sign an agreement by which his fortune after death, and an annuity during his life, is secured to the nephew. The poor old man gladly consents, and the fact is disclosed that the Silent Woman is only a boy who has been trained to play this trick; that the marriage is no marriage, and thus the play ends.

Jonson's readers now are few, but as his good parts are enduring and imperishable no fame is more secure.

HISTORY REVIEW.

- 1. Name one important event in the life of each Norman sovereign***
- 2. Review Tudor line.***
- 3. Give James I.'s right to the throne.***
- 4. Trace Mary Queen of Scots to Henry VII.***
- 5. Trace Lady Jane Grey to Henry VII.***
- 6. Trace Arabella Stuart to Henry VII.***
- 7. Trace Lord Darnley to Henry VII.***
- 8. Who was Philip II. of Spain?***
- 9. What was the Spanish Armada?***
- 10. Why was Sir Philip Sidney sent to Holland?***

DIRECTIONS FOR WRITING WELL.

For a man to write well, there are required three necessities:—to read the best authors; observe the best speakers; and much exercise of his own style. In style, to consider what ought to be written, and after what manner, he must first think, excogitate his matter; then choose his words, and examine the weight of either. Then take care in placing and ranking both matter and words, that the composition be comely; and to do this with diligence and often. No matter how slow the style be at first, so it be labored and accurate; seek the best, and be not glad of forward conceits, or first words that offer themselves to us, but judge of what we invent, and order what we approve. Repeat often what we have formerly written; which, besides that it helps the consequence, and makes the juncture better, quickens the heat of imagination, that often cools in the time of sitting down, and gives it new strength, as if it grew lustier by the going back. As we see in the contention of leaping, they jump farthest that fetch their race largest; or, as if throwing a dart or javelin, we force back our arms to make our loose the stronger. Yet if we have a fair gale of wind, I forbid not the stirring out of our sail, so the favor of the gale deceive us not. For all that we invent doth please us in the conception of birth; else we would never set it down. But the safest is to return to our judgment, and handle over again those things, the uneasiness of which might make them justly suspected. So did the best writers in their beginnings. They imposed upon themselves care and industry. They did nothing rashly. They obtained first to write well, and then custom made it easy and a habit. By little and little, their matter showed itself to them more plentifully; their words answered, their composition followed; and all as in a well ordered family, presented itself in the place. So that the sum of all is, ready writing makes not good writing; but good writing brings on ready writing.

PURITANS AND CAVALIERS.

1648.

1674.

To fully understand and appreciate the literature of the period from the closing of the theatres in 1648 to the death of Milton it is necessary to study the influence of the Puritan and Cavalier writers of the time.

We quote from Collier's *Literature* extracts bearing directly upon this subject, which will present the matter in its clearest light. He contrasts the Puritan and Cavalier,—his dress, his life, his habits, his writings.

“ Puritans and Cavaliers stand out in violent contrast during that period of English history which is filled with the great central struggle of the seventeenth century. The violence of the opposition was strikingly expressed by the difference in dress and amusements.

The Cavalier (the word borrowed from the Spanish) in full dress wore a brilliant silk or satin doublet with slashed sleeves, a falling collar of rich point lace, a short cloak, hanging carelessly from one shoulder, and a broad-leaved, low-crowned hat of Flemish beaver, from which floated one or two graceful feathers. His broad sword belt, supporting a Spanish rapier, was a marvel of costly embroidered work. A laced buff coat and silken sash sometimes took the place of the doublet, and when the steel gorget was buckled over this the gallant Cavalier was ready for the fray. Long waves of curled hair, rippling on the shoulders, formed a graceful frame-work for the finely moulded features of a high-bred English gentleman. But unhappily the owners of these silken cloaks and curling ringlets filled the taverns

and surrounded the gaming tables of London day and night. Great fortunes were lost on a throw of the dice, and many a plumed hat was dashed fiercely, with curses, in the mud, and many a reveller staggered home with a torn and wine-splashed finery. Tennis, billiards, drinking, masquerading, dressing, intriguing, composing and singing love songs filled the days and nights. Such was the life of the majority of Cavaliers. Yet gallantly and gaily did they ride in the face of the hailing bullets from the Puritan musketeers; and while we condemn their vices and pity their wretched end, we cannot help admiring the bravery of the men who rallied around the banner of their erring king (Charles I.), and who spilt their blood for the cause of monarchy, with the same careless gaiety that they would pour out wine in the tavern by St. Paul.

Of a totally different stamp were the Puritans. Instead of silk, satin and lace, which decked their antagonists, they affected a sobriety of dress and manners which should place them at the utmost possible distance from the fashion of the world from which they sought to separate themselves. All their tastes were simple, their pleasures moderate, their behavior circumspect. The Bible was always in their hands, its sacred words on their lips; their chief enjoyment was hearing sermons and singing psalms. Their children were baptized and called by sacred names taken from the Bible. They not only thought the stage and all its performances shameful, but they condemned innocent pastimes. They undoubtedly erred on one extreme as much as the Cavaliers did on the other, but they at least erred on the right side, and no one can deny but that the mainspring of the Puritan mind was a simple fear of God

150000

and an overmastering desire to fulfil every duty in the face of consequences, no matter how perilous or painful."

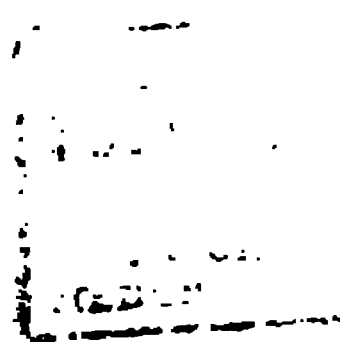
The literature of the Cavaliers was not deep. Their poetry was chiefly lyric. Herrick, Suckling, Waller and the unhappy Lovelace were the chief poets, and their works bear deepest stains of immorality and vice. Lord Clarendon was the representative Cavalier historian. Thomas Fuller and Jeremy Taylor were the theologians.

A profound religious thoughtfulness was the root out of which grew the works of the English Puritans. Liberty was the grand stake for which they were playing. To Milton the freedom of thought and speech was a grander aim than relief from the tyranny of Charles Stuart. His *Paradise Lost* is the noblest poem ever given to English Literature. Puritanism acted powerfully upon the prose writings of the day, as we find by the influence of the works of Bunyan and Baxter. The Puritans were called Roundheads from the fact that they shaved their heads and wore a tight fitting cap, which made them appear round. When the Civil War ended the day of the Roundhead triumph came.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Name the Stuart kings and queens.*
2. *What caused the Civil War?*
3. *Who were the Roundheads?*
4. *What was the "Long Parliament?"*
5. *Who was protector of England after Charles was beheaded?*
6. *How long was the Commonwealth?*
7. *What was the Restoration?*
8. *Who was Charles I.'s wife?*
9. *Where was she during the Civil War?*
10. *Review from Henry IV. to Anne.*





JOHN MILTON.

1608.

Commonwealth.

1674.

Charles I. { Oliver Cromwell. } Charles II.
 { Richard Cromwell. }

WORKS.

POEMS.

Ode on the Nativity.
L'Allegro.
Il'Penseroso,
Arcades.
Comus.
Lycidas.
Italian Sonnets.
Paradise Lost,
Paradise Regained.
Sampson Agonistes.
English Sonnets.

PROSE WORKS.

Defensio pro Populo Anglicano.
Of Reformation in England.
Prelatical Episcopacy.
Apology for Smectymnuus,
Areopagitica.
Tractate on Education.
The Tenure of Kings.
Eikonoclastes.
Defensio Secunda.
History of England.
De Doctrina Christiana.

"The first place among our English poets is due to Milton."—*Addison*.

"O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies!
O skill'd to sing of time or eternity;
God-gifted organ voice of England—
Milton, a name to resound for ages."

—*Tennyson*.

"Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy and England did adorn,
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed.
The next in majesty: in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go,
To make a third she joined the other two."

—*Dryden*.

It is odd to think of Milton as a toddling child when Shakespeare was in the prime of life, for Milton seems to us in every way older than Shakespeare. Yet in all probability, as a child, he not only saw Shakespeare but also Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher and other writers of that day on their way to the Mermaid Club, because his father's house was on the same street,

where the club met, and these writers were frequent visitors there.

His father, John Milton, was a scrivener or writer of law papers, who was disinherited for a change of religious belief. In spite of this, however, he had acquired a considerable property and lived in ease and affluence. He was a man of learning, a poet and a musician, and took a wonderful interest in the education of his son. His wife was Sarah Bradshaw. There were six children, but our John Milton, Anne and Christopher were the only ones who lived to any age.

Milton inherited from his father a taste for learning and great musical talent, and from his mother good looks, a gentle disposition and very weak eyes. When quite a small boy, he gave a beautiful version of the 136th Psalm, beginning—

" Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord for he is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure."

His first teacher was Thomas Young, a private tutor, who did much to inculcate a taste for learning in the young boy's mind. He was then sent to St. Paul's school in London, under Mr. Gill. At sixteen years of age he was sent to Cambridge, and there distinguished himself for his independence of thought. He became involved in a quarrel with one of his tutors, and, according to Dr. Johnson, was flogged, but this must have been only surmise on the old Doctor's part, just because flogging had not been abolished in the lower classes at that time, and he never was willing to do Milton justice, therefore felt that he ought to have been flogged and said that he was. There is no authority to prove the statement correct. Whatever disgrace there was soon passed away, for it

was from this college he received in due course of time two degrees. At school or at college his conduct from a moral point of view was irreproachable, and too much commendation cannot be accorded him when we remember the depraved court at that time. On account of this morality as well as for his delicate complexion, curly hair, and red cheeks he was called the "Lady of the College." He was never a favorite at college, probably from his selfishness, probably from his egotism, or it may have been from neither of these causes, but from jealousy on the part of the other students.

While at Cambridge he wrote an *Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, also a poem on *Shakespeare*, one on the *University Courier*, a sonnet *To the Nightingale*, one *On Arriving at the Age of Twenty-Three*, besides others.

For five years after Milton left the University he lived at Horton writing as the spirit moved him. *L'Allegro*, (Ode to Mirth), *Il' Penseroso*, (Ode to Melancholy), companion pieces, were written about this time, also *Lycidas*. This last was written when his young college friend, Edward King, was lost at sea. *Comus*, a masque, was written to be performed at Ludlow Castle, before the Earl of Bridgewater. The Earl's daughter, Lady Alice, and his two sons lost their way in the woods, and upon this incident, Milton has written the most beautiful pastoral drama in any language. His Latin poems belong chiefly to this period, and here again we notice how much a man's surroundings affect his works. What a striking difference there is between *L'Allegro*, a poem written at Horton, and his prose works written during the storms of civil and I may say domestic war, and his *Paradise Lost*, written when the pilgrimage of life was nearly over.

MANHOOD.

This period of his life may rightfully be said to date from 1638, the year he started out upon his continental tour. His mother's death depressed him so at this time that he prevailed upon his father to let him take this trip. Having procured letters from influential friends in London to prominent literary men abroad, he went first to France, and there he visited the principal cities before he commenced his travels in Switzerland and Italy. An anecdote is related of him while at Florence. Having fallen asleep beneath a tree one summer's afternoon, two ladies approached the spot and admired, as they thought unobserved, the fair and radiant face of the slumberer. The younger, a very handsome lady, drew a pencil from her pocket and hastily writing a few lines thrust them into the half open hand of Milton, then silently withdrew. It happened that some friends of Milton's witnessed the scene, and prompted by curiosity, hastened to wake him so that they could see the lines upon the paper. They ran thus, "Ye eyes! Ye human stars! Ye authors of my liveliest pangs! If thus when shut ye wound me, what must have proved the consequence had ye been open?" This adventure made a very deep impression upon the mind of Milton; and his intense eagerness to find out his fair admirer led him to remain longer in Florence than he would otherwise have done. It is stated that he did find her, and to finish the romance well, would be to say that she was young and beautiful and that he fell in love with her and married her; but, sad to relate, he found that she was the wife of another, and so the story ends. Milton, however, while in this city fell madly in love with a beauty of Bologna, whose black eyes subdued his heart, and whose soft, low voice

bound him in silver chains which cost him a great pang to break.

During his stay in Florence he visited the blind old Galileo, who then lay in prison for daring to say what he believed about the stars.

While in Italy he was received into the Literary Academy, and gained great praise from the wits and scholars on his Latin poems and sonnets. In the eminent Italian writers of that day frequent allusions are made to the handsome and gifted young Englishman, who was said to have been the most cultured Englishman that had ever visited Italy.

Milton was a great advocate of the Reformed Religion, and for this it is said the Jesuits at Rome formed a conspiracy against him, thinking to make him retract, but he himself tells us, "I again openly defended it, as I had done before in the very metropolis of Popery."

Milton enjoyed his travel abroad and would willingly have stayed longer, but hearing of the rupture between Charles and the Parliament, he said, "I thought it base to be traveling for amusement abroad while my fellow-citizens were fighting for liberty at home." He returned to St. Bride's Churchyard and began a little school, in which were the Phillips boys, the children of his Sister Anne. It was at this time he wrote "Tractate on Education." Here, after an acquaintance of a month, he brought home a wife, Mary Powell, the daughter of an eminent Royalist. Why Milton, a Puritan, should have allied himself with the daughter of a Cavalier has always seemed a mystery, for there was no congeniality between Puritan and Cavalier in dress, taste or feelings. It may have been from political motives, as her father, Richard Powell, was quite an influential man at that time. Her

father cheerfully agreed to the marriage, as it released him from a debt of five hundred pounds that Milton had come to collect. This hasty marriage was far from a happy one, on account of disparity of ages, for he was thirty-five and she only seventeen. The poor girl missed the dancing and gaiety of her father's house, as the grave and studious husband never thought of leaving his books to cheer her. She became gloomy and morose and in a few weeks returned to her father's home, seemingly to pay a visit, but inwardly resolved never to return to her husband again. Milton was mortified beyond expression at this desertion, and sent message after message to her begging her to return, but received no reply. His bitterness found vent in a series of papers on *Divorce*, and after two years, when Mary Milton found her husband was about to illustrate his faith in his doctrine by marrying again, she repented with all due humility. The reconciliation was brought about in this way: Her friends concealed her in a house where Milton was wont to visit, and she rushed into the room where he was, then threw herself at his feet and implored his forgiveness. So completely was the breach healed that Milton threw open the doors of his house to her father's family. The Puritans were in the ascendency now and the Royalists had lost favor. Old Richard Powell died at their home a short while afterwards. At this period in his life appeared Milton's finest prose work, his *Areopagitica*.

It was in 1649, when Cromwell was made Lord Protector, that Milton was offered the position of Latin Secretary. His scholarship and judgment well qualified him for this responsible position. It was while he was acting in this capacity that he wrote his *Eikonoclastes*, (Image Breakers). His bitterness and hatred of Charles Stuart,

the dead king, as brought out in this work, was uncalled for and unbecoming in a Christian.

Salmasius, a friend of the Royalists and a champion of Charles II., wrote a powerful pamphlet on the "Divine Right of Kings," and invoked vengeance on all who had taken part in beheading Charles I. The Royalists declared the arguments unanswerable and they were too weighty to be disregarded, and the Council of State commanded Milton to answer it. His eyes had been troubling him some time before this, and his physician had warned him that he would be totally blind unless he would rest them. This he would not do, but pored over his *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*, and prepared so valuable a paper that his arguments completely overruled those advanced by Salmasius. The English people voted him public thanks for the paper, and it is said his antagonist's death was hastened through mortification at his defeat.

In 1654 Milton was perfectly blind, but through the assistance of his friend, Andrew Marvel, he was enabled to retain his position as Latin Secretary.

Now comes a time of persecution and distress:—Oliver Cromwell is dead, Richard Cromwell a failure, and Charles II., brought to the throne. Soon after the Restoration a proclamation was issued against him and he was obliged to lie in concealment until the passing of the Act of Indemnity.

Charles offered to reinstate him in his office if he would use his talents in his behalf. His wife was very anxious for him to do it, but Milton said: "You are a woman and think only of domestic affairs. I think of posterity and shall die consistent with my character," and no appeal of hers could change him.

In 1653 this wife died, leaving him with the care of

three little girls under eight years of age, Anne, Mary and Deborah. He had only one son who died in infancy. His optic nerve had become paralyzed and he was now totally blind.

"Milton, thy loss
Was the world's gain—thy sorrow was its joy.
Another wreath was added to thy brow,
Another lustre to thy bright renown,
While fresh thankgivings rose from loving hearts,
Gifted to see the purpose and its end,
When God upon thine eyelids laid His hand.

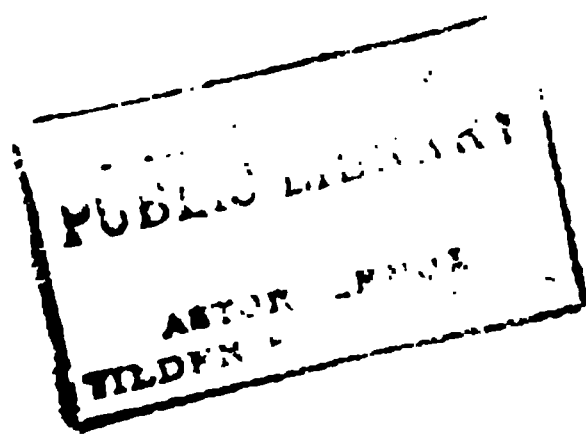
* * * * *
When o'er thine eyes
The shadow of His Cross serenely drew."

—A. A. Lipcomb, D. D.

Three years passed before he made Catherine Woodcock his wife. He was tenderly attached to her and mourned greatly when fifteen months afterward she was taken from him, leaving him a widower again, with one little girl who died shortly after her mother. Milton did not believe in educating woman beyond a plain English education, which he said was all that was necessary to fit her for her domestic duties. As to learning the languages, he thought "one tongue was enough for any woman." He carried out this idea fully in the education of his own daughters, but he lived to regret it, for during his blindness he was forced to depend very much upon them for reading aloud to him and for writing as he dictated. In the different languages all they could do was to spell the words. What a trial of patience this must have been to father and daughter! Anne, his oldest daughter, was excused from this duty because of an impediment in her speech. None of his daughters loved him, probably because he never gave them the opportunity to do so.

Milton's finances had suffered very much. At the





Restoration he lost two thousand pounds which he had placed in government securities; then again the great fire in London swept away three-fourths of all he had left. These financial distresses were a great grief to him. In 1664 he married Elizabeth Minshull, a maiden lady, who outlived him. After mentioning his *History of England*, we shall leave this portion of his life which was devoted entirely to his prose compositions.

“Milton is as great a writer in prose as in verse. Prose conferred celebrity on him during his life, poetry after his death: but the renown of the prose writer is lost in the glory of the poet.”—*Chateaubriand*.

OLD AGE.

It is touching to see Milton in his old age, blind, poor, persecuted and alone, retiring into obscurity to compose those immortal epic poems, *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*. Voltaire says, that Milton while in Florence saw a comedy *Adamo* (Adam), the subject of which play was the Fall of Man, the actors God, the Angels, Adam, Eve, the Serpent, Death and the Seven Mortal Sins, and that he took from this comedy the first hint of the noblest work which human imagination has ever conceived and which he executed more than twenty years afterwards.

This may or may not be true, but we know from Milton's own letters that he had intended writing this epic poem long before he started on his continental tour, for he said while at Horton, “Some day I shall address a work to posterity which shall perpetuate my name at least in the land in which I was born.” He had selected Arthur as his subject, but why or when he changed is not positively known.

It will be interesting here to give an account of the manner in which this grand old man employed his time. The Plague of 1665 drove the family from London. Through the influence and kindness of an old Quaker friend, Thomas Ellwood, a pretty little cottage at Chalfont was secured for them. Here Dr. Wright, an ancient clergyman, visited him and described Milton sitting in an elbow chair in a small room hung with rusty green. "He was dressed neatly in black. He was pale and very thin. His hands and feet gouty and covered with chalk stones. In his later years he retired every night at nine o'clock and would rise at four or five. He would first have a chapter read to him from the Hebrew Bible, and then after breakfast would work until twelve. He then took exercise for an hour, generally in a chair in which he would swing himself; then he would play upon the organ, for under the instructions of his father he had become quite a fine organist; and with that or the bass viol to accompany him, he would sing himself hoarse, or he would get his wife to sing for hours to him." This wife was Elizabeth Minshull, who had an excellent voice. She was very tender and loving to Milton and did much to soothe his latter years, but she made a cross step-mother and gave his daughters only a hundred pounds each at their father's death, although the estate was valued at fifteen hundred pounds.

Milton always set apart two hours to receive calls from his friends. Many scholarly foreigners, who were anxious to meet him on account of the fame of his learning, would come to see him, and he received a great deal of attention from his own enthusiastic countrymen.

During the visit of his Quaker friend, Thomas Ellwood, Milton handed him the manuscript of *Paradise Lost* to

read. When he returned it he said, "Thou hast said much of Paradise Lost, what hast thou to say of Paradise Found?" This remark led to the composition of the minor epic *Paradise Regained*.

After a light supper Milton always smoked a pipe of tobacco, drank a glass of water and then retired. He rarely ever went to church and we have no account of his having family worship, although he was a member of the church, a Baptist by profession.

The publishers had been so impoverished by the great Fire and Plague that they were in no condition to make fine offers for manuscripts of any kind, so Milton found difficulty in disposing of *Paradise Lost*. Finally he had an offer of five pounds with the promise of five pounds for every additional edition. He died before the third edition came out and his wife sold her claim for eight pounds, so there was realized from it in all only eighteen pounds; a pitiful sum for such a poem!

Cowper says, "Was there ever anything so delightful as the music of *Paradise Lost*? It is like that of a fine organ; it has the fullest and deepest tones of majesty with all the softness and elegance of the Dorian flute."

Landor says, "After reading *Paradise Lost*, I can take up no other poet with satisfaction. I seem to have left the music of Handel for the music of the street."

There are many adverse criticisms, however, for Waller says, "The old blind poet has published a tedious poem on the Fall of Man. If its length is not considered a merit, it hath no other." Dryden too, criticised it very severely, because, although making Adam the nominal hero, he made Satan the real hero. Goldsmith too, underrated him: "There is no force in his reasoning, no eloquence in his style, no taste in his compositions."

But Goldsmith was, no doubt, prejudiced by Dr. Johnson.

Milton has been accused of plagiarism. It is said that he not only got the idea of his poem from Caedmon's paraphrase, but that he literally copied some parts, word for word. This is gross injustice and can be refuted by careful comparison.

Samson Agonistes belongs to the closing period of his life. There are passages descriptive of blindness in this poem which could only have come from an overflowing, sympathetic heart. From it we get a very good impression of a Greek tragedy. Besides this he has written a sonnet on his blindness. Milton's career separated him from intimate acquaintances. His loneliness was recognized and respected. His soul was that of a recluse. In moral and intellectual power he was a giant. We know so little of the real heart of the man, and yet the beauty and dignity of his character make us love and respect him in spite of his coldness and reserve. We are ready to bow down in admiration of a man who could live uncorrupted through the taint of the moral atmosphere that made the reign of Charles II. so abhorrent. Dear old Milton, we forget your faults when we remember your virtues!

On a bright Sunday morning at his home at Bunhill Fields he passed away from earth without a pang. He had been suffering from an attack of gout for some time and he knew that the end was near. He was in his sixty-sixth year when he died. His body was laid beside his father's in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate.

"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart,
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart,
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

— Wordsworth.

Paradise Lost is said to be the greatest epic poem ever written. The life of Milton, its author, is a great epic—an epic complete in all its parts—high, grave, sustained, majestic. His life was one of self-denial, a life of labor and toil, a life of purity unsullied, in an impure age—a life nevertheless not perfect, for it was spotted with harshness of language, peculiarities of opinions, and exceeding high temper, but the life of a patriot, “faithful found among the faithless,” and above all the life of a Christian, a life of prayer, of faith, of dependence upon and constant communion with God.

It would seem that God took away from him the light of day that his soul might have that inner light that came to him as one inspired when he gave to the world *Paradise Lost*, a poem of transcendent genius and taste. Truly Dryden was not extravagant when he said that the genius of Homer and Virgil were combined to make a Milton.

This poem is but little read, less understood, and still less appreciated. The book is on the shelves of every library; every one has read extracts from it; every one has heard its excellence extolled, and yet few have ever read it as a whole; few can tell the argument of the poem. Why?

It is a learned poem—a book really filled with universal knowledge, and perhaps just here is the answer to the question why it is not read, for much of it cannot be understood on account of its many classical and mythological allusions, its obscure paragraphs and its frequent references to ancient history. And so this poem possessing the very highest literary merit is cast aside for poems of inferior merit, because they are more

easily understood. The poem, too, is deeply religious, and sad to say this does not appeal to all readers, and they make its religious tone an excuse for not reading it. Dr. Samuel Johnson, who never did Milton justice, said that no one ever wished the poem longer, and if any one read it through it was more from duty than pleasure. Addison really by his contributions to the *Spectator* did more to place *Paradise Lost* on its proper level than any other writer. Hallam said these criticisms of Addison are the finest ever written in the English language.

No great poem can ever be written that does not point a moral, and the moral of *Paradise Lost* is the highest, "obedience to the will of God makes men happy, and disobedience makes them miserable." Adam and Eve continued in the Garden of Eden or rather Paradise—for Eden meant far more than the spot from which they were driven—as long as they kept the command that God had given them, but were driven out as soon as they transgressed. Then he describes how an innumerable multitude of angels fell through their disobedience. Milton shows himself to have been a very close student of the Scriptures. And while he quotes from Homer and Virgil and the ancient writings, and shows a very close knowledge with all classical literature and mythology and philosophy most abstruse, his principal story and his leading incidents are founded on the Scriptures. No one can read the poem without having his thoughts ennobled and his aspirations made higher. It is undoubtedly the deepest and the wisest of all the uninspired poems ever yet written.

The rule for epic poetry is that the action must be

complete—it must have a beginning a middle and an end. *Paradise Lost* fulfills this requirement for it was conceived in Hell, executed on Earth, and punished by Heaven. The characters that Milton has introduced are very few as compared with other great epics. He has Adam and Eve, two allegorical characters Sin and Death, and Satan with his fallen angels. Milton's description of Satan is something wonderful. "His aim was no less than the throne of the Universe. His strength of mind was matchless. He was the greatest power that was ever overthrown, with the strongest will to resist or endure. He was baffled but not confounded. The loss of infinite happiness was compensated in the thought of having the power to inflict infinite misery on others. He is not represented as deformed to excite loathing and disgust. His deformity is only in his depraved will. When he enters Eden a shiver of horror shakes the roses and makes the waters to tremble." "Mounted on the Night as on a black charger, carrying all Hell in his breast, and the trail of Heaven's glory on his brow; his eyes eclipsing suns; his cheeks furrowed, not by tears, but by thunder; his wings two black forests; his heart a millstone; armed to the teeth by pride, fury and despair; intrenched in immortality; defiant against every danger—he stands the most tremendous conception in poetry, the sublimest creation of the mind of man."

Milton could never have written *Paradise Lost* but by a life of holy preparation, by a resolve to lift his mind and heart above earthly things, as well as by the strongest and most incessant exercise of his intellect, and by retirement, temperance, courage, hope and faith.

His poetry is pure majesty—the wisdom from above that instructs and awes; it speaks as an oracle, not with a mortal voice.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Give the character of Oliver Cromwell.*
2. *Who was his Latin Secretary?*
3. *What causes led to the Civil War?*
4. *What year was the Restoration?*
5. *Give important events in Charles I.'s reign.*

Read *Paradise Lost*, Book I. and III.

Read *L'Allegro*.

Read *Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*.

SONNET ON HIS OWN BLINDNESS.*

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent† which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent,
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He, returning, chide;
 "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
 I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
 Either man's work, nor his own gifts; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
 Is Kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

* "Milton's sonnets are in easy majesty and severe beauty, unequalled by any other compositions of the kind."—*Rev. Alexander Dyce*. "Of all the sonnets of Milton, I am most inclined to prefer that On His Blindness. It has to my weak tastes, such various excellences as I am unequal to praise sufficiently. It breathes doctrines at once so sublime and consolatory, as to gild the gloomy paths of our existence here with a new and singular light."—*Bridges*.

† He speaks here with allusion to the parable of the talents, Matt. xxv., and with great modesty of himself, as he had not five, or two, but only one talent.

JOHN BUNYAN.

1628.

1688.

Charles I. Commonwealth, Charles II. James II.

SIXTY WORKS.

Pilgrim's Progress,

Grace Abounding to Chief of
Sinners,

Holy War,

Life and Death of Dr. Badman,

Barren Figtree.

"Ingenuous dreamer, in whose well-told tale
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail;
Whose humorous vein, strong sense, and simple style,
May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile;
Witty and well employed, and, like thy Lord,
Speaking in parables his slighted word;
I name thee not, lest so despised a name
Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame;
Yet e'en in transitory life's late day,
That mingles all my brown with sober gray,
Revere the man, whose pilgrim marks the road,
And guides the progress of the soul to God."

—Cowper.

Macaulay says, "Although there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creative minds; one of those minds produced *Paradise Lost* and the other, *Pilgrim's Progress*."

John Bunyan was the son of a despised tinker of Bedford. He was sent to school at a very early age, but the little that he learned at this village school was almost entirely forgotten before he was fully grown, for when at the age of nineteen he married a girl as poor as himself, so poor indeed that they had neither a dish nor a spoon between them, she set industriously to work to teach her husband to regain the art of reading and writing, and used her utmost endeavors to make him a good

man. She brought as her only inheritance two books, gifts from her dying father, "The Practice of Piety" and "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven." She persuaded him to read these books and to become a member of the Baptist Church.

From Bunyan's account of himself he must have been a very, very depraved boy. There are allowances to be made for his self-depreciation, because his conscience was so morbidly acute that he could not be just to himself. Upon close investigation we find that his chief sins were dancing, ringing the bells of the parish church, playing tip-cat, breaking the Sabbath, profane swearing and ale-tipping. We can find no authority for his ever being drunk himself, although he was frequently found with those who were. When seventeen he enlisted in the Army of the Parliament, and here his conscience became quickened by a wonderful escape from death. A soldier begged to take his place as sentinel and was shot through the head by a musket ball; this, with other rescues from death, twice from drowning and once by plucking out the fangs of an adder, so set him to thinking about his sins that he could get no rest by day or night. He says himself that he was tormented with the most frightful dreams; that he saw the devils coming for him and trying to draw him after them. Day by day he felt himself driven by them to sell Christ. "Sell him! sell him!" they cried and finally in despair he said, "Let him go if he will." No words can paint the horrible visions that followed. At one time he was on the very verge of insanity; and conceived the wildest and most improbable things. He felt he was irretrievably lost, and thought he had committed the unpardonable sin. An aged man whom he consulted about the matter told him he thought he had, and this

plunged him into the deepest despair; and then he took up the notion that only the Jews could be saved, and tried to prove that he had Jewish blood in his veins, but his father told him he had not, and could prove nothing of the kind; then he thought he could work miracles, and he would cry aloud to the puddles of water between Elstow and Bedford, "Be ye dry," and staked his hopes of heaven on the certainty of their obeying him. He thought he was converted and tried very hard to be a better man, but his reformation was only external. He passed from the extremity of remorse and fear to the very extreme of self-righteousness. He believed that God could not but be pleased with him, he was so good, and said, he thought no man in England was better than he. Humiliation and despair, however, followed this. He now felt that the day of grace had passed for Bedford, and all that were going to be converted there had been, and it was in vain to have the gospel preached to them. Again, his mind became perplexed, and now he thought the Turks were right and Christians were wrong, and in his frenzy he was prompted to do the most absurd things, "to pray to the trees, to a broomstick, and even to the parish bull." This demoniacal impulse was followed by a state of quiet and rest, and it was not long after this that he found that peace that the world cannot give nor take away. The terrible fire through which he passed had purged off the dross, and the pure gold of his intellect and heart was now ready to be moulded into shapes of beauty that will shine forevermore.

He was admitted as a member of the Baptist church and on the death of their pastor was so earnestly begged to preach for them that he consented. Here for five

years, although not ordained he officiated in the pulpit. Then came his time of trial, for Charles II. was restored to the throne and all dissenters were forbidden to preach the Word of God. Bunyan having held conventicles, which had been forbidden, was arrested, tried, and sentenced to perpetual banishment. The sentence, however, was commuted and he only remained in Bedford jail twelve and a half years. At any time he could have been freed if he had consented not to preach, but this he would not do. They allowed his family to visit him occasionally, especially his little blind daughter, and he said parting from her was like tearing the flesh from his bones. The jailer was kind and considerate of him and permitted him to talk with his fellow-prisoners about the salvation of their souls. Later on he was even allowed to leave the jail in the day time to preach, if only he would be sure to return at night. This confidence was never betrayed. He carried with him to prison his books—the Bible and Fox's Book of Martyrs.

Here he would read and write, and now it was that he penned that wonderful allegory, *Pilgrim's Progress*, which ranks next to the Bible in the good it has done in converting the world. As Milton ranks first as an English epic poet, and Shakespeare first as an English dramatist, so Bunyan holds the first place as English allegorist.

His leisure moments were spent in tagging laces made by his wife and children. These laces were sold to peddlers and formed the only support of his family. He was universally esteemed for the beauty of his character and liberality of his views. His eloquence was remarkable, for he used the simplest language, as he was almost without any education and could scarcely read and write.

His clumsy letters looked like a child's first attempts at penmanship. "Yet this man could draw together more than twelve hundred souls to hear him in a morning lecture, on a working-day, during working time;" and in London on a day's notice the house would not contain half that would come to hear him. Frequently he would have to be pulled up over the people's heads to get to the pulpit.

Dr. Owen, a learned man of Charles II.'s reign, was once asked by the king how he could "sit and hear that tinker prate." "May it please your majesty," was the reply, "could I possess that tinker's ability, I would gladly give in exchange all my learning." In 1687 a courtier came from London to offer some municipal dignity to Bunyan, provided the "Baptist Bishop," as he was called, could be gained to the support of James II., but Bunyan refused even to speak with the royal emissary, so true was he now to the cause of his Master.

His works are sixty in number, but the principal ones are *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Holy War*, *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*, *Life and Death of Dr. Badman*, and the *Barren Figtree*.

He went on a journey in 1688 to try and reconcile an angry father to his son whom he was about to disinherit. He succeeded, but the trip cost him his life. It was a rainy season and he caught cold which brought on fever, from which he died in a few days. He is buried in the cemetery at Bunhill Fields. Over his grave is a simple slab bearing these words:

.....
"HERE LIES JOHN BUNYAN."
.....

"Did ever monarch sit upon throne so royal; was ever political empire so vast and so enduring. Wherever

thought finds expression, or there are hearts to be impressed, this tinker of Bedford will shape character and destiny when chiselled lines of granite have crumbled, and the headstone shall claim kindred with the dust it commemorates. 'He being dead, yet speaketh.'"

HISTORY REVIEW.

- 1. When was the battle of Marston Moor?***
- 2. When was the Plague in London?***
- 3. When was the Fire in London?***
- 4. What was the Rye House Plot?***
- 5. When was the battle of Sedgemoor?***
- 6. Who succeeded James II.?***
- 7. Name James' two wives.***
- 8. Which was the mother of Mary and Anne?***
- 9. How was William III. related to James II.?***
- 10. Review Tudor and Stuart lines.***

CHRISTIAN IN DOUBTING CASTLE.

Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping: wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds? They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling and lying on my ground, and therefore you must go along with me. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, in a very dark dungeon, nasty, and stinking to the spirits of those two men. Here they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did: they were therefore here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. Now, in this place Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised haste that they were brought into this distress.*

*"What! these highly favored Christians in Doubting castle! Is it possible, after having travelled so far in the way of salvation, seen so many glorious things in the way, experienced so much of the grace and love of their Lord, and having so often proved his faithfulness, yet after all this to get into Doubting Castle! Is not this strange? No, it is common! the strongest Christians are liable to err, and get out of the way, and then to be beset with very great and distressing doubts."

Now, Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence: so when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done, to-wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best to do further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound, and he told her. Then she counselled him, that when he arose in the morning, he should beat them without mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to ruting them as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word of distaste: then he falls upon them, and beats them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws, and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress: so all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night she talked with her husband about them further, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison: For why, said he, should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness? But they desired him to let them go; with which he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits, (for he sometimes in sun-shiny weather fell into fits,) and lost for a time the use of his hands: wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves whether it was best to take his counsel or no: and thus they began to discourse:—

Chr. Brother, said Christian what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable. For my part, I know not whether it is best to live thus, or die out of hand. "My soul chooseth strangling rather than life," and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon! Shall we be ruled by the giant?

Hope. Indeed our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me, than thus forever to abide; but let us consider, the Lord of the country to which we are going hath said, "Thou shalt do no murder:" no, not to any man's person; much more then are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kills another can but commit murder on his own body; but for one to kill himself, is to kill body and soul at once. And, moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave; but hast thou forgotten the hell, whither for certain the murderers go? For no murderer hath eternal life. And let us consider, again, that all laws are not in the hand of Giant Despair: others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him as as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hands. Who knows but that God, who made the world, may cause that Giant Despair may die; or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in; or that he may in a short time have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? and if ever that should come to pass again, for my part I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before; but, however, my brother, let us be patient, and endure awhile: the time may come that he may give us a happy release; but let us not be our own murderers. With these words Hopeful at present did moderate the

mind of his brother ; so they continued together (in the dark) that day in their sad and doleful condition.

Well, towards the evening, the giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel ; but when he came there he found them alive ; and truly, alive was all ; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive ; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them, that seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon ; but coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no. Now, Christian again seemed to be for doing it ; but Hopeful made his second reply as followeth :—

Hope. My brother, said he, rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore ? Apollyon could not crush thee, nor could all that thou didst hear, or see, or feel in the Valley of the Shadow of Death : what hardships, terror, and amazement hast thou already gone through, and art thou now nothing but fear ? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art ; also this giant has wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut off the bread and water from my mouth, and with thee I mourn without the light. But let us exercise a little more patience : remember how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair, and wast neither afraid of the chain nor the cage, nor yet of bloody death ; wherefore let us (at least to avoid the shame that becomes not a Christian to be found in) bear up with patience as well as we can.

Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife being a-bed, she asked concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel ; to which he replied, They are sturdy rogues ; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves. Then said she, Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those thou hast already despatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end thou wilt also tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them.

So when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them as his wife had bidden him. These, said he, were pilgrims, as you are, once : and they trespassed in my grounds, as you have done : and when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces, and so within ten days I will do you ; go, get ye down to your den again ; and with that he beat them all the way thither.

They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before. Now when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband the giant were go^d to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners ; and, withal, the old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, I fear, said she, that they live in hope that some will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape. And sayest thou so, my dear ? said the giant ; I will therefore search them in the morning.

Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.*

* "What! pray in custody of Giant Despair, in the midst of Doubting Castle ; and when their folly brought them there, too ! Yes. Mind this, ye pilgrims Ye are exhorted, ' I will that men pray everywhere, without doubting.' 1 Tim

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out in this passionate speech : What a fool (quoth he) am I thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty ! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful, That's good news, good brother ; pluck it out of thy bosom and try.†

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon-door, whose bolt (as he turned the key) gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outer door that leads into the castle yard, and with his key opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too ; but that lock went very hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the door to make their escape with speed ; but that gate, as it opened, made such a cracking, that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail ; for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the king's highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile to prevent those who should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the stile thereof this sentence :—" Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger.†

11. 8. We can be in no place but God can hear ; nor in any circumstance but God is able to deliver from. And be assured, when the spirit of prayer comes, deliverance is nigh at hand. So it was here."

† " Precious promise ! The promises of God in Christ are the life of faith, and the quickeners of prayer. O how oft do we neglect God's great and precious promises in Jesus, while doubts and despair keep us prisoners. So it was with these pilgrims : they were kept under hard bondage of soul for four days. Hence we see what it is to grieve the Spirit of God, and should dread it ; for He only is the Comforter ; and if He withdraws His influences, who or what can comfort us ? "

† " Recording our own observations, and the experience we have had in God's dealing with our souls, are made of special and peculiar use to our fellow-Christians."

JOHN DRYDEN.

1631.

1700.

Commonwealth, Charles II., James II., Mary and William.

WORKS.

Annus Mirabilis.
Absalom and Achitophel.
Hind and Panther.
Ode on St. Cecelia's Day.
Essay on Dramatic Poetry.

The Medal.
MacFlecnoe.
Religio Laici.
All for Love.
Translation of Æneid.

"I admire Dryden's talent and genius highly; but his is not a poetical genius. The only qualities I can find in Dryden that are essentially poetical are a certain ardor and impetuosity of mind with an excellent ear. * * * * There is not a single image from nature in the whole of his works."—*William Wordsworth*.

"What a sycophant to the public taste was Dryden! Sinning against his feelings, lewd in his writings, though chaste in his conversation!—*Couper*.

"His indelicacy was like the forced impudence of a bashful man."—*Scott*.

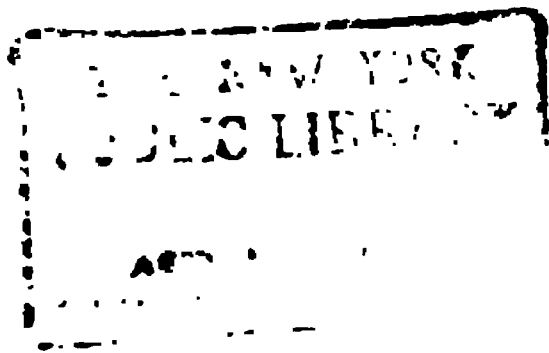
"His movements were those of a weathercock, showing the current of the popular breeze.—*Cleveland*.

Like Milton, Dryden was the son of Puritan parents, but unlike him he was fickle in religion as well as politics. What a contrast the two poets present! Both were Puritans, both poets, both possessed sound health and both notably handsome;—the one, Milton, strong in principle and constant in profession; the other, Dryden, weak and fickle, yielding to every temptation of the age and hour.

When Cromwell, the Puritan, died, Dryden wrote a poem lamenting his death, and yet when Charles II. was recalled he wrote another welcoming the monarch to London, and just as soon as he espoused the cause of royalty he favored the Church of England. Charles II. made him poet laureate as a reward for his change in poli-



1



tics and religion. When James II., a Roman Catholic, ascended the throne Dryden immediately changed his religion again, and thus kept his office, but as James was in authority only three years, Dryden could not with any appearance of consistency change when Mary and William were called to the throne, and consequently he lost his position as poet laureate.

Very little is known of his boyhood, except that he was a great reader and very fond of history and the classics; he was quite diffident and talked but little. When thirty-two he married Lady Elizabeth Howard, which proved an unhappy union, for she was quarrelsome and meddlesome, and was perpetually making disagreements between his relatives and hers. Poor Dryden, to escape her quarrelsome tongue, spent most of his time at Will's Coffee House. This was the principal place of meeting for the wits of London, and here Dryden was the lion of the day. At any time he could be found there seated in his armchair by the fire, with pipe in hand, deciding disputed points in literature and politics. "Old John" was always an intemperate eater and drinker; in consequence he became so fat that he was dubbed the "Poet Squab." His red, swollen face, sleepy, sunken eyes, showed but too plainly his habits of intemperance; habits which, without doubt, shortened his life by many years. He was a victim to gout, from which he suffered severely, and probably died from inflammation of the toe. The doctors advised that it should be cut off, as gangrene had set in, but he said what was left him of health and happiness was not worth the pain. He died at the age of sixty-nine and was buried in Westminster Abbey between Chaucer and Cowley.

Dryden lived wretchedly, burdened by a family, har-

rassed by an uncongenial wife, forced to support his son abroad, treated as a hireling by his publisher, forced to ask him for money when he failed to get credit, and then was soundly rated if the promised page was not finished in time. He rose early in the morning, spent his time writing or reading, dined with his family and spent his afternoons and evenings at Will's Coffee House. Here Pope saw him, and happy was the young poet or University student who could boast that he had put in a word or extracted a pinch of snuff from the great man's box, so highly esteemed was he by the men of that day. Addison drank with him; he visited Milton, and became intimate with all who could tell him anything of Jonson from personal recollection.

Few eminent writers are so little read as Dryden, and yet few names are more familiar. "If he had written less, his fame would have been greater; his works afford too many examples of abject adulation and dissolute licentiousness; he would have been less open to attack had he been less servile to the false and corrupt morals of his age." He made merchandise of corruption, and for this there is no excuse. He wrote twenty-seven plays, but it would have been better had he not written one. His comedies were popular because they were gross, his tragedies were incredibly bombastic and unnatural. Over both he threw a veil of graceful versification, balancing, it must be confessed, many grievous defects of sense by harmony of sound.

Dr. Johnson was a great admirer of Dryden and compares him to Augustus, "As he was to Rome so Dryden was to English literature. He found it brick and left it marble." "*Alexander's Feast, or Ode on St. Cecelia's Day*," Macaulay says, "is the masterpiece of the sec-

ond class of poetry," and he thinks it "ranks just below the great models of the first." Dryden was himself very proud of it, and is said to have claimed that a "nobler ode never was produced, nor ever will be." It was written for an English musical society which annually celebrated the festival of St. Cecelia, the patron of music, and was composed in a single night, the author claiming that he was so struck with the subject that he could not leave it until he had completed the poem.

Unlike Milton, Dryden believed in rhyme. He thought Milton's *Paradise Lost* would be much finer if it rhymed, and Chaucer's *Tales* would be more fashionable. He attempted to improve on both by putting them into rhyme, and we can scarcely forgive his stupidity. Some one has justly said that this was like grinding out Beethoven's Sonatas on a hand-organ.

While he did much for English literature, (for he was undoubtedly the founder of a new school of poetry), he has left no one work which is universally read and approved, which fact furnishes an instructive lesson to men of intellect,—“Without devotion to something nobler and more abiding than the present, no great or sound literature is possible.”

His *Hind and Panther* displays his power in reasoning in poetical form. Two animals enter into a discussion concerning the churches they symbolize. The “milk white hind” is the Roman Catholic and the panther the Established Church, while the minor sects take part in the dissension as the wolf, the fox, the bear (Independent Presbyterian), the boar (Baptist), and the hare (Quaker).

He translated a great deal from Persius, Ovid, Juvenal, Lucretius, Virgil and Homer. His translation of the

Æneid was long considered his best work. "He is an author," as Voltaire said, "who would have had a glory without a blemish, if he had only written a tenth of his works."

A few of the familiar phrases taken from Dryden:

- "None but the brave deserve the fair."
- "Men are but children of a larger growth."
- "Love either finds equality or makes it."
- "Passions in men oppressed are doubly strong."
- "Few know the use of life before 'tis past."
- "Time gives himself and is not valued."
- "The greatest argument for love is love."
- "That bad thing, gold, buys all good things."
- "The secret pleasure of the generous act
Is the great mind's great bribe."

HISTORY REVIEW.

***Name sovereigns from William I. to William III.
and Mary, with wives and husbands.***

1648-1674.

THOMAS FULLER, (Cavalier theologian), "worthy old Fuller," "quaint old Thomas Fuller," 1608-1661. The Worthies of England, Good Thoughts in Bad Times, Good Thoughts in Worse Times, Church History of Britain, The History of the Holy War, The Holy and Profane States, A Pisgah View of Palestine, Essays, Tracts and Sermons.

JEREMY TAYLOR, "Poet Among Preachers," 1613-1667. Holy Living and Holy Dying, The Life of Christ, The Golden Grove, The Liberty of Prophesying, Ductor Dubitantium.

EDWARD HYDE, Earl of Clarendon, (father of Anne Hyde who married James II. and was the mother of Mary and Anne), 1608-1674. History of the Rebellion, Essay on an Active and Contemplative Life.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT, (Poet Laureate), 1605-1668. Gondibert.

EDMUND WALLER, 1605-1687.

HENRY VAUGHAN, 1614. Sacred Poetry.

SIR JOHN DENHAM, 1615-1668. Cooper's Hill, Sophy.

RICHARD LOVELACE, 1618-1658. Odes and Songs.

ABRAHAM COWLEY, 1618-1667. Miscellanies, The Mistress, or Love Verses; Pindaric Odes, Davideis.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE, 1619-1689. Love's Victory, Pharronida.

CHARLES COLTON, 1630-1687.

JOHN GAUDEN, 1605-1662. Eikon Basilike, or Portraiture of His Most Sacred Majesty (Charles I.) in His Solitude and Sufferings.

- SIR THOMAS BROWNE, 1605-1682. *Religio Medici*,
Pseudodoxia Epidemica, and *Hydriotaphia*.
 RALPH CUDWORTH, 1617-1688. *The True Intellectual
 System of the Universe. A Treatise on Eternal
 and Immutable Morality*.
 JOHN EVELYN, 1620-1706. *Sylva Terra*, *Diary*.
 ANDREW MARVEL, 1621-1678. *Popery and Arbitrary
 Government in England*.
 ALGERNON SIDNEY, 1621-1683. *Discourse on Govern-
 ment*.
 ROBERT BOYLE, 1627-1691. *Occasional Reflections on
 Several Subjects, Meditation on a Broomstick*.
 SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, 1628-1699. *Essays on the
 Netherlands, Government and Learning*.
 JOHN RAY, 1628-1705. *General History of Plants,
 Wisdom of God in the Works of the Creation*.
 JOHN TILLOTSON, 1630-1677. *Samuel Pepys, Robert
 South*.

 FIFTH ERA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

1674-1709.

- SAMUEL BUTLER, 1612-1680. *Hudibras*.
 RICHARD BAXTER, 1615-1691. *Commentary on the
 New Testament, The Saints' Everlasting Rest,
 A Call to the Unconverted, A Narrative of His
 Own Life and Times*.
 JOHN LOCKE, 1632-1704. *An Essay Concerning Human
 Understanding, Letters Concerning Toleration,
 Treatises on Civil Government, Thoughts Con-
 cerning Education, The Conduct of the Under-
 standing*.

POETS.

Earl of Roscommon (Wentworth Dillon), Charles Sackville (Earl of Dorset), Sir Charles Sedley, Earl of Rochester, Thomas Otway, Matthew Prior, John Phillips.

PROSE WRITERS.

Henry More, John Owen, Edward Stillingfleet, Thomas Burnet, Thomas Sprat, Lady Rachel Russell, William Wycherly, William Sherlock, Gilbert Bennet, John Strype, William Penn, Robert Barclay, Matthew Henry, Richard Bentley, Sir John Vanbrugh, John Arbuthnot, William Congreve, George Farquhar.

MONTHLY REVIEW.

1. Who wrote the Faerie Queen ?
2. Who was Rosa Lynde ?
3. Who owned Kilcolman Castle ?
4. What was the Tyrone Rebellion ?
5. What English author escaped the massacre of St. Bartholmew ?
6. Who laid his mantle over a miry spot for Queen Elizabeth to walk over ?
7. What country was colonized by Sir Walter Raleigh and named for Elizabeth ?
8. Who introduced tobacco and potatoes into England ?
9. Who was Arabella Stuart ?
10. What right did she claim to the throne ?
11. Who advocated her cause ?
12. What was his fate ?
13. Who wrote the History of the World ?
14. Who said, "This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases," ?
On what occasion was it said ?
15. Who was called the "Summer's Nightingale," and by whom ?
16. Who was the "Sweet Swan of Avon ?"
17. Who was Mary Arden ?
18. Who said Shakespeare knew "small Latin and less Greek ?"
19. Who was Anne Hathaway ?
20. Where was Shottery ?
21. Who was Sir Thomas Lucy ?
22. Who was Shakespeare's teacher ?

23. Where is Kenilworth Castle?
24. When did the battle of Bosworth Field take place?
25. What contest did it decide?
26. What inscription is on Shakespeare's tomb?
27. How many children did Shakespeare have?
28. Name them.
29. Whom did his daughters marry?
30. Name four arguments to prove Shakespeare the author of his plays, and four to refute them.
31. Who wrote *Novum Organum*?
32. Whom did Pope say was the "wisest, brightest and meanest of mankind"?
33. What did Queen Elizabeth call Bacon?
34. What reply did he make when asked how old he was?
35. Who was Anne Cooke?
36. Who said he must "think to live instead of live to think"?
37. What relation was Lord Burleigh and Robert Cecil to Bacon?
38. What was the ingratitude shown by Bacon to Essex?
39. Name the offices Bacon held?
40. Whom did he marry?
41. How old was he when he married?
42. What were the blots on Bacon's character?
43. How did he die?
44. How did Bacon's mind differ from the general rule?
45. What author was a hod carrier?
46. Which one killed two men?
47. Who was buried in an upright position at Westminster?
48. Who wrote "Every Man in His Humor"?
49. Contrast the dress of the Puritan and Cavalier.
50. Name three Cavalier writers.
51. Name three Puritan writers.
52. Contrast the character of the Puritan and Cavalier.
53. Who were the Roundheads?
54. Who was Mary Powell?
55. Why was she so unhappy?
56. Who wrote *Paradise Lost*?
57. How did the author get the idea?
58. Why does Dr. Johnson say Milton was flogged?
59. Who wrote "The conscious water saw its God and blushed"?
60. Whose home was at Horton?
61. How was the reconciliation between Milton and his wife brought about?
62. Who was Latin Secretary to Cromwell?
63. Who wrote *Areopagitica*?
64. Who was Andrew Marvel?
65. Who was "the poet among preachers"?
66. Who was opposed to female education?
67. What were the names of Milton's daughters?
68. Who wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*?
69. Who was the son of a tinker?
70. Who was made to think seriously about religion on hearing some women curse?
71. Who was miraculously saved from death three times?

72. How?
 73. Who sewed tags on lace to win bread for his wife and children?
 74. Who wrote *Holy Living and Dying*?
 75. Who changed his religion to suit his politics.
 76. Who wrote *Hind and Panther*.
 77. Who wrote *Ode on St. Cecelia's Day*?
 78. Whom did Dryden marry?
 79. Who attempted to put into rhyme Milton's *Paradise Lost*?
 80. Who wrote an *Essay concerning the Human Understanding*?
 81. Who was the "Poet Squab"?
 82. Who died from inflammation of the toe?
 83. What celebrated ode was written in one night?
 84. Who wrote "*Meditation on a Broomstick*"?
 85. Who was the author of *Hudibras*?
-

PLUS QUESTIONS.

1. *Who were the nine Henries crowned in England?*
2. *What prime minister lost his head for getting his king an ugly wife?*
3. *What Huguenot was exempted from the Massacre of St. Bartholomew?*
4. *What was the origin of lifting the hat?*
5. *Who lost his life for making a pun?*
6. *What verse in the Bible is called the "Neck Verse" and why?*
7. *What was the origin of "pin money"?*
8. *While Elizabeth was ruling England what other six women were in power in Europe?*
9. *What tribunal of the Middle Ages was composed entirely of women?*
10. *What French Queen is said to have died in a hay loft?*

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

1642.

1727.

Commonwealth, Charles II., James II., William and
Mary, Anne, George I.

WORKS.

De Motu Corporum,

Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica.

Optics: or a Treatise of the Refractions, Reflections and Colours of Light.

Observations upon the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse of St. John.

An Historical Account of Two Notable Corruptions of Scripture.

“ God said, ‘ Let Newton be’ and there was light.”

Sir Isaac Newton, one of the greatest philosophers the world has produced, claims a place in English literature by virtue of his great scientific work, *Principia*. He was born at Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, in the year of the breaking out of the civil war, 1642, and during his boyhood he attended the grammar school of Grantham, near his home, where he evinced no love of study until a classmate who stood ahead of him kicked him in the stomach. Strange to say this so roused the lad's ambition that he applied himself diligently to his books and entered Cambridge in his nineteenth year as sub-sizar, but scarcely a month passed before he matriculated as full sizar. He showed a fondness for mathematics and developed his wonderful reasoning powers by patient study, so that in a few years he was master of most of the valuable works on the subject, and in his twenty-third year he wrote down his discovery on fluxions. It was in the same year that the fall of an apple in his garden at Woolsthorpe suggested to him his greatest discovery—the *law of universal gravitation*. He had discovered the binomial theorem at the age of twenty-two.

Much of his time was spent in experimenting with sun light passed through prisms into a darkened room. He discovered the varying degrees of refrangibility of the different colored rays, and by this means he accounted for the imperfection of the telescope of that time. In 1671, he was elected a member of the Royal Society, then in its infancy. For some time Newton had been making calculations on gravitation, and in 1684, Halley, the great astronomer, (whose name is familiar to us from the comet which he discovered and which is called for him) visited Cambridge to obtain Newton's assistance in some knotty problem, and to his surprise, he found that the philosopher had solved the question some time before, and was in the possession of much valuable information on this subject. At Halley's earnest request he wrote out his observations, the results of long study, and the astronomer had it printed at his own expense,—thus through the generosity and zeal of this man, the *Principia*, was given to the scientific world.

“Having defended the rights of the University against the encroachments of James II.,” he was elected to a seat in the Convention parliament, which he occupied until the body dissolved the following year. Six years after he was appointed Warden of the Mint, and then Master, which latter office he held until his death. The University again sent him to Parliament, where he sacrificed his desire for scientific labor to the weighty cares of public life. In 1692 occurred that distressing accident which almost drove him mad. Collier tells the story thus: “One winter morning, having shut his pet dog Diamond in his study, he came back from early chapel to find all his manuscripts upon the theory of colors, notes upon the experiments of twenty busy years, reduced to a heap of

tinder. The dog had knocked down a lighted candle and set the papers in a blaze. "Ah! Diamond, Diamond, little do you know the mischief you have done," was the only rebuke the dog received. How the philosopher came out in his character here! How many weaker minds would have brutally treated the dog which was the innocent cause of this disaster!

He was extremely absent-minded, and several anecdotes are related of him in illustration of this weakness. On one occasion, when fur boas became fashionable for ladies, he passed a cow and quietly laid her tail upon her back, remarking, "Excuse me, madam, you are losing your boa." He was known frequently to sit half of the day with only one leg of his trousers on, having become intent on a mathematical problem during the process of dressing.

His last years were crowned with high honors. He was made president of the Royal Society and elected foreign associate of the Academy of Science, and received the honor of knighthood from "Good Queen Anne." Death came in the eighty-fifth year of his age, at his home in Kensington. His remains were placed in Westminster Abbey, where a noble monument was erected to his memory.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Who was Oliver Cromwell?*
2. *What gave him the power to rule?*
3. *What was the Long Parliament?*
4. *What was the Barebones Parliament?*
5. *Who were the Roundheads—why so called?*
6. *Name the Stuarts.*
7. *Who was the "Old Pretender"?*
8. *Who was the "Young Pretender"?*
9. *How did William and Mary obtain the throne?*
10. *Who was George of Denmark?*



ALEXANDER
POPE.



WILLIAM
COWPER.



OLIVER. GOLDSMITH.



SAMUEL JOHNSON.



10/1/2020

1

JOSEPH ADDISON.

1672.

1719.

James II., William III., Anne, George I.,

WORKS.

Address to Dryden.
Letter to Lord Halifax.
Blenheim.
The Campaign.

Tragedy of Cato.
Contributions to Tatler (42).
Contributions to Spectator (274).
Contributions to Guardian (53).

"Addison was the best company in the world."—*Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.*

"Give days and nights, Sir, to the study of Addison, if you mean to be a good writer, or, what is worth more, an honest man."—*Samuel Johnson.*

Joseph Addison is unquestionably the loveliest character in English literature. "He was a man without taint of perfidy, cowardice, cruelty, ingratitude, or envy. He was satirical, but without abuse; he tempered ridicule with a tender compassion for all that is frail; and he had a profound reverence for all that is sublime. He effected, without a personal lampoon, the greatest reform in public morals and tastes that was ever effected by any satirist." Although a whig, he was described by the bitterest tory as a gentleman of wit and virtue in whose friendship many persons of both parties were happy, and whose name ought not to be mixed up with factious squabbles. In the heat of controversy no outrage could provoke him to a retaliation unworthy of a Christian and a gentleman; with a boundless power of abusing men, he never used it. His modesty amounted to bashfulness. He once rose in debate in the House of Commons but could not conquer his diffidence, and ever after remained silent.

He was a good and happy man, and he scattered freely

the blessings of a kind and generous nature. He stood fast by the altar of worship; God was his loving friend, the one who had tenderly watched over his cradle, who had preserved his youth, and richly blessed his manhood. His favorite Psalm was that which represents the Deity under the endearing image of a shepherd. On his death-bed he called himself to a strict account for all his shortcomings; he sent for Gay and asked his pardon for an injury it was not even suspected he had committed; he sent for young Warwick, (his step-son) to whom he had been tutor, and whom he had vainly endeavored to reclaim from his irregular life, and told him, when he desired to hear his last injunction, "I have sent for you that you may see how a Christian can die."

"Ever since his death there has been a growth of the Christ-like. The seeds he dropped took root in the soul of man, have grown apace, flowering every spring, fruiting every autumn, spreading in the very air the odor of the bloom, and the flavor of the fruit. If we have added one leaf to the tree of humanity, one blossom to the wealth of bloom, or aught to its harvest of fruit, we may rely on the eternal law that neither things present nor things to come can deprive these out-going particles of their immortality."

Joseph Addison was the son of a dean, and was born at Milston in Wiltshire, England, on the first day of May, 1672. He was so weak and delicate as an infant that no hopes were entertained that he could live, and he was so timid and sensitive as he grew a little older that it was painful to be with him. Yet this is the boy whom we afterwards find in a rollicking set who locked out the schoolmaster on the last day of the

school term, and the same one who ran away and lived two or three days in the woods, sleeping in the hollow stump of a tree and eating berries, to escape a whipping which he fully deserved. But in spite of these escapades we find him afterwards a faithful student, often sitting up all night to accomplish a specified task. When he did wrong, it was probably Dick Steele's influence over him that caused it.

The rudiments of an education were obtained at a small school in the neighborhood where his father lived. Then he entered Charter House School in London, and there it was he formed the acquaintance of the merry fun-loving Dick Steele, who became a life-long friend. No stronger contrast in character and disposition can be found than between these two friends.

At fifteen Addison entered Oxford, and very soon distinguished himself for his delicacy of feeling, shyness of manners, and faithfulness to duty. He showed a remarkable knowledge of the Latin poets, and soon distinguished himself as a versifier of Latin. His address to Dryden was one of the earliest pieces from his pen. After leaving college, through the influence of Lord Somers, he received a pension which enabled him to travel in Italy and France. There he perfected his taste by contact with elegance and refinement of life and art. When William died the pension stopped and he was forced to return. He wrote a poem on Blenheim soon after that battle was fought, which greatly pleased the whigs; and another, "The Campaign," which was filled with fulsome praise of Marlborough. These two poems started him again on a brilliant and prosperous career. He was then made Secretary of State, which high office he held for a short time, retiring on a pension of £1,500.

He became soon after this a member of Parliament, but was too timid for public speaking, and having failed utterly in his first effort, he never spoke in public again.

At the age of forty-four, just three years before he died, he married the Countess Dowager Warwick, to whose son he had been tutor. It proved an unhappy union. There was no congeniality between the cold, polished man of letters, and the heartless, dashing woman of the world. He had married for social position, and she failed to appreciate the pure, gentle spirit in her husband's breast. Neither was happy, and the lonely man loved to escape the splendors of Holland House to enjoy a laugh, a smoke and a glass of wine with his more congenial companions at the club. Here he was often found, we are sorry to say, the worse for wine; but we must throw the veil of charity about him, for drinking was the vice of that age. What a pity that so fair a reputation should be sullied by so foul a stain!

Addison's power lay in his pen. When his friend Dick Steele was editing "The Tatler," Addison suspected it from the nature of several articles published, and so he wrote for it sometimes himself. When "The Tattler" failed, the two friends started the "Spectator," which lasted much longer, but which was eventually followed by the "Guardian."

Addison wrote little of women, and that little shows no insight into or love for their characters. Can we blame him when his knowledge of them came chiefly through his wife, and there was in her so little to approve? She was "of the world, worldly." One of his homes was Bilton Hall, one and a half miles from Rugby. It belonged to his wife and has descended to members of

her family and his favorite walk there is still pointed out to visitors, also the seat where he loved to read.

He died of asthma, aggravated by dropsy, on the 17th of June, 1719. At the dead of night he was buried in the Abbey, in the Chapel of Henry VII.

Dr. Johnson said of him as a writer, "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse, elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

He is said to excel in four departments; namely, criticism, humor, fable and allegory, and instructive morality. He was the first critic to discover the glories of Milton. His tragedy of *Cato* made him known to his own generation, while his papers in the *Tattler* and *Spectator* made him known to us. *Cato* was a Roman drama in four acts. It was a great success in its day. Now it would be laughed off the stage. It is as a "tattler of small talk" and a "spectator of mankind" that we cherish and love him, and we owe as much pleasure to him as to any human being who has ever written. "He came the gentle artist, who hit no unfair blows; the kind judge who castigated only in smiling," wrote Thackeray of him.

What more fitting epitaph can be written of any one than that by Taine! "He lived wisely and usefully."

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *What right had William III. to the throne?*
2. *What relation was Anne to him?*
3. *Who was her husband?*
4. *During whose reign was the battle of Blenheim?*
5. *Who was Marlborough?*
6. *Who succeeded Anne?*
7. *What right had he to the throne?*
8. *Name the sovereigns of Brunswick line.*
9. *Why was the line called Brunswick?*
10. *Who is the present ruler of England?*

ON THE USE OF THE FAN.

MR. SPECTATOR :

Women are armed with fans as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To that end, therefore, that ladies may be entire mistresses of the weapon which they bear, I have erected an academy for the training up of young women in the exercise of the fan, according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practised at court. The ladies who carry fans under me are drawn up twice a day in my great hall, where they are instructed in the use of their arms, and exercised by the following words of command :— Handle your fans, Unfurl your fans, Discharge your fans, Ground your fans Recover your fans, Flutter your fans. By the right observation of these few plain words of command, a woman of tolerable genius, who will apply herself diligently to her exercise for the space of but one-half year, shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that little modish machine

But to the end that my readers may form to themselves a right notion of this exercise, I beg leave to explain to them in all its parts. When my female regiment is drawn up in array, with every one her weapon in her hand, upon my giving the word to Handle their fans, each of them shakes her fan at me with a smile, then gives her right-hand woman a tap upon the shoulder, then presses her lips with the extremity of her fan, then lets her arms fall in easy motion, and stand in readiness to receive the next word of command. All this is done with a close fan and is generally learned in the first week.

The next motion is that of unfurling the fan, in which are comprehended several little flirts and vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate openings, with many voluntary fallings asunder in the fan itself, that are seldom learned under a month's practice. This part of the exercise pleases the spectators more than any other, as it discovers on a sudden, an infinite number of cupids, garlands, altars, birds, beasts, rainbows, and the like agreeable figures, that display themselves to view, whilst every one in the regiment holds a picture in her hand.

Upon my giving the word to Discharge their fans, they give one general crack that may be heard at a considerable distance when the wind sits fair. This is one of the most difficult parts of the exercise, but I have several ladies with me, who at their first entrance could not give a pop loud enough to

be heard at the farther end of the room, who can now discharge a fan in such a manner, that it shall make a report like a pocket-pistol. I have likewise taken care (in order to hinder young women from letting off their fans in wrong places, or on unsuitable occasions) to show upon what subject the crack of a fan may come in properly. I have likewise invented a fan, with which a girl of sixteen, by the help of a little wind, which is enclosed about one of the largest sticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty with an ordinary fan.

When the fans are thus discharged, the word of command, in course, is to Ground their fans. This teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully when she throws it aside in order to take up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply herself to any other matter of importance. This part of the exercise, as it only consists in tossing the fan with an air upon a long table, (which stands by for that purpose) may be learned in two days' time as well as in a twelvemonth.

When my female regiment is thus disarmed, I generally let them walk about the room for some time; when, on a sudden, (like ladies that look upon their watches after a long visit,) they all of them hasten to their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place themselves in their proper stations on my calling out, Recover your fans. This part of the exercise is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts to it.

The fluttering of the fan is the last, and indeed the master-piece of the whole exercise; but if a lady does not mis-spend her time, she may make herself mistress of it in three months. I generally lay aside the dog-days and the hot time of the summer for the teaching this part of the exercise; for as soon as I ever pronounce, Flutter your fans, the place is filled with so many zephyrs and gentle breezes as are very refreshing in that season of the year, though they might be dangerous to ladies of a tender constitution in any other.

There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the flutter of a fan. There is an angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter and the amorous flutter, not to be tedious, there is scarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; insomuch, that if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing that I have been glad for the lady's sake the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add, that a fan is either a prude or a coquette, according to the nature of the person who bears it. To conclude my letter, I must acquaint you that I have from my own observations compiled a little treatise for the use of my scholars, entitled, The Passions of the Fan; which I will communicate to you if you think it may be of use to the public. I shall have a general review on Thursday next, to which you shall be very welcome if you will honor it with your presence.

I am, etc.

P. S. I teach young gentlemen the whole art of gallanting a fan.

N. B. I have several little plain fans made for this use, to avoid expense.

DISSECTION OF A BEAU'S HEAD.

A very wild, extravagant dream employed my fancy all the last night. I was invited methought, to the dissection of a beau's head and a coquette's heart, which were both of them laid on a table before us. An imaginary operator opened the first with a great deal of nicety, which, upon a cursory and superficial view,

appeared like the head of another man; but upon applying our glasses to it, we made a very odd discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as brains were not such in reality, but a heap of strange materials wound up in that shape and texture, and packed together with wonderful art in the several cavities of the skull. For, as Homer tells us, that the blood of the gods is not real blood but only something like it; so that we find that the brain of a beau is not a real brain but only something like it.

The *pineal* gland, which many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul, smelt very strong of essence and orange flower water, and was encompassed with a kind of horny substance, cut into a thousand little faces or mirrors, which were imperceptible to the naked eye, insomuch that the soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own beauties.

We observed a large antrum or cavity in the *sinciput*,* that was filled with ribbons, lace, and embroidery, wrought together in a most curious piece of network, the parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked eye. Another of these antrums or cavities was stuffed with invisible billet-doux, love-letters, pricked dances and other trumpery of the same nature. In another we found a kind of powder, which set the whole company a sneezing, and by the scent discovered itself to be right Spanish. The several other cells were stored with commodities of the same kind, of which it would be tedious to give the reader an exact inventory.

There was a large cavity on each side of the head, which I must not omit. That on the right side was filled with fiction, flatteries, and falsehoods, vows, promises and protestation: that on the left with oaths and imprecations. There issued out a duct from each of these cells, which ran into the root of the tongue, where both joined together, and passed forward in one common duct to the tip of it. We discovered several little roads or canals running from the ear into the brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several passages. One of them extended itself to a bundle of sonnets and little musical instruments. Others ended in several bladders, which were filled either with wind or froth. But the large canal entered into a great cavity of the skull, from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled with a kind of spongy substance, which the French anatomist call *gallimatias*, and the English nonsense.

The skins of the forehead were extremely tough and thick, and what very much surprised us, had not in them any single blood-vessel that we were able to discover either with or without our glasses; from whence we concluded, that the party, when alive, must have been entirely deprived of the faculty of blushing.

The *os cribriforme* † was exceedingly stuffed, and in some places damaged with snuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that small muscle which is not often discovered in dissection, and draws the nose upwards, when it expresses the contempt which the owner of it has, upon seeing anything he does not like, or hearing anything he does not understand. I need not tell my learned reader this is that muscle which performs the motion so often mentioned by the Latin poets, when they talk of a man's cocking his nose, or playing the rhinoceros.

We did not find anything very remarkable in the eye, saving only, that the

* The fore part of the head.

† That is, the "bone resembling a sieve," through which the fibres of the olfactory nerves pass to the nose.

musculi amatori, or, as we may translate it into English, the *ogling muscles*, were very much worn and decayed with use; whereas, on the contrary, the elevator or the muscle which turns the eye toward heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

We were informed that the person to whom this head belonged, had passed for a man above five and thirty years; during which time he eat and drank like other people, dressed well, talked loud, laughed frequently, and on particular occasions had acquitted himself tolerably at a ball or an assembly; to which one of the company added, that a certain knot of ladies took him for a wit. He was cut off in the flower of his age by the blow of a paring shovel, having been surprised by an eminent citizen, as he was tendering some civilities to his wife.

Our operator applied himself in the next place to the coquette's heart, which he likewise laid open with great dexterity. There occurred to us many particularities in this dissection; but being unwilling to burden my reader's memory too much, I shall reserve this subject for the speculation of another day.

DISSECTION OF A COQUETTE'S HEART.

Having already given an account of the dissection of a beau's head, with the several discoveries made on that occasion, I shall here, according to my promise, enter upon the dissection of a coquette's heart, and communicate to the public such particulars as we observed in that curious piece of anatomy.

Our operator, before he engaged in this visionary dissection, told us, that there was nothing in his art more difficult than to lay open the heart of a coquette, by reason of the many labyrinths and recesses which are to be found in it and which do not appear in the heart of any other animal.

He desired us first of all to observe the *pericardium*, or outward case of the heart, which we did very attentively; and by the help of our glasses discerned in it millions of little scars, which seemed to have been occasioned by the points of innumerable darts or arrows, that from time to time had glanced upon the outward coat; though we could not discover the smallest orifice, by which any of them had entered and pierced the inward substance.

Nor must I here omit an experiment one of the company assured us he himself had made with the thin, reddish liquor contained in the *pericardium* which he found in great quantity about the heart of a coquette whom he had formerly dissected. He affirmed to us that he had actually enclosed it in the small tube made after the manner of a weather glass, but that instead of acquainting him with the variations of the atmosphere, it showed him the qualities of those persons who entered the room where it stood. He affirmed, also, that it rose at the approach of a plume of feathers, or embroidered coat, or a pair of fringed gloves; and that it fell as soon as an ill-shaped periwig, a clumsy pair of shoes, or an unfashionable coat came into his house. Nay, he proceeded so far as to assure us, that upon his laughing aloud when he stood by it, the liquor mounted very sensibly, and immediately sunk again upon his looking serious. In short, he told us that he knew very well by this invention, whenever he had a man of sense or a cox-comb in his room.

Having cleared away the *pericardium* or the case, and liquor above mentioned, we came to the heart itself. The outward surface of it was extremely slippery, and the *mucro*, or point, so very cold withal, that upon endeavoring to take hold of it, it glided through the fingers like a smooth piece of ice.

The fibres were turned and twisted in a more intricate and perplexed manner

than they are usually found in other hearts; insomuch that the whole heart was wound up together in a Gordian knot, and must have had very irregular and unequal motions while it was employed in its vital function.

Upon weighing the heart in my hand, I found it to be extremely light, and consequently very hollow, which I did not wonder at, when, upon looking into the inside of it, I saw multitudes of cells and cavities running one within another, as our historians describe the apartments of Rosamond's bower. Several of these little hollows were stuffed with innumerable sorts of trifles, which I shall forbear giving any particular account of, and shall therefore only take notice of what lay first and uppermost, which, upon our unfolding it and applying our microscopes to it, appeared to be a flame-colored hood.

We are informed that the lady of this heart, when living, received the addresses of several who made love to her, and did not only give each of them encouragement, but made every one she conversed with believe that she regarded him with the eye of kindness: for which reason we expected to have seen the impressions of multitudes of faces among the several plaits and foldings of the heart: but to our great surprise not a single print of this nature discovered itself until we came to the very core and center of it. We there observed a little figure, which, upon applying our glasses to it, appeared dressed in a very fantastic manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had seen the face before, but could not possibly recollect either the place or the time; when at length, one of the company, who had examined this figure more nicely than the rest, showed us plainly, by the make of its face, and the several turns of features, that the little idol which was thus lodged in the very middle of the heart, was the deceased beau, whose head I gave some account of in my Tuesday's paper.

As soon as we had finished our dissection, we resolved to make an experiment of the heart, not being able to determine among ourselves the nature of its substance, which differed in so many particulars from that of the heart in other females. Accordingly we laid it in a pan of burning coals, when we observed in it a certain salamandrine quality, that made it capable of living in the midst of fire and flame, without being consumed, or so much as singed.

As we were admiring this strange phenomenon, and standing round the heart in a circle, it gave a most prodigious sigh, or rather crack, and dispersed all at once in smoke and vapor. This imaginary noise, which methought was louder than the burst of a cannon, produced such a violent shake in my brain, that it dissipated the fumes of sleep, and left me in an instant, broad awake.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

1675.

1729.

James II., William III., Anne, George I., George II.

WORKS.

The Christian Hero,
The Funeral,
The Tender Husband,
The Lying Lover,

The Conscious Lovers,
Contributions to Tatler (188),
Spectator (240),
Guardian (82).

Welsh gives us this picture of Dick Steele: "So good natured that it was impossible to hate him, and difficult to be seriously angry with him; so rollicking and improvident that it was impossible to respect him; of sweet temper, of noble aspirations, but of strong passions and weak principles; inculcating what was right, and doing what was wrong; spending his life in resolving and re-resolving, then dying without carrying into effect his resolution. An irregular thinker as well as an irregular liver."

When Addison became a pupil at Charter House, London, he found there a mischief-loving lad, Dicky Steele, as the boys called him, his junior by three years. A great friendship sprung up between these boys of totally different temperaments, and lasted through life. Is it to be wondered at that Steele should look with awe and veneration upon a fellow student who would faithfully perform every duty incumbent upon him, while he himself was devising ways and means to avoid every obligation of a serious nature, and give his entire time to fun and frolic? Or is it strange that his veneration should lead to love and adoration, when he saw he was not treated with contempt by his senior, but on the contrary, seemed to have gained his good will and protec-

tion? Addison saw the big heart and noble impulses of the boy who was always doing wrong and regretting it. "Constantly sinning and repenting" was the usual state of poor Dick Steele.

He was Irish by birth. His father was secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and resided in Dublin. Here Dick Steele lived until he was sent to London to school. After leaving Charter House he followed Addison to Oxford, but on account of his recklessness was forced to leave without a degree! He then became enamored with military life, and in opposition to the wishes of a rich Irish relative, who disinherited him, he enlisted in the army and became Captain of the Lucas Fusiliers. His life in the army gave him the opportunity to indulge in all kinds of dissipations, and he became known as the "fast-living soldier, who could not resist the attractions of Rose Tavern or the delight of beating the watch at midnight." His conscience, however, began to upbraid him, and he wrote and published a devotional work, "*The Christian Hero*," but his fellow soldiers laughed greatly at it. The idea was irresistibly funny to them to see Steele appear in print in a religious character. They had no faith in his intentions to reform. Steele really thought he was in earnest at the time. He afterwards wrote three Comedies, *The Funeral*, *The Tender Husband*, *The Lying Lover*. These were not well received, and he retired from dramatic authorship in disgust. He became a member of parliament, but lost his seat through dissipation. He was also knighted by George I.

He now married, for the second time, Miss Prue Scurlock, and from his letters to her we gain a good idea of the heart that beat in the breast of this rattlebrain soldier and author. He did not allow his dissipations to

sour the sweetness of his nature, and even after his carousals, when he had been detained from home without excuse, he would return laden with presents for his wife—a guinea or two if his purse was not empty, or some tempting sweets to soften his announcement of delay; And his loving wife, no more deceived than many loving wives of the present day are by similar presents, could not scorn the little gifts so good naturedly offered by a seemingly repentant husband.

Dick Steele had a great deal of the milk of human kindness in his nature; and we are tempted to forgive his tippling at taverns and his unthinking extravagance, when we remember with what a loving touch he wrote about the weaknesses and foibles of others. He was one who could be merry without being bitter. He had besides an intense admiration for woman, appreciating her nobler and finer qualities of mind and heart and never failed to let the world know it through his pen. He did much to elevate the conceptions of female character in his day. His home was in Bloomsbury where he was always giving splendid dinners, running up heavy bills, which he always meant to pay, but which he never could. He borrowed money continually from his friends, and from Addison in particular. Finally Addison was forced to sell his country home at Hampton to get the money he had lent to his extravagant friend. This act caused no unpleasantness between the two; on the contrary Steele seemed to be glad to have the extra money that remained.

“The Conscious Lovers” appeared soon after this, and brought the author quite a large sum, but not enough to pay off the heavy debts he had contracted. He was at last forced to hide in Wales, and the latter years of

his life he was dependent upon the bounty of his creditors. He commenced the *Tatler* with the object of publishing a paper that would contain the current topics of the day, whether upon politics, religion, science, or fashion. He wrote most of the articles himself, and very many of them are said to equal those written by Addison.

Together they afterwards edited the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, which lasted longer and were more remunerative.

His style mingled good sense with merriment and burlesque. He excelled as a humorist, and his writings have been compared to light wines which, however deficient in body and flavor, still may be a pleasant drink, if not kept too long.

He died from paralysis, the result of his dissipations, in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

Welsh asks, "What can we expect of a man who forever gathers the pleasures that lie on the border land of evil, tearfully casts them away, then recklessly gathers them again?"

HISTORY REVIEW.

- 1. Who started the Norman Line?**
- 2. State his right to the throne.**
- 3. Who begun the Plantagenet Line?**
- 4. Why called Plantagenet?**
- 5. Who started the Lancaster Line?**
- 6. Why called Lancaster?**
- 7. Who started the York Line?**
- 8. Why called York?**
- 9. Who started the Tudor Line?**
- 10. Why called Tudor?**
- 11. Who started the Stuart Line?**
- 12. Why called Stuart?**

THE DREAM.

I was once myself in agonies of grief that are unutterable, and in so great a distraction of mind, that I thought myself even out of the possibility of receiving comfort. The occasion was as follows. When I was a youth in a part of the army which was then quartered at Dover, I fell in love with an agreeable young woman, of a good family in those parts, and had the satisfaction of seeing my addresses kindly received, which occasioned the perplexity I am going to relate.

We were in a calm evening diverting ourselves upon the top of a cliff with the prospect of the sea, and trifling away the time in such little fondnesses as are most ridiculous to people in business, and most agreeable to those in love.

In the midst of these our innocent endearments, she snatched a paper of verses out of my hand, and ran away with them. I was following her, when on a sudden the ground, though at a considerable distance from the verge of the precipice, sunk under her, and threw her down from so prodigious a height upon such a range of rocks, as would have dashed her into ten thousand pieces had her body been made of adamant. It is much easier for my reader to imagine my state of mind upon such an occasion, than for me to express it. I said to myself, It is not in the power of heaven to relieve me! when I awaked, equally transported and astonished, to see myself drawn out of an affliction which, the very moment before, appeared to me altogether inextricable.

The impressions of grief and horror were so lively on this occasion, that while they lasted they made me more miserable than I was at the real death of this beloved person, which happened a few months after, at a time when the match between us was concluded; inasmuch as the imaginary death was untimely, and I myself in a sort an accessory; whereas her real decease had at least these alleviations, of being natural and inevitable.

The memory of the dream I have related still dwells so strongly upon me, that I can never read the description of Dover-cliff in Shakespeare's tragedy of King Lear, without a fresh sense of my escape. The prospect from that place is drawn with such proper incidents, that whoever can read it without growing giddy must have a good head, or a very bad one.

THE STRENGTH OF TRUE LOVE.

A young gentleman and lady of ancient and honorable houses in Cornwall had from their childhood entertained for each other a generous and noble passion, which had been long opposed by their friends, by reason of the inequality of their fortunes; but their constancy to each other, and obedience to those on whom they depended, wrought so much upon their relations, that these celebrated lovers were at length joined in marriage. Soon after their nuptials, the bridegroom was obliged to go into a foreign country, to take care of a considerable fortune, which was left him by a relation, and came very opportunely to improve their moderate circumstances. They received the congratulations of all the country on this occasion; and I remember it was a common sentence in every one's mouth, "You see how faithful love is rewarded."

He took this agreeable voyage, and sent home every post fresh accounts of his success in his affairs abroad; but at last, though he designed to return in the next ship, he lamented in his letters that "business would detain him some time longer from home," therefore he would give himself the pleasure of an unexpected arrival.

The young lady, after the heat of the day, walked every evening on the seashore, near which she lived, with a familiar friend and her husband's kinswoman; and diverted themselves with what objects they met there, or upon discourses of the future methods of life, in the happy change of their circumstances. They stood one evening on the shore together in perfect tranquillity, to observe the setting of the sun, the calm face of the deep, and the silent heaving of the waves, which gently rolled towards them, and broke at their feet; when at a distance her kinswoman saw something float on the waters, which she fancied was a chest; and with a smile told her, "She saw it first, and if it came ashore full of jewels, she had a right to it." They both fixed their eyes upon it and entertained themselves with the subject of the wreck, the cousin still asserting her right; but promising, "if it was a prize, to give her a very rich coral for her youngest child." Their mirth soon abated, when they observed upon the nearer approach, that it was a human body. The young lady, who was naturally filled with pity and compassion, made many melancholy reflections on the occasion. "Who knows," said she, "but this man may be the only hope and heir of a wealthy house; the darling of indulgent parents, who are now in impertinent mirth, and pleasing themselves with the thoughts of offering him a bride they had got ready for him? Or, he may be the master of a family that wholly depended upon his life? There may for aught we know, be half a dozen fatherless children, and a tender wife, now exposed to poverty by his death. What pleasure might he have promised himself in the different welcome he was to have from her and them? But let us go away; it is a dreadful sight! The best office we can do, is to take care that the poor man, whoever he is, may be decently buried." She turned away, when a wave threw the carcass on the shore. The kinswoman immediately shrieked out, "Oh, my cousin!" and fell upon the ground. The unhappy wife went to help her friend, when she saw her own husband at her feet, and dropped in a swoon upon the body. An old woman, who had been the gentleman's nurse, came out about this time to call the ladies to supper, and found her child, as she always called him, dead on the shore, her mistress and kinswoman both lying dead by him. Her loud lamentations, and calling her young master to life, soon awaked the friend from her trance; but the wife was gone forever.

RICHARD STEELE TO MARY SCURLOCK.

September 1, 1707.

It is the hardest thing in the world to be in love, and yet attend to business.

As for me, all who speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other people will do it for me.

A gentleman asked me this morning, "What news from Lisbon?" and I answered, "She is exquisitely handsome." Another desired to know when I had been last at Hampton Court; I replied, "I will be on Tuesday come se'nnight." Pr'ythee, allow me to at least kiss your hand before that day, that my mind may be in some composure, O love:

A thousand torments dwell about thee:

Yet who would live to love without thee?

Me thinks I could write a volume to you; but all the language on earth would fail in saying how much, and with what disinterested passion, I am ever yours,

RICHARD STEELE.

STEELE TO HIS WIFE.

June 20, 1777.

DEAR PRUE:—I have yours of the 14th, and am infinitely obliged to you for the length of it. I do not know another whom I could commend for that circumstance; but where we entirely love, the continuance of anything they do to please us is a pleasure. As for your relations, once for all, pray take it for granted, that my regard and conduct toward all and singular of them shall be as you direct.

I hope, by the grace of God, to continue what you wish me, every way an honest man. My wife and my children are the objects that have wholly taken up my heart; and as I am not invited or encouraged in anything which regards the public, I am easy under that neglect or envy of my past action, and cheerfully contract that diffusive spirit within the interests of my own family. You are the head of us; and I stoop to a female reign, as being naturally made the slave of beauty. But, to prepare for our manner of living when we are again together, give me leave to say, while I am here at leisure, what I think will contribute to our better way of living. I very much approve Mrs. Evans and her husband, and if you take my advice, would have them in our house, and Mrs. Clark the care of the nursery. I would have you entirely at leisure, to pass your time with me, in diversions, in books, in entertainment and no manner of business intrude upon us but at stated times; for, though you are made to be the delight of my eyes, and food of all my senses and faculties, yet a turn of care and housewifery, and I know not what robs me of the witty and handsome woman, to a degree not to be expressed. I will work my brains and fingers to procure us plenty of all things, and demand nothing of you but to take delight in agreeable dresses, cheerful discourses, and gay sights, attended by me. This may be done by putting the kitchen and the nursery in the hands of those I propose; and I shall have nothing to do but to pass as much time at home as I possibly can in the best company in the world.

Miss Moll grows a mighty beauty, and she shall be very prettily dressed, as likewise shall Betty and Eugene; and if I throw away a little money in adorning my brats, I hope you will forgive me. They are all, I thank God, quite well; and the charming form of their mother has tempered the likeness they bear to their rough sire, who is with the greatest fondness, your most obliged and most obedient husband,

RICHARD STEELE.

DANIEL DEFOE.

1661.

1731.

William and Mary, Anne, George I., George II.

WORKS.

Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.
Memoirs of a Cavalier.
The History of the Plague.
The Fortunes of Moll Flanders.

Religious Courtship.
Adventures of Roxana.
Captain Singleton.
Mrs. Veal's Apparition, etc.

"To have pleased all the boys in Europe for near a hundred and fifty years is a remarkable feat."—*Leslie Stephen*.

"There exists no work in the English language which has been more generally read and more universally admired than the *Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*."—*Walter Scott*.

In the *Gazette* of January, 1702, there appeared the following description of a man under arrest on the charge of sedition, "a middle-sized, spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark brown hair, (although he wears a wig), having a hook nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth." This was Daniel DeFoe, the founder of the English novel, the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, a book that will be read as long as the world shall last.

He was the son of James Foe, a butcher, and very little is known of his early life. He added the prefix "De" to his father's name from a matter of taste. He studied at one time for the Presbyterian ministry, then joined the Monmouth insurrection and barely escaped hanging. He became a hosier and failed, then a merchant but absconded from his creditors; finally, however, he returned and paid up all claims against him, although under no legal obligations to do so. He was accountant for William III., but lost his appointment.

Afterwards he became a tile-maker and failed again. He had married in the meantime and had a numerous family, with literally nothing with which to support them. He wrote an article against the High Church party, "*The Shortest Way with Dissenters*," which was misunderstood and for which he was heavily fined, pilloried, and after having his ears cut off was imprisoned for two years. It was at this time the notice we have alluded to appeared in the *Gazette*. Nothing but the charity of Godolphin saved his wife and six children from dying of starvation while he was in prison. But DeFoe was a man of indomitable will and energy and he forced his way through a sea of misfortunes. He tells us himself:—

"No man has tasted differing fortunes more ;
And thirteen times I have been rich and poor."

"I have gone through a life of wonders, and am the subject of a great variety of providences. I have been fed more by miracle than Elijah when the ravens were his purveyors. In the school of affliction I have learned more philosophy than at the academy, and more divinity than from the pulpit. In prison, I have learned that liberty does not consist in open doors and the ingress and egress of locomotion. I have seen the rough side of the world as well as the smooth, and have, in less than half a year, tasted the difference between the closet of a king and the dungeon of Newgate."

At forty-five, after having been caricatured, robbed and slandered, he turned to fiction for a support, and between that time and his death, gave to the world nearly two hundred and fifty works. Think of it, a man who accomplished this to die penniless and insolvent! Yet so it was, for in 1731, before he had reaped any reward for all his labor, he was struck down with apoplexy and died. His writings, though they did not save him from want, gained him a name which shall descend to the remotest generations.

DeFoe was a born writer, just as some men are born statesmen and generals. His style is simple, pure, clear

and idiomatic. His rank is unrivaled in invention and relation of incidents. Taine says: "Never was such a sense of the real before or since." He was an advanced reformer, advocating as early as 1698 the founding of insurance companies, savings banks for the poor, and colleges for the higher education of women. We know very little of the habits of the man except what he tells us himself. "God, I thank Thee I am not a drunkard, or a swearer, or a busy-body, or idle or revengeful; and though this be true, and I challenge all the world to prove the contrary, I have nothing to infer from thence but *Te Deum laudamus*."

His works are too numerous to mention. His *Robinson Crusoe* would have been sufficient to render his name immortal. Dr. Johnson said, "Nobody ever laid it down without wishing it were longer. Who but DeFoe could take an island and a man and write such a story?" His *True Relations of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal* was a bold experiment upon human credulity, and the story was so wonderfully told that the facts related were actually believed. His only object was to make salable a dull and uninteresting book, "Drelincourt on Death," written by a friend. He represented that the ghost of Mrs. Veal appeared the day after her death, insisting that "Drelincourt on Death" must be read; that it was the one regret she had, that she had not read it. So credulous were people in regard to the appearance of ghosts that immediately curiosity seized upon all to read a book so recommended by a visitor from another world. It gave an unheard-of sale to an otherwise unsalable book, and the writer was satisfied.

DeFoe stands apart from the literary men of his day. Pope, Gay and Swift were fast friends; Addison and

Steele were inseparable,—they all belonged to one brotherhood; all were members of the same club; all “hobnobbed” together at Will’s Coffee House; but DeFoe stood alone, an object of ridicule and dislike. Pope satirized him; Gay laughed at him; the club thought poorly of his writings and criticized them harshly, and those who should have recognized him as a peer and companion underrated and disregarded him. While in prison he started his *Review*, and first formed the idea of introducing into his paper a Scandal Club, where all the topics of the day could be discussed. Like most of his other works this *Review* has passed into oblivion, but it was none the less the forerunner of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* of later fame.

DeFoe’s name truly is immortal. His honors, alas, came too late for his own or even his family’s enjoyment. How often in life is this the case! *

* Read *Robinson Crusoe* at once if you have not already done so.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. Name the sovereigns of the Brunswick line.
2. Who was Sophia of Zell?
3. Who was Caroline of Anspach?
4. Who was Charlotte of Mechlenburg?
5. Who was Edward Duke of Kent?
6. Who was Caroline of Brunswick?
7. What relation is Victoria to William IV.?
8. How many children has Victoria?
9. Who is the next heir to the English throne?
10. How long has Victoria reigned?

JONATHAN SWIFT.

1667.

1745.

William III., Anne, George I., and George II.

WORKS.

Tale of a Tub.
Pattle of Books.

Drapier Letters.
Gulliver's Travels.
Miscellanies.

A Modest Proposal.
Journal to Stella.

"The most unhappy man on earth."—*King*.

"He knew almost beyond any man, the purity, the extent, the precision of the English language."—*Blair*.

"He moves laughter but never joins it. He appears in his works such as he appears in society. All the company are convulsed with merriment, while the Dean, the author of all the mirth, preserves an invincible gravity and even sourness of aspect, and gives utterance to the most eccentric and ludicrous fancies, with the air of a man reading the Communion service."—*Macaulay*.

We come now to a man who was said to be the "unhappiest man on earth," Jonathan Swift, better known as Dean Swift. Like Pope, he was never known to laugh, and his smile, seldom as it was, was of "such a sort,

"As if he mocked himself and scorned the spirit,
That could be moved to smile at anything."

He often moved others to laughter, and while the company were convulsed with merriment, the Dean himself preserved a gravity that was wonderful to behold. He was a tall, strong, well-made man. His eyes were blue, his complexion dark, his eyebrows heavy and black, his nose aquiline, and his expression haughty. He was an original genius, and holds an eminent place in the literary and political history of the time. He was of English descent, though born on Irish soil. His

nurse taught him to read at three years of age, and before he was eight he had read through his Bible. His father's death, which occurred before Jonathan was born, left the child entirely dependent upon the charity of relatives. His uncle sent him to Kilkenny, and afterwards to Trinity College, Dublin. His degree was refused him because he failed in logic. He returned to stand another examination, without ever having looked in a text book, and missed, of course, every question asked him. His examiners wished to know how he expected to reason without rules. His reply was that he did reason very well, and his observation had ever been that rules taught men to wrangle without reason. They passed him with the degree "*speciali gratia*," which indicated that his conduct had not been satisfactory to the authorities.

He then entered the household of a distant relative of his mother, Sir William Temple. Here he was secretary, and occupied rather a menial position which was galling to his pride, and did much to sour a naturally bad disposition. His stay here, however, marked a turning point in his life. He had access to a well-filled library and thus was enabled to correct the defects of his early education, and it was here he met Stella, Hester Johnson, the daughter of Sir William Temple's housekeeper. She was a pretty, dark-eyed, modest girl whom Swift offered to instruct. He took great pleasure in cultivating her talents, and became her companion, and found she loved and remembered him alone. When he went to Ireland as chaplain to Earl Berkeley he persuaded Stella to settle with Mrs. Dingley in that country. He intended to marry her no doubt, and some affirm that they were privately married, but Swift never claimed her as his

wife, nor would he ever allow himself to see her unless a third party was present. His *Journal to Stella* consists of letters written to her when he would visit London. He said in one of these letters that his last thought at night was of her, and his last act was to bid her good-night on paper. But in London he met another girl just eighteen, very beautiful and rich, a merchant's daughter, Esther Vanhomrigh, the "Vanessa" of his verses. He offered to direct her studies. She consented and fell desperately in love with him, never dreaming of the relation that he sustained to Stella. We cannot but blame Swift severely for encouraging without any hope of return the love of this fair young girl. Finally, despairing of ever being his wife, she wrote to Stella, of whom she had heard in some way, and inquired about the relation between her and Swift. Stella showed Swift the letter. He simply carried it to Vanessa and, without a word, scornfully cast it at her feet. She felt then there was no hope, and after languishing for three weeks died of a broken heart. Stella lived desolately on for twelve years, hoping in vain that the time would come when he could acknowledge the tie that bound them. Swift never mentioned her name without a sigh, and grieved incessantly when she died. He may have known that insanity lurked in his veins and for that reason dared not marry; but this does not excuse his attaching to himself two such lovely women, encouraging their love, and torturing them to death by hopes deferred.

Swift had an overwhelming sense of his own superiority, and considered himself entitled to the homage of all without distinction of sex, rank or fame.

On one occasion, when invited to dine with the Earl of Burlington, he said to Lady Burlington, "I hear that

you sing. Sing me a song." She resented his freedom and declined, when he replied she *should* sing or he would make her. "Why, madam, I suppose you take me for one of your poor English hedge parsons. Sing, when I bid you." Upon this the lady burst out crying and retired. When he met her afterwards he said, "I hope, madam, you are not as proud and as ill-natured as when I saw you last."

He had been subject to attacks of giddiness from his youth, and these attacks grew more frequent as he grew older. Deafness came on and made conversation difficult. His eyesight failed him, and as he had resolved never to wear glasses he was unable to read. Then a tumor formed on one of his eyes, and he did not sleep for a month, and it required five men to hold him lest he should tear out his eyes with his nails. Memory left him and reason deserted him. He became a maniac and then an idiot. An almost total silence of three years followed and then he died. When his will was opened it was found that he had left his entire fortune to build an asylum for incurable idiots and madmen.

"Perhaps I may allow the dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seemed determined not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lashed the vice but spared the name;
No individual could resent
Where thousands equally were meant.
True genuine dullness moved his pity,
Unless it offered to be witty.
Those who their ignorance confessed
He ne'er offended with a jest;
But laughed to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace learned by rote.
He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad,
And showed by one satiric touch
No nation wanted it so much."

Pointing once to a tree, whose upper branches were withered and decayed, he said, "I shall die like that tree; I shall die at the top." His last words were, "I am mad."

While living with Sir William Temple, King William III. met him in the garden one day, and showed him how the Dutch cut asparagus. He was so much pleased with Swift, that he offered to make him captain of horse. We cannot but regret that he refused, because his life as a soldier might have served as a safety-valve for all the poisonous humors that had been generating in his breast; but had he accepted, we would not have in our libraries to-day *Gulliver's Travels* or the *Drapier Letters*.

He longed for independence, and took orders in an Irish church. This much can be said in Swift's favor; he was always conscientious in the discharge of every duty. If there was a service in his church and no one was present but his servant and himself, he would go through the entire service. The Dean, too, must have prayed a good deal, for his parrot used to say on all occasions, "Let us pray." An anecdote is told of this parrot, which had also been taught to curse. This grieved the Dean very much and he determined to cure her of the habit; so whenever she was caught using a bad word, the Dean dipped her in water, saying, "Oh, yes! been cursing have you?" After such a ducking the parrot would creep under the stove to dry her feathers. One rainy day, some little chickens, just hatched, were caught in the rain and almost drowned. The cook brought the little drenched things in and placed them under the stove also. Poll, picking up one of them in her claw shook it and said in solemn tones, "Oh, yes! been cursing have you?"

Swift deserted the whigs because they failed to promote him, and joined the tories who made him Dean of St. Patrick at Dublin. Here he lived in bitterness of spirit and wrote his celebrated *Tale of a Tub*, a religious lampoon that proved fatal to his eminence in the church. Swift explained, that as sailors throw out a tub to a whale to amuse and prevent his running afoul of the ship, so he wrote this treatise with the object of diverting the free thinkers of the day from injuring the state by their wild theories in politics and religion. He ridiculed in this book the Roman Catholics and the Presbyterians with a view of exalting the Church of England.

An outline of the book is this: A father had three sons, Peter (Church of Rome), Martin (Church of England), and Jack (Presbyterians or Dissenters). Upon his death bed he bequeathed to each of his sons a coat (Christianity) with the injunction to wear it plain, and only to lengthen or widen it in proportion as their bodies should grow and under no circumstances to take from their coats one thread. But the sons soon became embarrassed at the extreme simplicity of their clothes and consulted their father's will (Bible) to see if any alterations could be made. Peter found that by an adroit interpretation, shoulder knots could be admitted. By similar evasions silver fringe, gold lace, embroidery and satin linings were added and finally the will was locked up and utterly disregarded. Peter styled himself "My Lord Peter" and drove his brothers from the house. They reopened the will and began to understand it. Martin immediately tore off the fringe and lace but kept a few embroideries. Jack, in his enthusiasm, tore off everything and reduced himself to tatters. The work,

though greatly admired, was rudely condemned. It was thought to be a covert attack upon Christianity. It profaned every church and creed. Was not this sufficient reason why the Christian princess Queen Anne should not place the writer of it upon a clerical throne?

His *Drapier Letters* gained the good will of the Irish, a people hitherto prejudiced against him. One William Wood had obtained a contract from the government to coin £180,000 of copper money (half pence) and to force it into circulation. Swift wrote these letters purporting to come from M. B. Drapier, showing the Irish to what condition they would be reduced if they exchanged their money for these coppers. Wood was indignant. He knew Swift to be the author, but was powerless to do a thing, as the Irish people had made Swift their idol, and they would have torn Wood to pieces if he had dared to raise a finger against him. The condition of Ireland at this time was deplorable. The manufacturing industry and commerce of the country were paralyzed and the laboring classes were reduced to the lowest state of degradation. The force of the argument used by Swift was admitted by all, and raised him at once to the highest point of popularity.

The *Battle of Books* had been written before this time to support his patron, Sir William, in the Boyle and Bentley controversy about the letters of Phalaris. *Gulliver's Travels* appeared in 1726. It was received with delight and admiration. It is a satire on man, and is the most original of all his works, certainly unique in English literature. What a pity it should be so filled with coarseness as to render it almost unreadable! In the *Miscellanies* he was aided by Gay, Pope and Arbuthnot. These contained some of Swift's most striking articles.

His influence as a writer was never for good. He will be read, however, as long as the world stands, but there is nothing that can be culled from his writings that will make one nobler or better.

HISTORY REVIEW.

- 1. *Who were the sovereigns during Swift's life?***
 - 2. *Had he personal acquaintance with any one of them?***
 - 3. *Name the Stuart sovereigns in order, giving consorts.***
 - 4. *Give four noted events during the Stuarts' reigns.***
-

THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.*

Upon the highest corner of a large window there dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisades, all after the modern way of fortification. After you had passed several courts you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person by swallows from above, or to his palace by brooms from below: when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself, and in he went; where, expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel; which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavored to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first that nature was approaching to her final dissolution; or else, that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects† whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth and meet his fate. Meanwhile the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in

*This is taken from "The Battle of the Books," and had reference to the great contest then going on between the advocates of ancient and modern learning. The Bee represents the ancients, the Spider the moderns.

†Beelzebub, in the Hebrew, signifies lord of flies.

cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the rugged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out, when, beholding the chasms, the ruins, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wits' end; he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events (for they knew each other by sight) "A plague split you," said he, "for a giddy puppy; is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? could you not look before you? do you think I have nothing else to do but to mend and repair after you?"—"Good words, friend," said the bee (having now pruned himself, and being disposed to be droll): "I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more; I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born."—"Sirrah," replied the spider, "if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners."—"I pray have patience," said the bee, "or you'll spend your substance, and, for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all, toward the repair of your house."—"Rogue, rogue," replied the spider, "yet methinks you should have more respect to a person whom all the world allows to be so much your betters."—"By my troth," said the bee, "the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me a favor to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute." At this, the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry; to urge on his own reasons without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite; and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

"Not to disparage myself," said he, "by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance? born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe. Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as easily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to show my improvements in the mathematics) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person."

"I am glad," answered the bee, "to hear you grant at least that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts, without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit, indeed, all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden; but whatever I collect thence enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture and other mathematics, I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labor and method enough; but, by woful experience for us both, it is too plain the materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art. You boast, indeed, of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and, though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet I

doubt you are somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled from below; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this: whether is the nobler being of the two, that which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at all but flybane, and a cobweb; or that which, by a universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax?"

ALEXANDER POPE.

1688.

Anne,

George I.,

1744.

George II.

PRINCIPAL WORKS.

Ode to Solitude.

Essay on Criticism.

The Messiah.

Windsor Forest.

Dying Christian to his Soul,

An Elegy on an Unfortunate Young
Lady.

The Rape of the Lock.

The Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard.

Translations of Iliad and Odyssey.

Miscellanies.

Dunciad.

Imitations of Horace.

The Temple of Fame.

Essay on Man.

Letters.

"As truly as Shakespeare is the poet of man as God made him, dealing with great passions and innate motives, so truly is Pope the poet of society, the delineator of manners, the expositor of those motives which may be called acquired, whose spring is in institutions and habits of purely worldly origin."
—*J. R. Lowell.*

"His poetry had not the naturalness and simplicity of Chaucer's, the universality of Shakespeare's, the majestic and solemn earnestness of Milton's, or even the freedom and breadth of Dryden's. It never touched the natural heart like the poetry of Cowper and Burns."

"King Alexander had great merit as a writer, and his title to the kingdom of wit was better founded than his enemies have pretended."—*Henry Fielding.*

Alexander Pope, "the wicked wasp of Twickenham," as Lady Mary Montagu called him, was deformed in mind as well as body. In regard to his deformity of body, it is said that when he was three years of age an angry cow tossed him upon a pile of stones, and he never recovered from the injuries then received. Naturally delicate he became a confirmed invalid, and his little dwarfed body, for he was never taller than four feet, was supported by such thin legs that his maid servant was forced to sew him up in canvas stays every morning to enable him to stand during the day, and he was obliged to wear three pairs of stockings to make them even then

look respectable, and his spine was so curved that his enemies called him the "Interrogation Point." He was put to the table in a high chair, and his head was so bald that he was forced to wear a velvet cap to cover it. Can it be wondered at that so much bodily ailment should be accompanied by a waspish disposition? And ought we not to overlook many of the man's eccentricities when we remember that a diseased body will make a diseased mind?

An over indulgent mother, pitying these misfortunes, petted him and even humored his peculiarities, until the son, naturally selfish, became a nuisance to himself and every one around him. Wherever he was invited he was a troublesome guest. The attentions of the whole family were needed to supply his wants. He would frequently have the household aroused in the middle of the night to get paper and pen to write his thoughts lest he should lose them by waiting. He was an immoderate eater, filling his stomach with all sorts of indigestible and highly seasoned food. He really expected everybody to indulge his humors, and was angry when they did not.

He was only eleven years of age when he wrote some verses ridiculing his teacher. For this he was severely whipped, and his father becoming indignant withdrew him from the school. He was then placed under the tuition of priests, and being a Roman Catholic, the laws of England at that time forbade him attending either the public schools or the Universities. At twelve years of age he wrote a very creditable *Ode on Solitude*, and soon attracted the attention of the learned men of the day. An old poet of sixty-nine years of age, appreciating his talent, sent him some poems to correct. He grew very indignant, however, because the young poet

Pope dared to correct them. From his own account, we learn that the years between fourteen and twenty were spent in reading for amusement; between twenty and twenty-seven for instruction. When a mere lad he had an intense admiration for Dryden, and aspired to be like him. He insisted on being carried to Will's Coffee House to see the "great monarch of literature" seated in his easy chair surrounded by his numerous admirers. What a pity that the master died before he learned the value of the homage paid him by his admiring pupil!

Pope had a very striking face, large fine eyes, and a very handsome nose. His voice, too, as a child, was so sweet that he was called "the little nightingale." He was fastidious in his dress, and elegant in his manners. He always wore black velvet, and when he appeared at Court carried a little sword at his side. He was impatient and rebellious about his physical infirmities, especially when he compared himself with his literary rivals. There was Dick Steele, large, strong and well-made, and Addison, whose fatness was ascribed to his good nature, and Swift, who had to take constant exercise to keep down his flesh, and Gay and Thompson who were both hale, hearty men. They could spend nights in revelries, laughing and growing fat over wit and humor, while he, with no constitution, must keep quiet and grow thin. He was indeed a pigmy in body, but was he not a giant in intellect, and did he not tower over his rivals in a way that they could not help being conscious of?

Pope's father was a merchant who had ample means to support his family. He had great taste for literature and encouraged his son in the study of it. He was persuaded to move to Chiswick, where he died at the

age of seventy-five. His aged wife he left to the care of his son, who well discharged the trust imposed upon him. Pope now purchased Twickenham Park and beautifully adorned it with trees and shrubs. He and his mother lived there happily together, and no matter how acrimonious his disposition as displayed to others, to her it was always one of respectful tenderness. This was a crowning glory to this man of letters and hid a multitude of sins. She lived to be ninety-three years old, and was in her dotage for sometime before her death, unable to recognize anyone but her son, yet he always gave her the loving care and attention of a tender, devoted child.

“A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue, unlike any other two-edged tool, grows keener with use.” Pope’s increasing irritability raised around him a swarm of enemies, some animated by envy, some by revenge. His friends were all gone. He had buried his mother, the best friend any man ever had; Swift was an idiot and lost to him forever; Addison was estranged; death had deprived him of Atterbury and Gay the same year; Bolingbroke, whom he had apostrophized as his genius, guide and friend, had privately ridiculed him, and all these things made him very bitter. Then the last drop in his cup of bitterness was when Lady Mary Montagu made sport of him. She was the Sappho of all his satirical writings.

It was never known what caused the quarrel between Pope and Addison. Many supposed it was an unintentional slur upon Pope’s character in Addison’s reply regarding the pamphlet against John Dennis. It seemed that John Dennis had written an article criticising Addison’s *Cato*, and Pope, indignant, answered it, and Addison, not knowing that Pope had written the article, having

been accused of doing it, said, "If I had answered it, I should have done it as a gentleman." Pope thought that Addison, knowing him to be the author, had given this cut intentionally.

The friendship between Swift and Pope was unusual. Swift was fully twenty-one years older than Pope, yet the Dean flattered and humored him in every possible way, and when insanity deprived Pope of his friend, he was inconsolable at the loss. He was a man of many peculiarities. If he wanted to sleep he nodded in company, and even dozed on one occasion when the Prince of Wales was talking to him. Like a petted, spoilt child, he would leave the house of a friend without excuse, and pout until coaxed back again. He often made others laugh, but like Swift, was never known to laugh himself. He was a collection of contradictions. He pretended to care nothing for fame yet courted it. He professed to ignore critics, yet he writhed under their attacks. He prided himself upon his hospitality, yet he knew not the meaning of the word. He liked his friends to think he was rich, yet he entertained them scantily. He was often known to place a pint of wine on the table, drink half of it himself, then retire while saying, "Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine." He avowed his benevolence, yet was guilty of meannesses which it is impossible to defend.

Can any one believe that this was the poet who wrote,

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Pope never married. One young lady is said to have committed suicide because he would not return her love. This circumstance brought forth the *Elegy on an Unfortunate Young Lady*.

He addressed words of love to Lady Mary Montagu, but she laughed in his face. This provoked his everlasting hatred, and they never met afterwards without his snubbing and snarling at her.

His *Rape of the Lock* was written to reconcile two lovers, both friends of his. The young man had stolen a lock of hair, which offense the young lady could not forgive. Pope thought to laugh them into a good humor. He failed in reconciling the parties, but he produced a poem which has added greatly to his fame as an author. His *Dunciad* was produced to avenge himself upon his literary enemies. On the day the book was put on sale, the shop was besieged by a crowd of writers with entreaties and threats to stop its sale. They failed, but Pope was hung in effigy that night.

His *Essay on Man*, by far his greatest work, and the one by which he is best known to the world, is unfortunately tainted with atheism. This was thought to be due to Bolingbroke's influence. Several sceptics talking together were laying claim to the great men in literature. An old farmer present exclaimed, "You can't claim Pope!" "Yes we can," the sceptics said, and quoted from the *Essay on Man*. Upon this the old farmer repeated *The Dying Christian to His Soul*. "Claim him now if you can," he said. Pope's *Translations of the Iliad and Odyssey* are considered the finest ever made by any one.

"If Pope must yield to other poets in points of fertility of fancy, in points of propriety, closeness, and elegance of diction he can yield to no one," says Wharton

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Whom did Anne marry?*
2. *Whom did she succeed?*
3. *What was her reign called?*
4. *How did Mary and William obtain the throne?*
5. *Who was William III.?*
6. *When was the Gunpowder Plot?*
7. *Who was Guy Fawkes?*
8. *What was the Commonwealth?*
9. *What led to the Civil War?*
10. *Who were the literary men of Queen Anne's reign?*

Familiar quotations from Pope :—

“Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.”

“A little learning is a dangerous thing.”

“To err is human, to forgive divine.”

“Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate.”

“Whatever is, is right.”

“Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.”

“Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.”

“No beggar is so poor, but he can keep a cur, and no author is so beggarly but he can keep a critic.”

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight?
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes : it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sound seraphic ring !
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 Oh Grave ! where is thy Victory ?
 Oh Death ! where is thy Sting ?

EXTRACTS FROM ESSAY ON MAN.

" Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
 The proper study of mankind is man.
 Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A being darkly wise, and rudely great ;
 With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
 With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
 He hangs between ; in doubt to act or rest ;
 In doubt to deem himself a God or beast,
 In doubt his mind or body to prefer,
 Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err ;
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little or too much :
 Chaos of thought and passion, all confused ;
 Still he himself abus'd or disabus'd ;
 Created half to rise and half to fall ;
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
 Sole judge of truth, in endless terror hurl'd,
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world."

* * * *

" All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body nature is, and God the soul ;
 That chang'd through all, and yet in all the same,
 Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame.
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees ;
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
 Breathes in one soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
 As the rapt seraph that adores and burns :
 To Him no high, no low, no great, no small,
 He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all."

* * * *

" Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;
 His soul proud Science never taught to stray—
 Far as the solar walk, or milky-way ;
 Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
 Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humble heaven :
 Some safer world, in depths of wood embrac'd ;
 Some happier island in the watery waste,

Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
 To be, contents his natural desire;
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire:
 But thinks admitted to that equal sky
 His faithful dog shall bear him company."

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO SWIFT.

TWICKENHAM, Aug. 22, 1726.

"Many a short sigh you cost me the day I left you, and many more you will cost me till the day you return. I really walked about like a man banished, and when I came home, found it no home. 'Tis a situation like that of a limb lopped off; one is trying every minute unawares to use it, and finds it not.

Besides my natural memory of you, you have made a local one, which presents you to me in every place I frequent; I shall never more see one seat in my own garden, or one room in my house, without a phantom of you sitting or walking before me."

Again,

"I send you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boston, New England. wherein you'll find a real person, a member of their parliament, of the name of Jonathan Gulliver. If the fame of that traveler has traveled thither, it has traveled very quick, to have folks christened already by name of the supposed author. But if you object, that no child so lately christened could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected into parliament, I reply that the person is an Anabaptist, and not christened till full age, which sets all right. However it be, the accident is very singular that these two names should be united. * * *

I find my ties dropping from me; some worn off, some torn off, some relaxing daily. I am many years the older for living so much with one so old; much the more helpless, for having been so long helped and tended by her; much the more considerate and tender, for a daily commerce with one who required me justly to be both to her; and consequently the more melancholy and thoughtful, and the less fit for others, who want only in a companion or a friend to be amused or entertained. My constitution, too, has had its share of decay, as well as my spirits; and I am as much in the decline at forty, as you are at sixty. I believe we should be fit to live together, could I get a little more health. which might make me not quite so insupportable: your deafness would agree with my dullness; you would not want me to speak, when you could not hear."

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

1690.

George I.

1762.

George II.

WORKS.

Letters.

Translations.

Poems.

Lady Mary was undoubtedly a remarkable woman, celebrated not only for her charming letters of Oriental travel, which gives her a niche in English literature, but also celebrated as a benefactress on account of her introducing inoculation into England. Widely known too as a female humorist, she moved in all kinds of society, and was admired by all, and abused by many, and talked of by everybody. She was the idol and abomination of Pope, and was the noted beauty of Richmond Palace. Her father was Evelyn Pierrepont and her mother Lady Mary Fielding, second cousin of Henry Fielding, the novelist. At an early age, three or four years perhaps, she was left motherless, and in reviewing her life and character this fact ought to be taken into consideration, and much allowance made for her. Her father was Earl of Kingston, a fine gentleman but a very bad father. Left to the care of such a man is it to be wondered at that Lady Mary should lack so many womanly traits of character? Is it not rather to be wondered that she became as great a woman as she did?

Her first appearance in society was illustrious. Her father was a member of the famous Kit Kat Club, a club composed of thirty-nine noblemen. The house at which they met was kept by Christopher Kat, who was famous for his mutton pies, which always formed a part of the

supper of the members. The owner of the house gave the name to the Club. It was the custom to toast some celebrated beauty after dinner, and the lady thus toasted would have the verses engraved upon her glass or would have her portrait hung up in the club room. One day the Earl of Kingston proposed his daughter as the toast. The company demurred, saying they had never seen her. "Then you shall see her," said her father, and she was immediately sent for, and received with acclamations. She was then only eight years old, a pretty, fair-haired child, with a great deal of spirit and not a little vanity. All acknowledged her wonderful beauty and were amused at her pertness and wit. She was handed like a pretty doll from lap to lap and overwhelmed with bonbons and kisses. This incident, which she remembered, she affirmed in after years to have been the happiest event of her life.

We learn from her own writings that her education was the "worst in the world." Her father took little or no interest in it. Fortunately she was fond of reading and literally devoured books. She learned French and Latin from her brother William's tutor, and was aided in her Greek and other studies by her uncle, William Fielding. At the age of nineteen she translated *Enchiridion of Epictetus* in a single week. This, as the work of a self-taught girl, deserves to stand very high. She also became a very "decent" Turkish scholar. She had a wonderful memory and her thirst for knowledge made her acquire what many young ladies of her day dared not attempt. Her studies were masculine. She speaks of the education of the women of her day thus:—

"We are permitted no books but such as tend to the

weakening and effeminating the mind. Our natural defects are every way indulged and it is looked upon as in a degree criminal to improve our reason, or fancy we have any. We are taught to place all our art in adorning our outward forms, and permitted without reproach, to carry that custom even to extravagancy, while our minds are entirely neglected, and by disuse filled with nothing but the trifling objects our eyes are daily entertained with. * * * There is hardly a character in the world more despicable or more liable to universal ridicule than a learned woman; those words imply according to the received sense, a talking, impertinent, vain, conceited creature. I believe nobody will deny that learning may have that effect, but it must be a very superficial degree of it." Her mind had a manly vigor which she had developed by books rarely read by her sex, but her character and tastes were perfectly feminine. She was devoted to poetry, even sometimes composing it; but of her verses there is not much to say except that they never speak to the heart and therefore fail to impress themselves on the mind. At twelve she wrote *Julia to Ovid*; at fourteen some verses on *Truth*, and later her *Enchiridion*, but she has no claim to the name of poetess. Her verses are pretty but show no inspiration, no power, no loftiness of thought, and only prove her elegance of taste.

She made herself very obnoxious to the Walpoles by defending her friend Dolly against her sister-in-law, Mrs. Walpole, who wished to force her into a marriage against her will. This Mrs. Walpole was Horace Walpole's mother and may have been a cause for the son's animosity. One of Lady Mary's special friends was Mistress Anne Wortley, whom she visited frequently and

with whom she corresponded affectionately. She had fallen in love with her brother and meant for him all the endearments lavished upon her. It is said that one day she called upon her friend, Mrs. Wortley, and found a gentleman, some thirty years of age, leaning familiarly by the fireplace watching her with a keen critical eye as she entered the room. His face was handsome and expressive; his manners blunt with something of womanly dignity. He talked like a man of the world and a scholar, and this delighted her. Accustomed as he was to despise women, he was amazed and charmed to find one with so much sense and such unusual reading. He lingered in his sister's room longer than was his custom, completely fascinated by Lady Mary's wit and beauty. That he fell in love with her there is no doubt, but he set his judgment against his heart. He doubted if this girl, coquettish, vain, fond of the world and society would be a suitable companion for a man of his serious tastes. He told her how he felt, which only increased her love for him. Soon after this he offered himself and was accepted. He distrusted her, however, and she resented it. From one of her letters we have this extract: "You distrust me; I can neither be easy nor loved where I am distrusted; nor do I think your love for me is what you picture it; at least I am sure were I in love, I could not talk as you do. You must think otherwise of me or not at all. You think me all that is detestable. You accuse me of want of sincerity and generosity. There is no condition of life I could not have been happy in with you, so very much I liked you, I may say loved you, since it is the last time I'll ever say anything to you." Mr. Wortley did not seem inclined to marry her until he saw her about to be

betroted to another. He had refused to go through the form of marriage settlements demanded by her father, but now for fear of losing her, he proposed to be privately married. This made Lady Mary's father furious. After their marriage they resided in different parts of the country, but never in London. Her husband was frequently separated from her, and her letters written to him on these occasions are the best proofs that she was not the vile creature Walpole tries to make her. Later on we find her anxious about her son who is ill, and real motherly instincts are brought out in her character.

In 1716 the embassy to the Porte became vacant and the mission was entrusted to Wortley. He resigned his situation in the treasury and set out on a journey which was hazardous and difficult. It was very daring for his wife to accompany him, and her doing so shows how much attached she was to him. It was thought for a long time that she was the first English woman that had ever ventured upon Eastern travel, but she really was the first who ever wrote any accounts of her travels. These accounts were considered fearful exaggerations until they were verified by Mr. Dallaway who went over the same route.

At Adrianople Mr. Wortley lived in the greatest magnificence. He traveled with three hundred horses and a retinue of one hundred and sixty persons, and Lady Mary's letters abound with charming descriptions of the persons and places visited. Of the Turkish ladies, their dress, habits and morals, she had an excellent opportunity of judging, and she pronounced them the most free instead of the most enthralled women of the world. In describing Fatima, the wife of Kyhaia, whom she affirmed to be the most beautiful creature she had

ever seen, she says, "I was so struck with admiration when I first saw her, that I could not speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. The most celebrated English beauties would pale before her." Lady Mary brought back with her a reputation as a traveler and the knowledge of inoculation. Her first experiment was made upon her own son, and succeeded admirably; then four physicians were appointed by the government to watch the experiments tried upon her daughter. This too, was successful, and she had now to endure the persecution of too much popularity.

We cannot close this sketch of Lady Mary without referring to her acquaintance with Pope. The little poet was fascinated by the beauty, wit, and charming manners of this queen of society. He wrote verses about her, made love to her, and while she was in Turkey wrote the most extravagant love epistles to her. Lady Mary laughed and encouraged the little fellow, thinking that none would be silly enough to suppose that she would return his affections, but when on her return to England he made her a declaration of love in person, it is said she burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, which so enraged this "wicked wasp of Twickenham" that he never forgave her, but from that moment became her bitterest foe. A vain woman ought to have been flattered by the love of the greatest poet of the age.

Nor can we omit to mention here that friendship for Lord Hervey and his wife. Some think it was jealousy of Lord Hervey that made Pope so bitter. Lady Hervey was one of three noted Marys that graced the court of George II., all of them famous beauties and wits.

That she was extremely careless in dress we glean from other sources than Horace Walpole, who said she

was "the liveliest, wittiest, severest and dirtiest woman in the world." For twenty years she held court at Cavendish Square or at Twickenham, and drew around her all the literary men and women, all the wits and beauties of her day, but she longed to be away from this world of fashion and folly and determined to travel on the Continent. Whether her husband intended to follow her or not cannot be ascertained, but it is highly probable that the separation which took place at this time was intended only to be temporary. There seems not the slightest proof that it resulted from incompatibility of temper. She was fifty and he more than sixty. She traveled in France and Italy and finally settled at Venice. Horace Walpole calls her vain, but a woman who could go for eleven years without consulting her looking glass can hardly be called vain in the general acceptance of the term. Mr. Wortley died while she was in Venice, leaving a fortune of half a million. The greater part he left to his daughter, Lady Bute, twelve hundred a year to his wife and one thousand a year to his son. After his death Lady Mary returned to London and took apartments in Hanover Square. She suffered from cancer of the breast and died at the age of seventy-two on the twenty-first of August, 1762. Her son had led a dissipated life and brought much sorrow to his mother. It is said she left him in her will only one guinea. Her literary reputation rests solely on her letters. "Keep my letters," she said once to one of her correspondents, "forty years from now they will be thought as much of as Madame de Sevigné's." But as a certain critic observes, "The French woman speaks out of the abundance of her *heart*, and the English woman out of the clearness of her *head*." Rev. Mr. Spence says, "Lady Mary is one of

the most shining characters in the world, but shines like a comet. She is all irregularity, and always wandering; the most wise, the most imprudent, loveliest, most disagreeable, best natured, cruellest woman in the world, all things by turns but nothing long."

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *What right had George I. to the throne?*
 2. *Name the sovereigns of the Brunswick line.*
 3. *Give state of society during George I. and George II.'s reigns.*
 4. *Review from William I. to Victoria.*
-

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF M. W. MONTAGU TO POPE.

'Tis no affectation to say, that I despise the pleasure of pleasing people whom I despise; all the fine equipages that shine in the ring never gave me another thought than either pity or contempt gave me for the owners, that could place happiness in attracting the eyes of strangers. Nothing touches me with satisfaction but what touches my heart, and I should find more pleasure in the secret joy I should feel at a kind expression from a friend I esteemed, than at the admiration of a whole playhouse, or the envy of those of my own sex who could not attain to the same number of jewels, fine clothes, etc., etc., supposing I was at the very summit of this sort of happiness.

You may be this friend, if you please. Did you really esteem me, had you any tender regard for me, I could, I think, pass my life in any station, happier with you than in all the grandeur of the world with any other. You have some humors that would be disagreeable to any woman that married with an intention of finding her happiness abroad. That is not my resolution. If I marry I propose to myself a retirement; there are few of my acquaintance that I should ever wish to see again; and the pleasing one, and only one, is the way in which I design to please myself. Happiness is the natural design of all the world; and everything we see done, is meant in order to attain it. My imagination places it in friendship. * * * I rather choose the word friendship than love, because in the general sense that word is spoken, it signifies a passion rather founded on fancy than on reason; and when I say friendship, I mean a mixture of friendship and esteem, and which a long acquaintance increases, not decays; how far I deserve such a friendship, I can be no judge of myself; I may want the good sense that is necessary to be agreeable to a man of merit, but I know I want the vanity to believe I have; and can promise you shall never like me less upon knowing me better; and that I shall never forget that you have a better understanding than myself.

I am sensible to own an inclination for a man is putting oneself wholly in his power; but sure you have generosity enough not to abuse it. After all I have said, I pretend no tie but on your heart; if you do not love me, I shall not be happy with you; if you do, I need add no further. I do not desire my letter back again; you have honor and I dare trust you.

I did verily intend to write you a long letter from Peterwarden, where I expected to stay three or four days, but the bassa here was in such haste to see us, that he dispatched the courier back without suffering him to pull off his boots.

You may imagine I cannot be very easy in a town which is really under the government of an insolent soldiery. We expected to be immediately dismissed, after a night's lodging here; but the bassa detains us till he receives orders from Adrianople, which may possibly be a month coming. In the meantime we are lodged in one of the best houses belonging to a very considerable man amongst them and have a whole chamber of jannisaries to guard us. My only diversion is a conversation with our host, Achmet-beg, a title something like that of count in Germany. His father was a great bassa, and he has been educated in the most polite Eastern learning, being perfectly skilled in the Arabic and Persian languages, and an extraordinary scribe, which they call Effendi. * * * * I pass for a great scholar with him, by relating to him some of the Persian tales, which I find are genuine. At first he believed I understood Persian. I have frequent disputes with him concerning the difference of our customs, particularly the close confinement of their women as compared with ours. He assures me there is nothing in it except that when our wives cheat us nobody knows it. He has wit, and is more polite than many Christian men of quality. I am very much entertained with him. He has had the curiosity to make one of our servants set him an alphabet of our letters, and can already write a good Roman hand. But these amusements do not hinder my wishing heartily to be out of the place; for the weather is colder than I believe it ever was anywhere but in Greenland. We have a very large stove constantly kept hot, and yet the windows of the room are frozen on the inside. God knows when I may have an opportunity of sending this letter, but I have written it for the discharge of my own conscience; and you cannot now reproach me that one of yours makes ten of mine. Adieu.

ISAAC WATTS.

1674.

George I.

1748.

George II.

WORKS.

Logic, or Right Use of Reason.
Version of the Psalms.

Divine Songs for Children.
Hymns.

Isaac Watts, a name never made prominent in the world of letters, deserves very much more consideration than he has ever received. In his literary character he may be considered a poet, a philosopher and a theologian. As a *poet* he has gained what very many may envy—universality of fame. He is undoubtedly the classic poet of the religious world, wherever the English language is spoken. More of his hymns have been committed to memory, and he has through them exerted more holy influences, and made more lasting impressions for good than any other poet living or dead. As a *philosopher* he has the merit of aiding greatly in the education of youth. His book *Logic or Right Use of Reason* was for a long time the text book in the English Universities, and has only recently been replaced by later authorities. Dr. Johnson said of it, “Few books have been perused by me with greater pleasure than this, and whoever has the care of instructing others may be charged with deficiency, if this book is not recommended.” As a theologian he displayed unaffected piety, purity of principles, and great goodness of heart.

Few persons have studied the writings of Dr. Watts without wishing to be wiser and better members of society. He was born at Southampton on the seven-

teenth day of July, 1674. His parents were lovely Christian characters, and early left the impress of their training upon the mind and conscience of their son.

At the age of four years he began the study of Latin in his father's boarding school, and because the parents were "dissenters" he was denied the privilege of the public schools and Universities and had to rely upon private instructors for his education. At the age of sixteen, he was placed under the care of Rev. Thomas Rowe, who had charge of the academy at London.

It is related of Watts as a child that he could not speak without rhyming. This habit irritated his father, whose ambition was that his son should become a minister, not a rhymster. He determined to whip him for the offense, and thus break up the habit. While engaged in giving the threatened punishment one day the little fellow exclaimed,

"Oh! father do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make."

It seemed a hopeless case, and his father decided to leave him alone, and let his rhyming take him where it would.

How fortunate for the world he so decided, otherwise we would not have had the hundreds of beautiful hymns that were given to us by this son.

Watts continued at the academy in London until he was twenty, when he returned to his father's home to spend two years in study for the university. He accepted an invitation to become tutor to Sir John Hartopp's son, and remained there five years, developing during this time a critical knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures, and at the end of that period entered upon his university life. In 1698 he was chosen assistant for

Dr. Chauncey, and at his death succeeded him to the charge of the Independent Church in Southampton. Here he was attacked by a dangerous illness from which he never recovered. A second time he was seized with the fever, which was so violent, and so long continued, that it left him feeble the rest of his life. While in this state he formed the acquaintance of Sir Thomas Abney, who proved a true friend to him the remaining thirty-six years of his life. He received him as an inmate of his house, and there treated him with all the kindness that friendship and love could prompt, and all the attention that respect and reverence could dictate.

His state of health was such that he deemed it proper to send in his resignation to the church. This was not accepted, but they elected another pastor, while they continued to Dr. Watts the salary he had been accustomed to receive.

On the 25th of November, 1748, without a pain or struggle, this great and good man died.

"Unblamed through life, lamented at his end."

A friend once remarked to him that when a Christian came to die, whether he was learned or unlearned, he had only the plain promises of the Gospel to support him. "So," said Watts, "I find it, and I bless my God they are plain promises, and do not require labor to understand them, for I can do nothing now, but look into my Bible for some promise and that supports me, and I live upon it."

Dr. Johnson said, "He is one of the few poets with whom youth and ignorance may be safely pleased, and happy will be that reader whose mind is disposed to copy his benevolence to man and his reverence to God."

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Give sovereigns from 1066 to 1776 with consorts.*
2. *Mention one important event in the reign of each.*

SIXTH ERA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

1709—1740.

Nicholas Rowe, Ambrosé Phillips, Thomas Parnell, Thomas Tickell, Allan Ramsey, John Gay, Richard Savage, Robert Blair, John Dyer, Anthony Cooper, Samuel Clarke, Henry St. John, George Berkeley, Philip Stanhope, Henry Home.

MONTHLY REVIEW.

1. Who wrote the *Principia*?
2. Who was roused from his dullness by a kick from a fellow student?
3. What author was President of the Royal Society?
4. What dog is noted in letterdom?
5. Who discovered the law of gravitation?
6. What two poets were at Charter House together?
7. Who wrote a poem praising Marlborough?
8. What two writers wrote for the *Tattler*, the *Spectator* and the *Guardian*?
9. Who wrote *Cato*?
10. Who was the Countess Dowager of Warwick?
11. What was Addison's great fault?
12. What was his opinion of women?
13. What were his dying words to his stepson?
14. Who was buried at Westminster in the dead of night?
15. What was Sir Richard Steele called at school?
16. Who was a Captain in the Lucas Fusiliers?
17. Who wrote the *Christian Hero*?
18. Why was the author laughed at?
19. Who married Miss Prue Scurlock?
20. Who wrote the *Conscious Lovers*?
21. Who advocated founding schools for the higher education of women?
22. Who advocated founding insurance companies?
23. Who advocated establishing savings banks for the poor?
24. Who had his ears cut off for a political pamphlet?
25. Who wrote a prefix to *Drelincourt on Death*?

26. Why did it have such a success?
27. Who wrote Robinson Crusoe?
28. Who was Stella?
29. Who was Vanessa?
30. Why was Swift called Dean Swift?
31. Who was Sir William Temple?
32. What king showed an author how to cut asparagus?
33. Who wrote Gulliver's Travels?
34. Who wrote the Tale of a Tub?
35. What was the author's object in writing it?
36. Who said he would die at the top?
37. Who founded an asylum for madmen?
38. What poet was deaf?
39. Who was "the wicked wasp of Twickenham?"
40. Who called him that?
41. Who owned Twickenham Park?
42. Who lived with him there?
43. Why did Swift and Pope admire each other?
44. Why did Pope and Addison quarrel?
45. What author was Pope's admiration?
46. Who wrote Essay on Man?
47. What spoils it as a poem?
48. Who has given us the finest translation of the Iliad and Odyssey?
49. Who wrote a poem about a stolen ringlet?
50. What was the object of the Dunciad?
51. Who said Lady Mary Montagu was the "dirtiest" woman in the world?
52. What was the Kit-Cat Club?
53. Who were members of it?
54. How did it happen that Lady Mary was carried there?
55. Describe the meeting with Edward Wortley?
56. Why did they apparently separate?
57. Who introduced inoculation into England?
58. Upon whom was it tried first?
59. Who was Horace Walpole?
60. Who was whipped for rhyming?
61. Who was the great hymn writer?
62. Who wrote a work on "Right Use of Reason"?
63. Who was called the loveliest character in English literature?
64. Who was called the "Little Nightingale"?
65. Who was it ran away from school and spent several days in the woods to escape a deserved whipping?
66. Who locked out the schoolmaster?
67. Who used to carry sweetmeats to his wife to keep from getting a scolding?
68. What two poets never laughed?
69. Why was Pope not allowed to attend the public schools and universities?
70. Why could not Watts attend?
71. Who owned Holland House?
72. Who swore never to wear glasses?
73. Who ordered Lady Burlington to sing?
74. Who entered Cambridge as a sub-sizar?
75. Who was disinherited for becoming a soldier?

76. Who passed with the degree "speciall gratia"?
77. Whose delight was it to beat the watch at midnight?
78. Who tenderly and lovingly cared for his mother?
79. Who was called the great monarch of letterdom?
80. Why did Swift become the idol of the Irish?
81. Who wrote *The Battle of the Books*?
82. Who was Dolly Walpole?
83. Who lived at Bilton Hall?

PLUS QUESTIONS.

1. *What was the origin of the motto "Dieu et mon Droit?"*
2. *Who was the British Solomon?*
3. *What King of England could not speak English?*
4. *Who was Queen Dick?*
5. *What war originated from the quarrel about filling water casks?*
6. *Who was the first Archbishop of Canterbury?*
7. *What English king's coffin was used for a horse trough?*
8. *The mother of what king was a washerwoman?*
9. *What king through mistake was poisoned by his own mother?*
10. *What Emperor sat upon his throne three hundred and fifty years?*

JOHN WESLEY.

1703.

1791.

George I. George II. George III.

WORKS.

Hymns.

Sermons.

Journals.

John Wesley was born on the 17th of June, 1703. The family name was originally Westley, and is supposed to be the same from which the Wellesleys and Wellingtons trace their origin. His father was Samuel Wesley, who opposed the schemes of James II. to support the cause of the Revolution; so when Mary and William came to the throne they rewarded him with the living of Epworth, and it was there his nineteen children were born, John being the second son.

It was from his mother that John Wesley inherited those qualities of mind which made him a leader among men. She, Susannah Annesley, the daughter of a Non-Conformist divine, was a woman of remarkable intelligence, as well as of great force of character and fervent piety. Adam Clarke said, "Such a woman, take her for all in all, I have not heard of, I have not read of, nor with her equal have I been acquainted. Many daughters have done virtuously, but Susannah Wesley has excelled them all."

She was a woman of literary tastes and aspirations, and but for the fire which destroyed the rectory at Epworth, and with it all of her manuscripts, we would doubtless have had many works from her pen. She devoted herself to the education of her children, laying great stress upon their religious training. The Lord's

Prayer was taught to each as soon as it began to talk, and the Bible was the text-book for all. It is said one daughter, Mehetabel, the most precocious of all the children, could read the New Testament in Greek when she was only eight years old. The Wesley children were allowed three meals a day, and positively forbidden to eat between them. They were bathed and put to bed at eight o'clock—the older children undressing the younger. Rudeness to each other was never tolerated in that household. Loud laughing and talking were strictly prohibited even in play-hours. They were taught to read when five years old, and only one day was allowed in which to learn the alphabet. In those days children were reared more strictly than they are now. Mrs. Wesley's first act was to teach perfect obedience, and "to break," as she expressed it, "the will of the child." She said, "As self-will is the root of all sin and misery, so whatever cherishes this in children insures their after-wretchedness and irreligion; whatever checks and mortifies it promotes their future happiness and piety." No matter how much we may disagree with her as regards this breaking of the will, all must acknowledge that she succeeded by this method in rearing a very remarkable set of children.

When a child was a year old it was taught to fear the rod, *and to cry softly, if it cried at all*. Wesley in a sermon once commended his mother's discipline in this particular, and urged parents not to give the child the thing cried for, because to do so would reward and encourage it to cry habitually for what it desired.

With such training as his mother gave, can we wonder that John Wesley was methodical in all his ways?

After leaving Charter House he went to Oxford to complete his education. He was a very diligent and successful student. While at Oxford he and his brother Charles began those methodical religious conferences from which Methodism sprang. The members of the different colleges in Oxford used to assemble together on particular nights of the week to confer about religious matters. The methodical manner in which they performed their various engagements, which a sense of Christian duty induced them to undertake—such as meeting together to study the Bible, to arrange for visiting the poor as well as the prisoners in jail—caused them to be called *Methodists*.

General Oglethorpe induced John Wesley to go to Georgia to preach to the Indians and the colonists. There he attempted to establish a discipline very different from that of the Church of England at home, but he failed. While in Savannah he fell very much in love with the daughter of the chief magistrate of the city, and wished to marry her, but the Moravian bishops and elders advised him to withdraw from her. She soon married another, and when Wesley refused to administer to her the communion, for reasons best known to himself, her husband threatened him with the law and he felt it was best to leave Savannah, and indeed America. He returned to England and became associated with George Whitfield his old college mate. These two did most effective outdoor preaching, but separated on a question which divided the Methodists into two sections—the Calvinistic and the Armenian.

In 1752 he married a wealthy widow, Mrs. Vizelle; but before marriage he insisted that all her property

should be settled upon her two children. This match proved very unfortunate, as Southey says of her, "By her outrageous jealousy, and abominable temper, she deserves to be classed with Xantippe and Job's wife as one of the three bad wives."

The last three years of Wesley's life were very miserable owing to declining health. He died in London at the age of eighty-eight. His remains lie in a churchyard very near Bunhill Fields where his revered mother was laid to rest.

When six years of age the rectory at Epworth was burned and he had a wonderful escape from death by fire. He and his mother were always impressed that this providential escape indicated some special mission in the world. It was true, for probably no man ever exerted so great an influence on the religious condition of the people of England as John Wesley, and his influence has extended to the remotest parts of the earth. His followers at his death numbered eighty thousand and now they reach many millions.

His benevolence was noted, for he gave away all his living to the poor. His writings are chiefly religious. His style in the pulpit was fluent, clear, argumentative, and impassioned. "He had a perfect natural grace of manner out of the pulpit, and of gesture in it. He was tall in person; his features were regular and expressive of a generous buoyant heart." No portrait extant gives to his features that character which his life indicated.

John Wesley has been called the "Founder of Methodism" although in reality his mother was. His brother Charles was the author of that oft quoted expression, "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

THREE NOVELISTS, RICHARDSON, SMOLLET AND FIELDING.

George I., Samuel Richardson. 1689-1761.	George II., Henry Fielding. 1707-1754.	George III. Tobias Smollet. 1721-1771.
------------------------------------------------	----------------------------------------------	----------------------------------------------

WORKS.
Pamela.
Clarissa Harlowe.
Sir Charles Grandison.

WORKS.
Joseph Andrews.
Jonathan Wild.
Amelia.
Tom Jones.

WORKS.
Regicide.
Roderick Random.
Peregrine Pickle.
Humphrey Clinker.
History of England.

"I go to *Sterne* for the feelings of nature; *Fielding* for its vices; *Johnson* for a knowledge of the workings of its powers; and *Shakespeare* for everything."—*Abernathy*.

Fielding being mentioned, Johnson exclaimed, "He was a blockhead!" and upon my expressing my astonishment at so strange an assertion, he said, "What I mean by his being a blockhead is, that he was a barren rascal." Boswell: "Will you not allow that he draws very natural pictures of life?" Johnson: "Why, sir, it is of very low life."—*Life of Johnson*, (*Boswell*.)

"Perhaps no books ever written excited such peals of inexhaustible laughter as those of Smollet."—*Scott*.

"The great excellence of Richardson's novels consists, we think, in the unparalleled minuteness and copiousness of his descriptions, and in the pains he takes to make us thoroughly acquainted with every particular in the character and situation of the personages with whom we are occupied. In this art, if we except DeFoe, he is without a competitor in the whole history of literature."—*Lord Jeffrey*.

Next to the newspaper, the novel has had the greatest influence in literature. The works of Richardson and Fielding furnish us a strong contrast in the literature of the time in which they lived,—the one historical, the other ethical. One representing noble dreams, enthusiastic elevation; the other, noisy hilarity and frank benevo-

lence. From them both we gain a satisfactory view of the general state of society. The authors themselves were totally different in character, and lived very different lives.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON was the son of a carpenter. He received only a common school education, and at an early age was apprenticed to a London printer. By his own industry and good conduct he soon became a partner in an extensive business. At fifty years of age, in his leisure moments, he applied himself to writing. He was anxious to cultivate the principles of virtue and religion in the minds of the young, therefore resolved to write a connected story. The result of this determination was *Pamela or Virtue Rewarded*. Pamela was an artless child of fifteen with too little dignity, and entirely too submissive. She was exposed to the wickedness of an aristocratic young master whom she loved, but who did not love her sufficiently to wish to marry her. He tried to buy her virtue with money and then with gentleness, but a grand and noble sentiment saves her. At last by her conduct she compels him to respect and admire her, and finally to ask her to be his wife.

Clarissa Harlowe is Richardson's masterpiece. Her virtue is subjected to a still harder test. The heroine is a noble, pure, and sweet-tempered girl, who is being forced to marry a coarse, heartless fool because an ambitious parent has selected him for her husband. She rebels against the wishes of the entire family. She offers to give up everything, and never to marry at all, if they will only allow her to withdraw from the proposed marriage. Then another evil threatens her. A splendid and accomplished villain desires to marry her because she is so obstinate and hard to conquer. Clarissa

loves him, but knowing his character to be immoral she dares not marry him. She feels that such a husband would upset all her religious principles, and lower her standard of virtue instead of elevating it. As Pamela had too little pride, Clarissa had too much. The former was too submissive, and the latter too haughty.

Sir Charles Grandison, his third work, represents the ideal of a perfect man. This is Richardson's poorest work, and becomes very tiresome in the long-winded conversations of the pompous and ceremonious Sir Charles and his prim sweetheart.

Richardson's novels, however, had a naturalness and purity of tone, which made them a precious boon to England in the day they were written. The same cannot be said of the novels of Fielding and Smollet.

Soon after Richardson's *Pamela* appeared, inculcating its lessons of purity and virtue, a wild, careless lawyer, HARRY FIELDING, gave to the world his *Joseph Andrews*, a wicked mockery of Richardson's novel.

Fielding was the son of General Fielding, and his mother the daughter of a judge. He was reared with the most extravagant ideas of life, and early plunged into all sorts of excesses. He married Miss Craddock, a woman he fondly loved, when he was twenty-eight. He lived a fast life, feasted and gave dinners, kept fine horses, a pack of hounds and a retinue of servants, and in a few years exhausted the small fortune brought him by his wife. He speculated but failed; he studied law and was admitted to the bar, but was unsuccessful and was forced to write to support his family; he lost his wife and was broken-hearted; he wept in concert with a maid servant for the "angel they mutually regretted" and then ended by marrying the maid.

He left for Lisbon in 1754 to restore his failing health and died the following October. "He had sown the wind and he reaped the whirlwind."

Joseph Andrews, written to ridicule the virtues portrayed by Richardson's *Pamela*, is filled with coarse jests, tavern brawls, and very ludicrous situations. It was a success because its very coarseness was acceptable to the age. *Jonathan Wild* followed, and then *Tom Jones*, his masterpiece, appeared.

Fielding's characters are strongly drawn though unrefined. As an observer of nature he is superior to Richardson, but as a moralist he is greatly inferior. He is the novelist of the lower millions, Richardson of the upper ten thousand. He teaches morality in a coarse style, Richardson in a serious style.

Fielding has all the best parts of a man without delicacy and moderation. His novels are highly valued because they give us an excellent picture of English society in his generation.

A novelist of a little later date was TOBIAS SMOLLET. His grandfather, Sir James Smollet, educated him, and on dying left him with no means of support, so he was early forced to struggle with poverty.

His works are greatly inferior to Richardson's or Fielding's, for there is an innate coarseness and an unscrupulous love of the indelicate in them, which too plainly show the moral nature of the man, and unfit them for the general reader.

His first work was *The Regicide*, a tragedy which he carried to London in the hopes of making a name. Alas! how many poor authors have trudged weary miles with the same hope burning in their breasts. It was refused. He then applied for the position of surgeon's mate and

succeeded in gaining this place. Here he acquired that wonderful knowledge of sailors and sailor-life that he describes so well in his books. His pictures of the navy and sailors are unsurpassed and imperishable.

At Jamaica he met Miss Lacelles, whom he married. He returned to London and began to write again, but his health was very poor, and he was irritable and cross and made friends very slowly.

Roderick Random appeared in 1748 and stamped its author as a novelist of note. *Peregrine Pickle* followed in three years. He then moved to Chelsea, but having carried his ugly temper with him, he made no friends and was utterly miserable. He undertook to edit the *Critical Review*, and was fined and imprisoned for a scurrilous libel. He wrote while in prison an imitation of Don Quixote's adventures. After he was released he wrote his *History of England*.

The death of his daughter, a child of fifteen, saddened him so that he traveled for many years. At Leghorn he wrote *Humphrey Clinker*, his finest work. He left some specimens of poetry, but they are inferior. At fifty he died an invalided exile, worn out long before his allotted time.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. Name the Georges who have ruled England.
2. Whom did they marry?
3. What was George I.'s right to the throne?
4. During whose reign did America gain her independence?
5. What was the South Sea Scheme?
6. Who was the best of the Georges?

MORAL SENTIMENTS.—(RICHARDSON.)

BENEFICENCE. The power of doing good to worthy objects is the only enviable circumstance in the lives of people of fortune.

What joy it is in the power of the wealthy to give themselves, whenever they please, by comforting those who struggle with undeserved distress.

Nothing in human nature is so God-like as the disposition to do good to our fellow creatures.

Such is the blessing of a benevolent heart, that, let the world frown as it will, it cannot possibly bereave it of all happiness; since it can rejoice in the prosperity of others.

CALUMNY. CENSURE. No one is exempt from calumny. Words said, the occasion of saying them not known, however justly reported, may bear a very different construction from what they would have done had the occasion been told.

Were evil actions to pass uncensured, good ones would lose their reward; and vice, by being put on a foot with virtue in this life, would meet with general countenance.

A good person will rather choose to be censured for doing his duty than for a defect in it.

CHILDREN. There is such a natural connection and progression between the infantile and more adult state of children's minds, that those who would know how to account for their inclinations, should not be wholly inattentive to them in the former state.

At two or three years old, or before the buds of children's minds will begin to open, a watchful parent will then be employed, like a skilful gardener, in defending the flower from blights, and assisting it through its several stages to perfection.

EDUCATION Tutors should treat their pupils, with regard to such of their faulty habits as cannot easily be eradicated, as prudent physicians do their patients in chronical cases; rather with gentle palliatives than harsh extirpatives; which, by means of the resistance given to them by the habit, may create such ferments as may utterly defeat their intention.

Neither a learned nor a fine education is of any other value than as it tends to improve the morals of men, and to make them wise and good.*

A generous mind will choose to win youth to its duty by mildness and good usage, rather than by severity.

The Almighty, by rewards and punishments, makes it our interest, as well as our duty, to obey Him; and can we propose to ourselves, for the government of our children, a better example?

FRIENDSHIP. The more durable ties of friendship are those which result from a union of minds formed upon religious principles.

*“ And surely happiness, duty, faith, truth, and final blessedness, are matters of deeper and dearer interest for all men, than circles to the geometrician, or the characters of plants to the botanist, or the affinities and combining principle of the elements of bodies to the chemist, or even than the mechanism (fearful and wonderful though it be) of the perishable Tabernacle of the Soul can be to the anatomist.” | *Coleridge*.

An open and generous heart will not permit a cloud to hang long upon the brow of a friend, without inquiring into the reason of it, in hopes to be able to dispel it.

Freely to give reproof, and thankfully to receive it, is an indispensable condition of true friendship.

One day, profligate men will be convinced that what they call friendship is chaff and stubble, and that nothing is worthy of that sacred name that has not virtue for its base.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS. The man or woman who will obstinately vindicate a faulty step in another, seems to indicate that, in like circumstances, he or she would have been guilty of the same fault.

All our pursuits, from childhood to manhood, are only trifles of different sorts and sizes, proportioned to our years and views.

We must not expect that our roses will grow without thorns; but then they are useful and instructive thorns, which, by pricking the fingers of the too hasty plucker, teach future caution.

THE GOOD MAN. A good man lives to his own heart. He thinks it not good manners to slight the world's opinion; though he will regard it only in the second place.

A good man will look upon every accession of power to do good as a new trial to the integrity of his heart.

A good man, though he will value his own countrymen, yet will think as highly of the worthy men of every nation under the sun.

A good man is a prince of the Almighty's creation.

A good man will not engage even in a national cause, without examining the justice of it.

How much more glorious a character is that of the friend of mankind, than that of the conqueror of nations!

The heart of a worthy man is ever on his lips; he will be pained when he cannot speak all that is in it.

An impartial spirit will admire goodness or greatness wherever he meets it, and whether it makes for or against him.

THE GOOD WOMAN. A good woman is one of the greatest glories of the creation.

How do the duties of a good wife, a good mother, and a worthy matron, well performed, dignify a woman!

A good woman reflects honor on all those who had any hand in her education, and on the company she has kept.

A woman of virtue and of good understanding, skilled in, and delighting to perform the duties of domestic life, needs not fortune to recommend her to the choice of the greatest and richest man, who wishes his own happiness.

YOUTH. It is a great virtue in good-natured youth to be able to say NO.

Those who respect age deserve to live to be old, and to be respected themselves.

Young people set out with false notions of happiness; with gay, fairy-land imaginations.

It is a most improving exercise, as well with regard to style as to morals, to accustom ourselves early to write down everything of moment that befalls us.

There is a docile season, a learning-time in youth, which, suffered to elapse, and no foundation laid, seldom returns.

Young folks are sometimes very cunning in finding out contrivances to cheat themselves.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.*—(SMOLLET.)

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valor long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And naught be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

* These fine verses were written in 1746, on the barbarities committed in the Highlands by order of the Duke of Cumberland, after the battle of Culloden. The dreadful cruelties practised upon the vanquished, made his name execrated throughout Scotland, and have fixed an indelible stain upon his memory. Read—Chambers' "History of the Rebellion," a small work replete with interest.

When Smollet wrote this poem, he was, as mentioned in the above biographical sketch, a surgeon's-mate, lately returned from service abroad. It is said that he originally finished the poem in six stanzas; when some one representing that such a diatribe against government might injure his prospects, he sat down and added the still more pointed invective of the seventh stanza.

Oh! baneful cause, oh! fatal morn,
Accursed to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood,

Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased :
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel!

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath ;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread ;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend :
And stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat ;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow :
" Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn."

THE THREE HISTORIANS, HUME, ROBERTSON AND GIBBON.

George II.,		George III.
David Hume.	William Robertson.	Edward Gibbon.
1711-1776.	1721-1793.	1737-1794.
WORKS.	WORKS.	WORKS.
A Treatise of Human Nature.	History of Scotland.	Essay on the Study of Literature
Moral and Philosophical Essays.	History of Charles V., of Germany	Critical Observations.
Political Discourses.	History of America.	The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.
History of England.	Essay on Earlier History of India.	Memoire Judicatif.
		Autobiography.

"Whatever else is read, Gibbon must be read too."—*Freeman*.

"We shall never have a greater historian in style as in matter, than Gibbon."
—*Saintbury*.

Hume, Robertson and Gibbon have been called the "illustrious historic triad" that graced the eighteenth century.

DAVID HUME, first in date of birth, has often been placed first in rank of all English historians. His writings are not reliable, however, as many of his statements have been accepted without careful investigation; and his books are all unsafe, because tinged with a scepticism that detracts greatly from a lustre that would otherwise have made them ornaments to English literature.

His father having died when he was an infant, he was brought up under the strict, tender and frugal care of his mother. He was taught to bear disappointments of all kinds when he was young, and by the age of sixteen had trained himself to meet with philosophic composure any stroke of fortune that might be sent. He early

became sceptical on matters of religion, and these sentiments were plainly shown in his *Treatise on the Human Mind*, his *Autobiography* and his *Essays*. When he sought a professorship in the University of Edinburgh, these sceptical principles prevented his receiving the appointment. He accepted a position as traveling companion for the Marquis of Annadale, but as the young man was insane it made his position an unpleasant one, and his stay in the family was exceedingly painful.

Hume is described as being tall, ungainly and very fat, with heavy features and dull eyes. He dressed awkwardly and spoke with a broad accent, but he was so good humored, so simple in his manners, and withal so generous and benevolent that he eventually won general regard. He lived with an unmarried sister in Edinburgh, and with philosophic good humor boasted that "they wanted nothing," although they were compelled to live in the most frugal manner.

He began his *History of England* in 1752, and in two years his first volume, containing the reigns of James I. and Charles I., appeared. This volume was so tinged with tory principles and sceptical teachings that it met with general disapprobation. So great was the author's disappointment that he seriously thought of changing his name and hiding in France. The history, however, sold well in Edinburgh, although only forty-five copies were bought in London. In 1756, his second volume appeared, embracing the reigns of Charles II. and James II.

This was much better received, as the author had made many friends among the literary men, and his amiable manners and pure morals conquered, in part, the prejudices against him on account of his sceptical

views. But the General Assembly was not so lenient. It condemned his writings and threatened him with excommunication. A party led by Dr. Robertson, which was much more liberal in its views, turned aside the blow which otherwise must have fallen.

Hume's intention was to write two more volumes of his history, but his design was never carried out. He had now acquired quite a fortune by the sale of his book and went with the Marquis of Hereford to Paris, where he was received with signal distinction. The royal family, the nobility, the French philosophers, and the ladies of rank overwhelmed him with their attentions, and yet through it all Hume preserved that simplicity of manner and moderation that always characterized him.

He had no petty literary jealousies, and we cannot but admire the spirit which prompted him to do all to advance the fame of his rival Robertson, whose *History of Scotland* was being so well received everywhere, while his own was condemned. And it was this same spirit that actuated him to write the congratulatory letter to Gibbon when his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* appeared. We rarely find this generous spirit actuating literary men, and Hume was a rare exception to the general rule. We find him too, befriending Rousseau when he left his country on account of literary persecution.

Hume wrote exquisitely but not accurately. Modern research has detected countless flaws in his book. He often spent the beauty of his style upon mere chaff and sawdust.

He died August, 1776.

Quite a contrast to Hume was the REV. WILLIAM

ROBERTSON, the Scottish historian and divine,—and yet in many points there was a similarity. The same carelessness in research was characteristic of both.

This lovable Scotch minister, not content with spending his leisure moments in idleness, devoted them to the study of history, and has left behind him a reputation as a historian which makes him better known to us than ever the Rev. William Robertson would have been.

In order to acquire the information necessary for his work, he did not neglect his ministerial work nor his pastoral visits, and we see him, while gaining information in historical matters, being rapidly promoted in church distinctions.

In 1758 he was placed in charge of Lady Yester Church in Edinburgh. The year following he gave to the reading world his *History of Scotland*. He took a midway ground in dealing with Mary Queen of Scots, and pictured her as a wretched Scotch woman with a French soul, who saw so little of Holyrood, and so much of English prisons. He does not believe her to have been a beautiful martyr, nor yet a beautiful criminal. He warns us not to be blinded to her faults and not to approve of “our tears as if they were shed for a purer creature.”

He published ten years later his *History of Charles V. of Germany*. This history is valuable, because it marks a period which connects the Middle Ages with modern society and politics. Charles V. was Emperor of Germany and King of Spain and was the most influential monarch of the time in which he lived; Henry VIII. was on England's throne; Francis I. was in France; Gustavus Vasa was in Sweden; and Soliman the Magnificent, ruled over the Ottoman Empire.

In 1777, he published his *History of America*, and in 1791, his *Historical Disquisitions concerning the Knowledge which the Ancients had of India*.

His birth place was Bosthwick, Midlothian Co., Scotland.

At twelve he entered the University and distinguished himself for his acquirements. After spending a life of usefulness, eminent for piety, he died June 11th, 1793.

Notwithstanding their difference in religious opinions, Hume greatly extolled Robertson as a man and a historian. Gibbon, too, bore ample testimony to his accuracy and style.

“His style was easy and flowing, and his language correct, his investigations diligent and his expressions temperate.”

Gibbon said, “The perfect composition, the nervous language, the well-trained periods of Dr. Robertson inflamed me to the ambitious hope that I might one day tread in his footsteps; the calm philosophy, the careless inimitable beauties of his friend and rival, Hume, often forced me to close the volume with a mixed sensation of delight and despair.”

EDWARD GIBBON in his *Memoir of My Life and Writings*, gives us a better insight into his own character than we can get from any other writer.

He was such a delicate child that his parents, Edward Gibbon and Judith Porten, never dreamed of rearing him. So sure were they that he would die, and so anxious were they to have his father's name perpetuated, that they called the next son Edward also; but strange to say, out of the six sons and one daughter born to them, the historian was the only one who survived infancy. The care of his mind was often neglected for the care of his body, and

his education was interrupted by frequent attacks of illness.

His mother died before he was old enough to prize her valuable teachings or to realize his loss. His father's grief was inconsolable, and the only impression made on his childish mind was the room hung with black, his father's sighs and tears, and praises of his wife and his adjurations to him to cherish her memory and to imitate her virtues.

He was placed when only twelve at Westminster school and three years afterwards he went to Oxford. He became a Papist while there which greatly distressed his father, so he had him removed to a private tutor, named M. Pavilliard, a Calvinistic minister, living at Lausanne. This teacher could speak little English, so it forced the pupil to learn French rapidly, and so great progress did he make that in a short time he tells us himself, he actually *thought* in French. He became greatly attached to this teacher.

It was at this time that he fell in love with Susan Curshod, whose father had charge of a small village church in Crassy. She had relatives in Lausanne and was visiting them when Gibbon met her. Her mother was a French woman who preferred freedom in religion to country, and had followed her husband to share his labors while living on a small salary among the mountains. The parents had given a liberal and even learned education to their only daughter, who surpassed their hopes in her proficiency in the sciences and languages. She was witty, beautiful and learned; she was lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners. Is it strange then that Gibbon should have been fascinated by her? He told her of

his love, never dreaming that there would be any opposition on his father's part. But when he found this opposition so violent as to threaten disinheritance, he yielded to his fate.

The young lady's father soon after died, and she went to Geneva and opened a school for young ladies in order to gain a support for herself and mother. A rich banker of Paris, then living in Geneva, met and appreciated this prize. In the capital of taste and luxury she resisted the temptations of wealth, and maintained a spotless reputation and a dignified behavior. The banker's name was Necker, the minister of the French monarchy; and so it was that Gibbon's love became the mother of Madame de Stael, one of the most brilliant women that France or any other country has ever produced.

Gibbon spent five years longer in Lausanne, and then went to London to live with his father. He determined to devote himself to literary work, and began collecting material for his history. He went to Paris, traveled in Italy and then returned to London. After his father's death he settled in the old home there and commenced the first volume of his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. The subject was so vast that at times he became greatly discouraged and was on the point of giving up, but he persevered and brought out two volumes. Then he went to Lausanne, so endeared to him by associations, to complete his history which has made his name renowned.

The garden adjoining Hotel Gibbon, with its famous covered walk of acacias and even the very tree under which Gibbon wrote his history, is still pointed out at Lausanne.

In referring to his work he said, "My first rough manuscript, without any intermediate copy, has been sent to the press. Not a sheet has been seen by any human eyes excepting those of the author and printer; the faults and the merits are exclusively my own." He said in regard to Hume's letter of commendation that "it overpaid the labor of ten years."

He at one time had political aspirations. He entered Parliament when thirty-eight years of age, but his career was unsatisfactory to himself and his constituents, so he did not return.

He lived at Lausanne until the last year of his life. The illness of Lady Sheffield called him to London, where he remained until his death, in 1794.

HISTORY REVIEW.

- 1. Name sovereigns beginning with William I. and ending with George III.**
- 2. Name the wife of each sovereign.**

THOMAS GRAY.

1716.

George II.

1771.

George III.

WORKS.

Ode to Spring.

Hymn to Adversity.

Ode on the Progress of Poesy.

Ode on the Bard.

Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton
College.

Ode on the Death of a Favorite Cat.

Elegy Written in a Country Church-
yard.

"He loved virtue for its own sake and felt a just and never-slackened indignation at vice.—*Sir Edgerton Brydges.*

There is very little of interest to the student in the quiet life of this writer. He lived as a scholar, and we might add, as a recluse, devoted to his books—his only love, and intent on the acquisition of knowledge. The greater part of his life was passed at Cambridge, a place hateful to him from its laws and teachings, but having the magnet of a fine library. The poet owed his superior education to his mother. His father was a bad man and so violent in temper that Mrs. Gray wisely separated from him, and with her son went to live with her sister in Cornhill. The two women opened a shop for the sale of Indian goods, and when the boy was old enough, his mother sent him to Eton, where an elder brother was a master. He remained here until he was nineteen years old, and then entered as a pensioner at Peter House, Cambridge, his uncle's college. For three years he stayed, hating the place, feeling that the lectures were irksome, and neglecting mathematics, which he heartily detested. All possible time he gave to the classics, which he read with the ardor of a lover. Among

his school-fellows was Horace Walpole, who finished at the University about the time that Gray left—without a degree—and the two set out in company to do the Continent. But two such men, so dissimilar in tastes and feelings, could not remain together long. Gray, with his poet's nature, loved to wander over the ruins of ancient cities and muse on the past; Walpole, on the contrary, frequented theatres, balls, and dancing halls, reveling in the social pleasures of foreign lands. The pair quarreled and separated at Reggio. Walpole remained in Italy while his friend proceeded to Venice and sailed on the first ship going to England. He acknowledged that he was the cause of their separating. On his arrival he went to Cambridge and entered on a course of study, which he kept up until his death. Leisurely he wrote and finished and polished his odes. Slowly he gave them to the world, five years elapsing between the composition of the first and second poems.

He was appointed Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. He accepted the position and held it to the time of his death, but owing to his indolence in writing he never gave a lecture. A contemporary speaks of him as "the greatest scholar of his time."

At the death of Cibber the laureateship was offered to him, but he declined. Cleveland says of Gray: "His life was spent in the acquisition of knowledge. At the time of his death he was perhaps the most learned man in Europe. * * * He knew every branch of history, both natural and civil; had read all the original historians of England, France and Italy, and was a great antiquary. Criticisms, metaphysics, morals, and politics, made a principal part of his plan of study; voyages and travels of all sorts were his favorite amuse-

ments, and he had fine taste in painting, architecture and gardening."

He died from an attack of gout of the stomach on the twenty-fourth of July, 1771, in the fifty-fifth year of his life.

A. W. SMITH.

Gray is buried in the same grave with his mother and an unpretending stone marks their resting place in the little churchyard at Stoke-Pogis just a few miles from Windsor Castle. A short distance from his grave is a monument erected on the spot where he composed his famous *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. One can well imagine how the "lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea" and how "the ploughman homeward plods his weary way," if once he views the landscape from this point; for all "the air a solemn stillness holds" and there could be no more fitting place to inter the dead.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Who was the Young Pretender?*
2. *What led to the seven years war with France?*
3. *When did the English gain Canada?*
4. *When was the Stamp Act passed?*
5. *When did the American Revolution begin?*
6. *On what day was Independence declared?*
7. *What was the second war with America?*
8. *When was the Battle of Waterloo?*
9. *Where is Waterloo?*
10. *When was the slave trade abolished?*
11. *For which of the Georges was Georgia named?*
12. *How many Georges came to the throne?*

I.—ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

[INTRODUCTION.—This famous poem was begun by Gray in 1742, finished in 1750, and first printed in 1751. It has been pronounced "the most widely known poem in our language"—a popularity to be sought in the fact that "it expresses in an exquisite manner feelings and thoughts that are universal," and are therefore intelligible to all. Though not wholly free from faults, the *Elegy* is, on the whole, to use Gray's felicitous phrase, "a gem of purest ray serene."]

1. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
2. Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;
3. Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.
4. Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
5. The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
6. For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.
7. Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!
8. Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.
9. The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
10. Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

11. Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice prove the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?
12. Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.
13. But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.
14. Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
15. Some village Hampden that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
16. The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,
17. Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;—
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,
18. The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.
19. Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
20. Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
21. Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.
22. For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,

Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

23. On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.
24. For thee who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,
25. Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
26. "There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
27. "Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.
28. "One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;
29. "The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

30. Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.
31. Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear;
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.
2. No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

1709.

1784.

Anne. George I. George II. George III.

WORKS.

The Vanity of Human Wishes.
Irene, (a Tragedy.)
London, (Satirical Poems.)
Journey to the Hebrides.

Lives of the Poets.
Life of Savage.
English Dictionary.
Rasselas.

"A mass of genuine manhood."—*Thomas Carlyle*.

"The old philosopher is still among us in the brown coat, with the metal buttons and the shirt which ought to be in wash, blinking, puffing, rolling his head, drumming with his fingers, tearing his meat like a tiger, and swallowing his tea in oceans."—*Macaulay*.

"The memory of other authors is kept alive by their works, but the memory of Johnson keeps many of his works alive. No human being who has been more than seventy years in his grave is so well known to us. And it is but just to say that our intimate acquaintance with what he would himself have called the *aufractuosities* of his intellect, and of his temper, serves only to strengthen our conviction that he was both a great and good man."

This eccentric man and unhappy poet, whose vices were not less striking than his talents, was born in Litchfield, in the early part of the eighteenth century. His childhood was a struggle with disease, melancholy, and a peculiar disposition. He had to suffer all his life with an inherited trouble, scrofula, which scarred his face, bleared his eyes and made him wonderfully sensitive. When a mere lad, his father, a bookseller at Litchfield, took him to London to be examined by the court physician and to be prayed over by the court chaplain. While there he had the honor of having Queen Anne place her hands upon his head, call him a fine boy and give him a piece of gold.

From sixteen to eighteen he studied at home. Without a guide or plan he read the books in his father's

library, retaining what was good, rejecting what was not. He read little Greek, but was a fine Latin scholar. His career was an extraordinary one. He entered Oxford in 1728, but left in three years without a degree, on account of his father's death depriving him of the means to carry on his education. The first day he entered school he surprised his teacher by quoting Macrobius, and the learned professor declared he had never known a freshman of equal attainments. His careless dress and boorish manners made him the laughing stock of his college mates, and at first he had a trying time, but soon they found that in spite of his ragged clothes he had within him the "stuff of which heroes are made."

At twenty-five he married a widow, fat and fifty,—a woman old enough for his mother and who had children older than himself. He did not marry, however, until he had "weighed the virtues and vices in antithesis, as it were, and reduced them to an equation and found the value of the unknown quantity." From his own writings we copy, "I lived in a state of celibacy beyond the usual time. In the hurry, first of pleasure and afterwards of business, I felt no want of a domestic companion ; but becoming weary of labor, I soon grew weary of idleness and thought it reasonable to follow the custom of life and to seek some solace of my cares in female tenderness, and some amusement of my leisure in female cheerfulness. Having estimated the good and evil of every quality in woman, I employed my diligence and that of my friends to find the lady in whom nature and reason had reached that happy mediocrity, which is equally remote from exuberance and deficiency."

The woman he selected for his wife, Mrs. Porter, was

short, coarse and fat. She painted her face and dressed in gaudy colors. Yet Johnson seemed to have lived happily with her and sincerely mourned her when she died. On the way to be married, for they were to ride on horseback to Derby, Mrs. Porter complained that Johnson rode too fast. He rode more slowly and she said he must not lag behind. "Then," said Johnson, in speaking of it, "I rode as briskly as I could, till I was fairly out of sight. I knew she could not miss the road. When she came up she was in tears. Sir, she had a notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog."

He tried to support himself by teaching, and opened a school and advertised for scholars. During eight months only three applied. Among these was Davy Garrick who went with him in 1737 to London. Johnson went to earn his bread by his pen, Garrick went to study law at Lincoln's Inn, but the stage attracted him from the bar, and he soon began his career as a famous actor. Johnson, without patronage or party, began the struggle against want, disease, and the world, and he often passed the morning in doubt whether he should have food for the afternoon. He was pensioned by George III., in 1762. This placed him above want and allowed him to indulge his natural indolence by lying in bed until mid-day or later. In 1784 he died from dropsy and asthma and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He had always a great horror of death, but when he saw the end actually approaching he became perfectly resigned, strong in his faith in Christ, joyful in the hope of his own salvation and anxious about the salvation of others. He pleaded with Sir Joshua Reynolds "to read his Bible, and to keep holy the

Sabbath day," for it was well known that his painter friend did not observe that day as a day of rest. He died so calmly that the watchers in the room were unconscious when he ceased to breathe.

In appearance Johnson was large, robust, corpulent, shabby and slovenly, with all the outward signs of a voracious appetite. In manners he was eccentric and boorish. Frequently while in company he would retire to a window and mutter a Latin verse or prayer. He had a habit of rolling his head, swaying his body, stretching himself out and then convulsively drawing back his leg. He insisted upon going in and out of a door in a certain manner, and if he went wrong he would come back, put himself in proper position and start afresh. He would frequently make a great circuit to avoid an alley for which he had an unintelligible aversion. At the table he had been known to stoop down suddenly, seize a lady's foot and take off her shoe. He would dart at his food, keeping his eyes riveted upon his plate, refusing to speak, and then when completely gorged, the perspiration rolling from his face, and the veins of his forehead all swollen, he would be in good condition for debate. He could not bear contradiction. Goldsmith said of him, "There is no getting along with Johnson; if his pistol misses fire he knocks you down with the butt of it." At the end of a dispute he would blow out his breath like a whale, spitting upon every one in his neighborhood, and then swallow in succession several cups of tea. Nineteen cups a day was his usual allowance. He had a trick of touching the posts as he walked along the streets, reeling from side to side like a drunken man and would treasure up scraps of orange peel. He was regarded as a strange animal in the ele-

gant drawing-rooms among learned philosophers, and they would inquire into his history with wondering caution. His actions show a blending of prejudice and liberality, credulity, bigotry and candor. Being taunted on one occasion by a lady with, "I believe, Doctor, you prefer the company of men to that of ladies," he replied, "I am very fond of the company of ladies; I like their beauty, I like their delicacy, but I like their *silence*." He once dined with a Scotch lady who had hodgepodge for dinner. After the Doctor had tasted it, the lady asked, "Is it not good?" "Good for hogs," the rough man replied. "Then Dr.,," said the lady, "have some more." But he did know how to be polite when he chose to be. Miss Reynolds told him that she had given up her box at the Oratorio because she preferred hearing him talk to hearing Miss Linley sing. "And I, madam," was his gallant reply, "would rather sit with you than sit upon a throne." He was conservative in politics and religion. He was called the "Hercules of Toryism," and declared that the first whig was the devil. He believed in spiritualism and would give respectful audience to ghosts. A Christian from conviction, the service of God was the actuating principle of his life. Lord Macaulay in his History of England says, "If it be asked who first in England at this period breasted the waves and stormed the tide of infidelity, who outlived the current in favor of revealed religion, that praise seems most fitly to belong to Dr. Samuel Johnson."

Johnson always had pity for severe distress. He was known on one occasion to carry home on his shoulder a sick and starving girl from the streets, and he turned his house into a home for ingrates. He had there a blind old woman, a peevish old man, and other helpless people, and all found in him a patient friend.

He became acquainted with a young Scotchman, James Boswell, Esq., a vain, tattling, frivolous busy-body, whose only claim to respect is that he produced the best biography that has been written in English, and that biography is "Boswell's Life of Johnson." From the moment that he first met Dr. Johnson, he revered him as a sage. He listened to him as though his sentences were inspired. He treasured up every word that came, as it were from the lips of a saint. Every night he wrote in his note book all that the wise man had said during the day, and he has given to us not only the most vivid portrait of the person, manners, and conversation of Johnson, but also a most admirable picture of the society amid which he played so admirable a part. Some one asked Goldsmith who was that cur at Johnson's heels. He replied, "It isn't a cur; it's a burr that was thrown at Johnson and it stuck."

For sixteen years Johnson enjoyed the society of the Thrales. Mr. Thrale was a rich brewer, a member also of the House of Commons. His wife was famous for her talents and for the intellectual society she gathered around her. Under their roof, Johnson enjoyed all that friendship, respect, and great wealth could give. With them he made several excursions through England and one to Paris.

Johnson's style was so peculiar it received the distinguishing name of Johnsonese. Short words had no charm for him, and whether describing a scene in a tavern, or expostulating on the grandest of moral themes, his display of language made his writing monotonous. Goldsmith plainly declared to his face, "If you were to write a fable about little fishes, Doctor, you would make them talk like whales."

Johnson's name is inseparably connected with the *Rambler* and *Idler*, two periodicals after the *Spectator*

class, which appeared between 1750 and 1758. While writing for these he was steadily at work on his *Dictionary of the English Language*. He was anxious to dedicate it to some patron of learning, as he thought this necessary to its success. He therefore chose Lord Chesterfield, and so notified his highness of the intended compliment. Lord Chesterfield tossed him a few guineas, but when several days afterward Johnson called on him, he told his servant to say "not at home." This nettled the learned Doctor, and the *Dictionary* came out without a dedication. When near its completion, Chesterfield saw its merit and wrote a patronizing letter to its author, but the nobleman received a proud and angry reply, which is one of the most natural pieces of English that ever came from Johnson's pen.

His *Lives of the Poets* was the last great work of this author, but no reader must take his idea of English poets from this work; for he has made "dwarfs giants and giants dwarfs." Patient Cowper, in speaking of Johnson's low estimate of Milton, said, "I could thrash his old jacket until I made his pension jingle in his pocket."

"Johnson, to be sure, has a rough manner," Goldsmith said, "but no man alive has a better heart. He has nothing of the bear about him but his skin." Garrick said, "Rabelais and all other wits are nothing compared to him. You may be diverted by them, but Johnson gives you a forcible hug, and squeezes the laughter out of you whether you will or no."

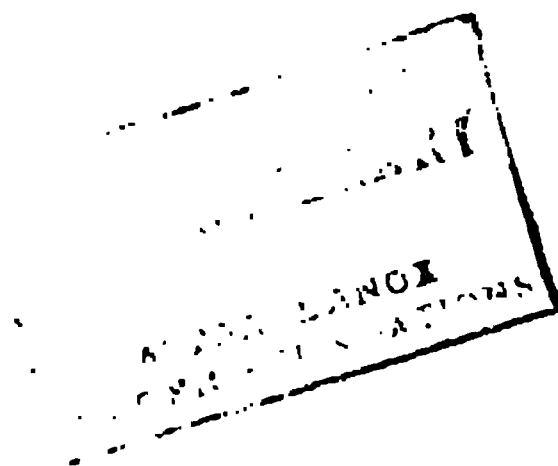
Johnson's powers of conversation were remarkable and he was dubbed "King Samuel" in the social gatherings at the club where he met the literary men of the day,—Reynolds, Burke, Goldsmith, Garrick, Langton, Fox, Beauclerc and Percy. "The club room is before

us and the table on which stands the omelet for Nugent, and the lemons for Johnson. There are assembled those heads which live forever on the canvas of Reynolds. There are the spectacles of Burke and the tall thin form of Langton, the courtly sneer of Beauclerc, and the beaming smile of Garrick, Gibbon tapping his snuff-box and Sir Joshua with his trumpet in his ear. In the foreground is that strange figure which is as familiar to us as the figures of those among whom we have been brought up—the gigantic body, the huge massy face seamed with the scars of disease, the brown coat, the black worsted stockings, the gray wig with scorched foretop, the dirty hands, the nails bitten and pared to the quick. We see the eyes and mouth moving with convulsive twitches, we see the heavy form rolling, we hear it puffing and then comes the ‘Why! Sir?’ and the ‘What then, Sir?’ ”

Again he is described thus,—“Johnson grown old, Johnson in the fullness of his fame and in the enjoyment of a complete fortune, is better known to us than any other man in history. Everything about him, his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St. Vitus dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, the outward signs which too plainly marked his approbation of a good dinner, his appetite for fish-sauce and veal pie with plums, his insatiable thirst for tea, his trick of touching the posts as he walked, his mysterious practice of treasuring up orange peel, his morning slumbers, his midnight disputations, his contortions, his mutterings, his grindings, his puffings, his ready eloquence, his sarcasm, his insolence, his fits of tempestuous rage, his inmates, old Mr. Levitt and blind Mrs. Williams, the cat Hodge, and the negro Frank, are all as familiar to us as

DR. REYNOLDS' TEA PARTY.





the objects by which we have been surrounded from childhood."

Cave the publisher, anxious for some of his literary friends to meet Johnson, invited him to dine with him, but Johnson was so shabbily dressed that he would insist upon eating behind a screen. At the table one of the party began criticising severely one of the articles in the *Rambler*, not having recognized the author in Dr. Johnson. In an instant, to the astonishment of the assembled party, a plate was hurled from behind the screen at the critic's head.

"The characteristic peculiarity of Johnson's intellect," says a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, "was the union of great powers with low prejudices. If we judge of him by the best parts of his mind we should place him almost as high as he was placed by the idolatry of Boswell; if by the worst parts of his mind we should place him even below Boswell himself."

We must remember that with all his faults he was a sincere and zealous Christian, and possessed a kind and benevolent heart. His great zeal for religion made him sometimes a little rude. For instance, the Abbé Raynal was introduced to him, but the doctor drew back and put his hands behind him. On being questioned by a friend about this rudeness, he replied, "Sir, I will *not* shake hands with an infidel." On another occasion he was asked if he did not think the Dean of Derry a most agreeable man. He pretended not to hear the question and upon its being repeated, he said, "I will not speak anything in favor of a Sabbath breaker to please you or any one else."

His will began: "I offer up my soul to the great and merciful God: I offer it full of pollution, but in full

assurance that it will be cleansed in the blood of my Redeemer."

He expressed fears about dying and his physician said, "But Doctor, you have written piously." "Yes," he replied, "I have written piously, it is true, but I have lived too much like other men." Then he talked of his death and funeral with great composure. He fell into a sound sleep twelve hours before his death and died without a groan.

He has been styled the "Sage of Litchfield," "The most brilliant conversationalist of his age," and "King Samuel."

More anecdotes have been related of Samuel Johnson, possibly, than of any other one writer, unless an exception is made of Voltaire. His mother was very much opposed to his marriage with Mrs. Porter. "No, Sam," said she, "my willing consent to such a preposterous match you shall never have—you are twenty-five and she is turned fifty. Then, too, where are your means of support? Porter has died poor in consequence of her extravagant habits, and while you have great talents, my son, you have never turned them into any profitable channel." "Mother," answered Johnson, "I have never deceived Mrs. Porter—I have told her the worst of me—I have told her that I am of mean extraction, and that I have no money and that I had an uncle that was hanged; and her answer was that she valued no one for their descent, and that she had no money herself, and although she had no relation that was hanged, she had fifty that deserved hanging."

A lady once invited Dr. Johnson to her home to entertain her guests by his witty eccentric talk. He suspected the reason for the invitation, accepted it, and

revenged himself by not speaking one word and drinking nineteen cups of tea.

On one occasion Dr. Johnson was speaking of the miseries of life. An old maid, noted for her cheerfulness, said, "Oh! Dr. Johnson, I must differ with you, for, thank heaven, I am entirely happy." "Impossible," said Dr. Johnson, "for one old and ugly and sickly and poor to be happy."

Dr. Johnson was extremely averse to the then present method of educating children, as their mothers expressed it, "to make them elegant young men." A mother once asked his advice about the education of her boy. "Madam," he replied, "teach him to read, to write and to count—*grammar, writing and arithmetic*—three things rarely taught to any purpose, and without the knowledge of which no superstructure of learning or of knowledge can be built."

Dr. Johnson laid a wager with Boswell that he could go into Billingsgate Fish Market, and by using only the nine parts of speech so infuriate an old woman there that she would cry out with rage. Immediately the bet was accepted. Dr. Johnson on approaching her stall caught his nose and pointed to her fish. The old lady called him a very ugly name. He retorted, "you are an *article*." She answered, "I am no more an article than you are, you villian." "You are a *noun*, I say." The woman stamped with rage and told him to hush—
— "You are a *pronoun*." She shook her fist at him—"You are a *verb*, an *adverb*, an *adjective*, a *preposition*, an *interjection*, a *conjunction*! The old lady angered beyond endurance finally dumped herself down in the mud, crying with rage, and so the bet was won.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1728.

George II.

1774.

George III.

WORKS.

An Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe.

The Citizen of the World.

The Vicar of Wakefield.

The Good-Natured Man.

The Deserted Village.

The Traveller.

History of England.

Animated Nature.

Histories of Greece and Rome.

She Stoops to Conquer.

"Think of him reckless, thoughtless, vain, if you like—but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. His humor delighting us still; his song fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it; his words in all our mouths; his very weaknesses beloved and familiar; his benevolent spirit seems still to smile on us; to do gentle kindnesses; to succor with sweet charity; to soothe, caress, and forgive; to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor."
—*Thackeray*.

Oliver Goldsmith of Irish descent was born at Pallas in the County of Longford, Ireland. He belonged to a respectable but by no means thrifty family,—a family of strange ways and one that rarely acted like other people. Their hearts were in the right place, but their heads often led them to do what they ought not. They had no cleverness in the ways of the world and Oliver inherited the virtues and the weaknesses of his ancestors. His father, Rev. Charles Goldsmith, married very young and very poor, and many years starved along on a small salary as curate, with such assistance as his wife's relatives could give him.

Goldsmith portrays his father's character in many of his works. His learned simplicity, his guileless wisdom, his amiable piety and utter ignorance of the world, we have in Dr. Primrose in *Vicar of Wakefield*. His gen-

erosity, his hospitality, his ambition, and his love for the whole world we have in his *Citizen of the World*. In *Deserted Village* we have the picture of his fireside:

" His home was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain.
The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there and had those claims allowed.
The broken soldier kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe.
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began."

The family consisted of five sons and two daughters. Henry and Oliver were the oldest sons. Henry being seven years older than Oliver, was the guide and protector of his youth. Oliver's education began at three years of age. His first teacher, a motherly old dame, Mistress Elizabeth Delap, used to say of him that he was the dullest boy she had ever dealt with, and she doubted whether it was possible ever to make anything of him. Yet, when she was ninety years old and this pupil was a great poet, she was proud to boast that she had put the first book into his hand. At six years of age he was transferred to Thomas Bryne, (irreverently called Paddy by the boys) who was a good teacher for a poet. It is his picture we have in the village school-master taken from the *Deserted Village*:

" Besides yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face.

Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he.
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd ;
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still.
With words of learned length and thund'ring sound,
Amazed the gazing rustic ranged around.
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

Goldsmith remained under the tuition of this teacher until he had an attack of small-pox, which badly pitted his face, and came very near proving fatal to him. When only eight years old, he would write verses for his own amusement and then destroy them. His mother found some of these youthful productions and recognizing the genius of her son, insisted that he should have a university education. His father opposed her wishes because he had designed him to learn a trade ; but she was persistent and carried her point.

Oliver was placed with Rev. Mr. Griffin, school-master of the village school where his uncle, John Goldsmith, lived. He became the wit and genius of the family, and some of his relatives agreed to contribute towards sending him to the University. Prominent among these relatives was his Uncle Contarine, who had married his father's sister. This warm-hearted, generous man took a great fancy to Goldsmith and opened his house to him during the holidays, and bore the greater part of his college expenses.

Goldsmith was more indolent and careless than dull and indifferent, and it appears that he was well thought

of by most of his teachers, and was a great favorite with his school-mates. They loved, dearly, this brave big-hearted fellow who would share his last penny with them. He was quick-tempered, but it did not last long, and he never harbored resentment. He was the leader in all boyish sports and foremost in all mischievous pranks.

When the time came for him to be placed at the University, he could no longer be entered as a pensioner like his brother, but was forced to be a sizar. A sizar is a student who is taught and boarded gratuitously, and has only to pay a small sum for room rent. In return for this he must do menial work, such as sweeping the courts in the morning, carrying the dishes from the kitchen, and waiting in the hall while the other students dine. His dress marked his inferiority. It was of coarse, black stuff without sleeves, and he wore a plain cap without a tassel. Although Goldsmith bore the humiliations without a complaint, we know he felt bitter upon the subject, because he opposed so violently his brother Henry's son entering college under the same conditions.

One of Goldsmith's tutors was the Rev. Theaker Wilder, a man of violent temper, strong prejudices, and one who often used the harshest language to his pupils. Goldsmith hated him and hated the studies he taught, mathematics, ethics, and logic.

At the death of his father he would have been compelled to leave college but for the kindness of his Uncle Contarine. At intervals he was put to great straits and would borrow from his friends, pawn his books, or write street ballads for sale. These ballads sold for five shillings, and often the author of them would stroll out at

night to hear them sung and enjoy the applause which each received.

He came very near being expelled from college for taking part in ducking a bailiff. To atone for this, he made an extra exertion and gained one of the minor prizes. With this money he gave a dance in his room, which was contrary to college rules. Wilder discovered this by the unwonted sound of the fiddle, and severely chastised the offender in the presence of all his guests, and turned all out "neck and heel." Goldsmith's humiliation was complete and he made up his mind to leave college. He could no longer stand Wilder's persecutions, and he feared too the ridicule of his companions. He sold all of his books and clothes and intended to embark for America, but he loitered in Dublin until all his money was spent and he was then compelled to appeal to his brother Henry for help. This generous and forgiving brother came to his relief and carried him back to college, having effected a partial reconciliation with Wilder.

Among the anecdotes related of Goldsmith during his college days, one particularly shows his thoughtless benevolence. He had promised to take breakfast with a friend, but failing to keep his appointment, the friend came for him. He found Goldsmith inside of his feather bed. It appeared that a poor woman had met him the evening before and told him a pitiful tale about being left penniless, without food or covering for herself and five children. Goldsmith, without hesitation, gave her the blankets from his own bed to cover with, and a part of his clothing to pawn for food. Feeling cold in the night he had ripped open his feather bed and there it was that his friend found him.

His college days ended, and all his relatives were dis-

appointed. They feared his mother's love had overrated his genius, for his college course had proved a failure. His Uncle Contarine was the only one of the relatives who did not lose faith in him. He saw the warm heart and latent genius, and felt that time would mature both. His purse and his affections were open to him, and after his father's death he became his chief counsellor and director. He urged him to prepare for holy orders, but Goldsmith was too conscientious to undertake this. He could not assume the duties of this sacred office for which he knew he was unfitted by temper and inclination. His scruples, however, were finally overruled and he agreed to qualify himself. The time came for him to apply for orders and he presented himself before the bishop dressed in scarlet breeches and in a garb little befitting a minister. He was rejected of course. Some maintain it was because he was not properly prepared; others attribute his rejection to Wilder's influence, but there are very many who feel sure the scarlet breeches turned the scale.

His uncle still was unwavering in his kindness and secured him a position as tutor in the family of Mr. Flynn. He quarrelled with one of the members of the family on account of an unfair game of cards and gave up his place. With a part of his salary he bought a horse and started upon his continental tour. Weeks elapsed and nothing was heard from him. Finally one day he appeared at his mother's door in a sorry plight. She upbraided him severely. His excuse was that he had taken passage on a steamer for America, and the vessel had sailed while he was in the country with friends. Of course his money was gone and he had been forced to sell his horse to secure money to bring

him home. His last guinea, he felt obliged to divide with a fellow-traveler poorer than he was.

His disheartened friends consulted together and agreed it was best for him to study law. His Uncle Contarine agreed to furnish the necessary funds, and with £50 he set off to London to study at the Temple. At Dublin he fell in with bad company who beguiled him into a gambling house, and from it he came out penniless. He was so ashamed of his conduct that he would not write to his friends, but they finally discovered it. His uncle again proved more forgiving than the rest. Even his brother Henry lost all patience with him. But a loving welcome awaited him at his indulgent uncle's and he and his cousin Jane spent many hours together talking, reading and making verses. This cousin was two years older than Goldsmith and if he ever entertained for her an affection greater than that for a cousin, we have no means of determining it. It is very certain she did not return this affection, for she very soon married a Mr. Lawder.

While Goldsmith was spending hours of idleness here at his uncle's home, a distant relative, Dean Goldsmith, visited them and urged Oliver to study medicine. • His advice, although given without money, was too valuable to be rejected, and Goldsmith was sent to Edinburgh for that purpose. He came very near losing everything he had by thoughtlessness. Upon his arrival he took rooms at a pleasant boarding place and then walked out to see the city. When ready to return he found he had forgotten to get the name of the boarding-house, the number of the street or anything that could guide him at all. But for the accident of his meeting the porter

who had carried his trunk he might have been placed in a most embarrassing position.

He studied in Edinburgh two years and then went upon the continent to complete his course. At Leyden he saw some handsome tulip bulbs, and knowing his uncle's fondness for such things he could not resist the temptation of buying some, although he knew it would take nearly all the money he had borrowed for his trip. He went from Germany to France. In Paris he met Voltaire, Fontenelle and Diderot. At Geneva he became traveling companion for a pawnbroker's son. At Padua he took his degree and then it was that he heard of the illness and death of his loved uncle. His supply of money stopped and his other relatives turned a deaf ear to his entreaty for aid. He now fully realized what a friend he had lost. He walked from place to place and very often his flute was in requisition to earn him a meal and a night's lodging. When he reached London he had no money and scarcely any clothes. His old schoolmates aided him and he purchased a second-hand suit of green, to practice medicine in and hid the patch over his left breast by studiously holding his hat over it while visiting his patients. He made a failure of medicine and Dr. Goldsmith was glad to accept the offer made to him by young Milner, which was to take charge of his father's classes during his illness. He became a great favorite with the boys, and really enjoyed this short experience as teacher.

He wrote articles for a magazine, and thus fell into the hands of Griffeths, the book-seller, whose wife changed every article he sent.

Dr. Milner on his recovery tried to secure a position as surgeon to one of the factories on the Coromandel

coast. For some reason the place was given to another, although Goldsmith had every reason to expect it. Then he stood the examination at the College of Physicians for the situation as hospital mate. It was necessary to appear well-dressed, and he was now literally out at the elbows. Griffeths promised to go security to the tailor for a new suit of clothes, if Goldsmith would write an article for his magazine. He stood the examination, but it was too poor to be received. The next day while brooding over his disappointment his landlady appeared for her rent. She told a pitiful tale of her husband having been arrested for debt. Goldsmith's heart was touched. He had no money but remembered the suit of clothes. He sent them to the pawn-broker and procured money enough to relieve her distress. Griffeths recognized the suit, and wrote a note demanding immediate payment for the clothes or their return, and also the return of the books he had loaned. Goldsmith replied, "In regard to the clothes I am guilty, I own, of meanness which poverty unavoidably brings with it. My reflections are filled with repentance for my imprudence, but not with any remorse for being a villain. Your books I assure you are neither pawned nor sold. They are in the hands of a friend from whom my necessities obliged me to borrow some money. Whatever becomes of my person you shall have them in a month."

The article that was written for Griffeths at this time was a sketch of Voltaire. It was published in magazine articles and not in book form as the author was led to expect it would be.

Soon after this Goldsmith met Dr. Samuel Johnson. He was invited to dine with him at Wine Office Court. The learned and eccentric Doctor upon this occasion

arrayed himself in a new suit of clothes, a clean shirt, a new hat, and a well-powdered wig. On being asked by Dr. Percy the cause of such unusual spruceness, he replied, "Why sir, I hear Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice, and I am desirous this night to show him a better example."

A great friendship sprung up between those two big-hearted men. Johnson knew all of Goldsmith's weak points, and appreciated his strong ones. He would rebuke him like a child, and rail out at his follies, but he would allow no one else to undervalue him. Goldsmith in turn knew the Doctor's sound judgment and often sought his counsel. One morning the Doctor received a message from Goldsmith to come to him as soon as possible, as he was in great distress. Johnson sent him a guinea with the message that he would follow soon. When he arrived, he found that his landlady had arrested him for rent, which had thrown him into a violent passion. He had bought a bottle of Madeira with part of the guinea sent by his friend, and had it open before him on the table. Johnson first corked the bottle and then began to talk with him about the means to extricate himself. Goldsmith, in the course of the conversation, mentioned that he had a novel ready for the press, and then produced his *Vicar of Wakefield*. Johnson, upon a hasty examination, saw its merits, and begged the landlady to wait until he could take it to the publisher. In a short time he returned and handed the author sixty pounds. With this Goldsmith discharged his debt, but not until he had soundly berated his landlady for using him so ill.

In December, 1764, *The Traveler* appeared. This

poem was dedicated in loving remembrance to his brother Henry. Its appearance altered Goldsmith's intellectual standing. Johnson pronounced it the best poem that had appeared since Pope's day. Miss Reynolds, who had toasted Goldsmith as the ugliest man of her acquaintance, said, after reading it, she would never again think him ugly. Charles Fox said it was the finest poem in the English language. The author only received twenty guineas for it.

Goldsmith was now on rising ground and felt financially able to take rooms at the Temple. When the publishers saw how well *The Traveler* had been received they immediately brought out the *Vicar of Wakefield*, which had laid unpublished for two years. The first edition was given to the public in March, and before the end of May, the second was called for and in a few months the third. Rogers, the "Nestor of British literature," said of all books that through three generations he had seen rise and fall, the fame of the *Vicar of Wakefield* remained the same as at first, and that he felt sure should he re-visit the earth after many generations he would find this could still be said of it. Its celebrity is not confined to Britain. It has been translated into all languages. Goldsmith's *Animated Nature* appeared later, but the gross errors made it a work of no real value; for instance, he said that a cow was an animal that shed its horns every spring. This book was mostly a translation from the French.

His comedy, *The Good Natured Man*, followed, and was well received. His *Deserted Village* added greatly to his fame. His *Retaliation*, in answer to Garrick, was considered very fine and was well received. He was now in good circumstances and could indulge himself

in travel, although he did not know how to keep out of debt. He went to France with Mrs. Horneck and her two daughters. The younger is known as the "Jessamy Bride." She was a special favorite of Goldsmith, and was inclined to sport with the admiration of her poet lover. Whether he ever told her of his love is very doubtful, but when he died she mourned him greatly, and came to beg for a lock of his hair.

Goldsmith was uncouth and never appeared well in society. He was constantly making blunders, and awkwardly getting out of them. He was no conversationalist. Garrick said of him in sport:—

" Here lies poor Goldsmith,
For shortness called Noll;
He wrote like an angel,
But talked like poor Poll."

Dear old Goldsmith, ever sinning against self, died owing nearly two thousand pounds. His creditors were very charitable to his failings. The noted men of the day met to prepare a large and expensive funeral in the Abbey, but when they learned how heavily in debt he was, they had him buried quietly in Temple Church, and we have no record that Johnson, Reynolds or Burke, who loved him so truly, even followed him to his grave.

The Literary Club erected a monument to his memory in the Abbey.

He had a slow fever, but his death was unexpected when it came. Edmund Burke burst into tears when he heard of it. Sir Joshua Reynolds laid aside his brush for a day, an unusual compliment from him. Johnson felt his loss, and mourned him deeply and gloomily.

On the stairs of his apartments there were lamentations of the old and infirm, and the sobbing of women who had been objects of his charity, and to whom he

had never turned a deaf ear even when struggling himself with poverty. "Let not his frailties be remembered," said Johnson; "he was a very great man."

But we say with Irving, "As those very frailties had a tendency to endear him to us, let them be remembered. Like ourselves he was mortal and frail." Poor Goldsmith!

HISTORY REVIEW.

Name two important events in each Plantagenet's reign.

RETALIATION.

In a merry company at a London coffee-house, Oliver Goldsmith and his friend Garrick were once rallying each other, when it was agreed that each should write the other's epitaph. Garrick immediately produced the following lines:—

"Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness call'd Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor Poll."

"Goldsmith, upon the company's laughing very heartily," so Garrick tells us, "grew very thoughtful, and either would not or could not write anything at that time; however, he went to work, and some weeks after produced the following printed form, called *Retaliation*. The public in general have been mistaken in imagining that this poem was written in anger by the Doctor; it was just the contrary; the whole on all sides was done with the greatest good humor." The epitaphs of Burke, Garrick, and Sir Joshua Reynolds are given in the selections:

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind;
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote:
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit,
For a patriot too cool, for a drudge disobedient,
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
 An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man:
 As an actor confess'd without rival to shine;
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread
 And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
 'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turned and he varied full ten times a day.
 Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.
 Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
 And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
 Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind;
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
 Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, ye Woodfalls so grave.
 What a commerce was yours while you got and you gavel
 How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
 While he was be-Roscus'd, and you were be-prais'd!
 But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
 To act as an angel, and mix with the skies:
 Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
 Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love
 And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind
 He has not left a wiser or better behind:
 His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
 His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
 Still born to improve us in every part,
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
 To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
 When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of hearing,
 When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
 He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.

EXTRACT FROM VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

I was ever of opinion, that the honest man who married and brought up a large family did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarce taken orders a year before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife, as she did her wedding-gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured, notable woman; and as for breeding,

there were few country ladies who could show more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in housekeeping; though I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situated in a fine country, and a good neighborhood. The year was spent in a moral or rural amusement, in visiting our rich neighbors, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger visit us to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins, too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the herald's office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honor by these claims of kindred, as we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt among the number. However, my wife always insisted that, as they were the same *flesh and blood*, they should sit with us at the same table. So that, if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us; for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest the better pleased he ever is with being treated; and as some men gaze with admiration at the colors of a tulip or the wing of a butterfly, so I was, by nature, an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat or a pair of boots, or sometimes an horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependent out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness; not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favours. My orchard was often robbed by school-boys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated courtesy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness, so they were at once well formed and healthy; my sons hardy and active, my daughters beautiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the supports of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg, who, in Henry the Second's progress through Germany, while other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children, and presented them to his sovereign as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and consequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, -

intended to call after her aunt Grissel; but my wife, who had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia. In less than another year we had another daughter, and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name; but a rich relation taking a fancy to stand godmother, the girl was, by her directions, called Sophia; so that we had two romantic names in the family; but I solemnly protest I had no hand in it. Moses was our next, and, after an interval of twelve years, we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny my exultation when I saw my little ones about me; but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say, "Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country."—"Ay, neighbour," she would answer, "they are as heaven made them—handsome enough, if they be good enough; for handsome is that handsome does." And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarce have remembered to mention it had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriance of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe; open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first, but often did more certain execution; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successively repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features; at least it was so with my daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers; Sophia to secure one. Olivia was often affected, from too great a desire to please: Sophia even repressed excellence, from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay; the other with her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either, and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquette into a prude, and a new set of ribbons has given her younger sister more than natural vivacity. My eldest son George was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of miscellaneous education at home. But it is needless to attempt describing the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family likeness prevailed through all; and, properly speaking, they had but one character—that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive.

HANNAH MORE.

1745.

1833.

George II., III., IV., William IV.

WORKS.

Search after Happiness.

Inflexible Captive.

Percy.

The Fatal Falsehood.

Thoughts on the Manners of the
Great.

Poem on the Slave Trade.

Estimate of the Religion of the
Fashionable World.

Practical Piety.

The Cheap Repository.

Strictures on the Modern System of
Female Education.

Hints towards Forming the Charac-
ter of a Young Princess.

Coelebs in Search of a Wife.

Christian Morals.

Essay on Character and Writings of
St. Paul.

Reflections on Prayer.

Moral Sketches.

Hannah More was the next to the youngest daughter of Jacob More. He had five daughters, all intelligent and highly cultivated women. He was a classical scholar himself, and his wife although the daughter of a country farmer, and had been given only a plain education, still was possessed with so vigorous an intellect and so sound a judgment that the culture her children gained can be deservedly traced to her.

Hannah was always a delicate child, but bore her sufferings patiently, and at an early age showed a quick apprehension, a retentive memory, and a great thirst for knowledge. When only three years old, her mother beginning to teach her the alphabet was surprised to find she had made considerable progress already by simply overhearing her sister recite. Her nurse had lived in the Dryden family, and Hannah never tired of hearing of the poet, and would ask questions concerning him far in advance of her years. She would sit for

hours upon her father's knee listening to the stories of the Greeks and Romans and the wise sayings of Plutarch. She fully appreciated the learning of her father, and was often heard to say that an enlightened father constituted the best part of an education.

Mr. More did not approve of women becoming proficient in mathematics or Latin, and soon was appalled at the wonderful progress Hannah had made. He undertook to check her studies, but was only successful so far as mathematics was concerned, for she could not be persuaded to give up her Latin classics. The oldest daughter was sent to a French school, at Bristol, in order to prepare herself to open a boarding school for young ladies. She made excellent use of her opportunities, and would teach her sisters at the end of the week all she had learned. In this way Hannah became quite a good French scholar. From a child she would scribble upon scraps of paper, essays and poems, and hide them away in the servant's closet. She used to long for the time to come when she would "feel rich enough to own a whole quire of paper." She would write imaginary letters to depraved women to reclaim them and then would answer them herself expressing contrition and resolutions of amendment.

The time had come when the sisters felt qualified to open the school at Bristol, and Hannah, then only twelve years old, was sent there to receive the advantages in modern languages. This school was marked for pure morals, discreet conduct, and solid information. The Misses More infused into their pupils' minds an exalted sense of morality, built upon religious principles, and they ever remembered the sanctity of the Lord's day which their father had impressed upon them with such

pious care. Hannah, when old enough, became a governess in the school, and was often invited to accompany the Misses Turner, two of the pupils, to their cousin's to spend the holidays. This cousin, an old bachelor, fell in love with the pretty and intelligent governess and all arrangements were made for the marriage. For some reason, *not satisfactory to the More family*, the marriage was postponed by Mr. Turner, and Hannah was persuaded by her relatives never to resume the engagement. Mr. Turner seemed to have had a life-long affection for her, grieved over her determination and begged her to accept an annuity during his life. This she persistently refused, but at his death he left her one thousand pounds.

In 1773 she visited London, and was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, and became greatly attached to them. She dined with Sir Joshua Reynolds very frequently, and Miss Reynolds promised that she should meet Dr. Johnson, whom she admired greatly. We give here an extract from a letter written to a friend from London in regard to this admiration.

“The Idler and Rambler, Dr. Johnson, was out of town, so we were deprived of the felicity of seeing him last night, but it is a pleasure the obliging Miss Reynolds has promised us.”

Her introduction took place at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He had warned her not to be disappointed if the Doctor was in one of his bad humors; so she was agreeably surprised when he came forward to meet her in great good humor, repeating the words of one of her own hymns. He continued in this pleasant humor all the evening. She afterwards went to Johnson's house to visit him. Her sister, Sallie, wrote to a friend:

“The most amiable and obliging of women, Miss

Reynolds, ordered the coach to take us to Dr. Johnson's very own house. Yes, Abyssinian Johnson, Dictionary Johnson, Rambler's, Idler's and Irene's Johnson. Can you picture to yourself the palpitation of our hearts as we approached his mansion?

Mrs. Williams, the blind poet, who lives with him was introduced to us. She is engaging in manners; her conversation lively and entertaining. Miss Reynolds told the Doctor all Hannah's rapturous exclamations on the road. He shook his scientific head at her and said, 'She is a silly thing.' When we first entered the parlor the Doctor was not there, so Hannah seated herself in his great arm chair, hoping as she said, to catch a little ray of genius. When he was told of this he laughed heartily and said it was a chair in which he never sat. He said it reminded him of Boswell and himself, who never slept a wink the night they thought they were on the spot where the weird sisters appeared to Macbeth. 'The next morning when they learned they were in a different part of the country they were disgusted at their enthusiasm.'

There were many pleasant gatherings in London where the literary people often met. At one of these, Garrick picked up the "Monthly Review" and read aloud one of Miss More's poems, *Sir Eldred*. During the reading she cried like a child, and then felt ashamed of herself, for she thought it was a scandalous thing to cry over one's own poem. Mrs. Garrick cried too, but she hastened to assure the company she was crying not at her husband's reading, but because the poem was so beautiful; then Miss More asserted that it was the fine reading only that had moved her and not the poem. These explanations caused a hearty laugh at the expense of each of the ladies.

She returned to Bristol not the least bit spoiled by the homage of the "great folk" in London. She returned and went about her simple duties with a thankful spirit that God had given this pleasant opportunity of meeting those she admired and loved. She was always interested in charity schools, Bible and missionary societies, and all benevolent and religious institutions. The poor in all the country round loved and honored her, and became in time a heavy tax upon her time and patience. She had a happy way with tattlers which generally cured them. If any one told her an unpleasant thing that had been said about her, she would say, "Well, come, let us go and ask about it," and you may be sure she did not often have unpleasant things repeated to her.

In her early life, as well as in her declining days, she was subject to repeated illness which threw impediments in the way of her intellectual exertions. She used to say that her frequent attacks of illness were a great blessing to her in teaching her patience and in teaching her to make the most of her well days.

She often visited London and we hear from her letters how much she enjoyed her life there, mingling with kindred minds. She took great pleasure in Dr. Johnson's company, and was almost as great an admirer of the "Sage of Litchfield" as Boswell himself.

On one occasion they were invited to dine with the Bishop of Chester. He was anxious "to show Johnson off" to some of his friends who had never met him, so he begged Miss More to sit next to him at the table and "draw him out." She did so and succeeded beyond her expectation, for he was that day in one of his very best humors. She begged him to take a little wine. "I

can't take a little, child, therefore I never touch it. Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance is difficult."

They began then to talk about poetry. "Hush, hush," he said, "it is dangerous to say a word about poetry before her," meaning Hannah More. "It is talking of the art of war before Hannibal."

Among the literary people that mingled now in London society was Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu. Miss More and her sisters frequently dined with her, and we have many charming letters written by her to them on their return home. Gen. Oglethorpe, too, was often found at these gatherings. He was very fond of Hannah More, and frequently entertained the company by repeating extracts from her poems.

Dr. Percy, author of *Reliques of English Poetry*, Horace Walpole, Edmund Burke, Miss Burney (afterwards Madame d'Arblay), and Mrs. Thrale (afterwards Mrs. Piozzi), were all prominent literary people then mingling in London society.

Johnson paid a very high tribute to Hannah More's *Bas Bleu*. He said that it was "a poem that no poet need be ashamed to own." When she told him she prized his approbation, in his characteristic way he replied, "And well you may, for I am not a man to rate my judgment in these things very low, I can tell you."

Miss More grieved very much at Johnson's death, and we find her expostulating with Boswell "to be tender towards her virtuous and revered friend and to mitigate his asperities." His reply was, "I shall not cut off his claws, nor make a tiger a cat to please you or anybody."

In 1788 she retired to the country, with a desire to contract her circle of acquaintances and to advance in religious attainments. She devoted herself to prayer,

to reading the Holy Scriptures, and to the strict observance of the Sabbath.

Her home was called "Cowslip Green" and she occupied herself in cultivating her garden. Here she lived with her four sisters, Mary, Elizabeth, Sarah and Martha. Afterwards they moved to a new house and a better home which they had built, called "Barley Wood." The sisters were highly respected and beloved, and their home was the seat of piety, cheerfulness, literature, and hospitality; and they themselves received the honor of more visits from bishops, nobles, and persons of distinction than any other private family in the kingdom.

The remembered kindnesses of friends kept Miss More from entirely withdrawing from society, and she made an annual visit to London. In polished circles she never forgot her allegiance to truth, and her tongue was always bold in vindicating those principles which her life has so beautifully exemplified.

In the early years of her literary life, she wrote tragedies for the stage, *Percy* being the most popular of these. It was acted fourteen nights successively. Shortly afterwards her views in regard to the stage changed, and as she has stated in the preface to her tragedies, she "did not consider the stage in its present state becoming the appearance or the countenance of a Christian," and after this change of conviction she refused to write any more plays, and even regretted that she had written these.

Her "Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education" caused the Bishop of London to strongly urge that the Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV., should be committed to her care to be educated. This was never effected, but it led to her writing her

article on "Hints towards forming the character of a young Princess."

She never wrote after her sister Martha died, but moved from the home to Clifton near Bristol, and with the calmness and full faith of a Christian died in the 88th year of her age. She was a consistent member of the Methodist Church.

"To the very last her eye was not dim; she could read with ease and without spectacles the smallest print. Her hearing was almost unimpaired and until very near the close of life her features, which had been so beautiful in youth, were not shrunken nor wrinkled, nor uncomely. She was protected in her advanced age from infirmities of temper which often render age unamiable and unhappy."

Mistress Hannah More, as she was called, did as much real good in her generation as any woman that ever held a pen. How many have thanked God for the hour that first made them acquainted with her writings.

She was styled by Garrick, "The Tenth Muse," and "Miss Nine," and by Horace Walpole, "Holy Hannah."

HISTORY REVIEW.

Name three important events in the reigns of each of the Lancastrians and Yorks.

1740-1784.

JAMES THOMSON, 1700-1748. *Seasons, Castle of Indolence, Liberty.*

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, 1714-1763. *Schoolmistress, Pastoral Ballads.*

WILLIAM COLLINS, 1721-1759. *The Passions, Odes on Liberty and Evening, Oriental Eclogues.*

MARK AKENSIDE, 1721-1770. *Pleasures of Imagination.*

THE WHARTONS, (father and two sons), (first, Professor of Poetry at Oxford); (second, Poet Laureate).

THOMAS WHARTON. *The Pleasures of Melancholy, History of England.*

JOSEPH WHARTON. *Ode to Fancy.*

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST.

John Home, William Mason, Thomas Percy, Erasmus Darwin, William Falconer, James Beattie, James Macpherson, Charles Churchill, Thomas Chatterton (marvellous boy poet, committed suicide), Philip Doddridge, Thomas Reid, Lawrence Sterne (*Tristram Shandy*), David Garrick, Horace Walpole, Hugh Blair, Gilbert White, Samuel Foote, Sir William Blackstone (*Commentaries on Laws of England*), Adam Smith, Junius, Adam Ferguson, James Boswell (*Life of Johnson*), William Paley, Conyers Middleton, Henry St. John (Bolingbroke), Joseph Butler, George Berkeley, Elizabeth Tollet, Thomas Sherlock, John Byrom, William King, Robert Dodsley, Edward Young, Catharine Talbot, John Hawkesworth, William Pitt (Earl of Chatham), Mrs. Greville, Robert Lowth, Sir William Jones.

MONTHLY REVIEW.

1. Who was the founder of Methodism?
2. How did Mrs. Wesley train her children?
3. How many children were in the family?
4. Who was the most precocious?
5. Why did John Wesley leave America?
6. Whom did he marry?
7. Was it a congenial match?
8. Who said "Cleanliness is next to godliness"?
9. How did the Methodists get their name?
10. How many followers had Wesley at his death?
11. How many Methodists are there now?
12. Name three novelists of rank in the eighteenth century.
13. How do they rank as teachers of morality?
14. Name Richardson's most noted work.
15. Name Fielding's most noted work.
16. Name Smollet's most noted work.
17. Who wrote Sir Charles Grandison?
18. Who wrote Joseph Andrews?
19. Who wrote Humphrey Clinker?
20. Name three noted historians of the eighteenth century.
21. How do they rank as regards accuracy of statement?
22. Which was sceptical?
23. Who was in love with Madame Necker before her marriage?
24. Why did they not marry?
25. Who wrote the History of Scotland?
26. What was his opinion of Mary Queen of Scots?
27. Who wrote Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire?
28. Where was most of it written?
29. Which of the historians was a minister?
30. Which thought in French?
31. Where is Lausanne?
32. Whose mother kept a shop and sold India goods?
33. What two writers traveled together on the Continent?
34. Why did they separate?
35. Who died from gout in the stomach?
36. Which author bit his nails?
37. Who was called "Sage of Litchfield"?
38. Who wrote like an angel?
39. Who kept scraps of orange peel in his pocket?
40. Who touched the posts as he walked?
41. Who was King Samuel?
42. Who was Mrs. Porter?
43. Who was the Jessamy Bride?
44. Who was Mrs. Thrale?
45. Who did Goldsmith say "had nothing of the bear about him but his skin?"
46. Who drank nineteen cups of tea?
47. Who was called the "Hercules of Toryism?"

48. Who told Johnson if he wrote of "little fishes he would make them talk like whales?"
49. Who was called the cur at Johnson's heels?
50. Who wrote the "Lives of the Poets?"
51. Who wrote The Deserted Village?
52. Who was Mrs. Delap?
53. Who was Paddy Byrne?
54. What is a sizar?
55. Who went as a sizar to college?
56. Who was Rev. Theaker Wilder?
57. Who gave his blankets to a poor woman and slept in his feather bed?
58. Who gave a dance in his rooms at college?
59. Who ducked a bailiff?
60. Why did Goldsmith fail as a minister?
61. Why as a lawyer?
62. Why as a doctor?
63. Who was Uncle Contarine?
64. Who took passage on the steamer for America and was left?
65. Who believed in spiritualism?
66. Who gained a night's lodging by his flute?
67. Who was Griffeths?
68. Who was called the "Nestor of British Literature?"
69. What was one of the mistakes Goldsmith made in his Animated Nature?
70. The Literary Club erected a monument to what poet?
71. What instances are given of Hannah More's precocity?
72. How many sisters were there in the family?
73. Name some of the literary people she met in London?
74. What change of views took place with her in regard to the stage?
75. How old was Mistress Hannah More when she died?
76. Who lived at Barley Wood?
77. Who founded charity schools?
78. Whom did Garrick call the Tenth Muse?
79. By what name did Walpole speak of Hannah More?
80. Who wrote Sir Eldred?
81. Who quarrelled with his wife on the way to be married?
82. Who lived at Cowslip Green?

PLUS QUESTIONS.

1. *What two English poets lived exactly one century apart?*
2. *What king was the first, second, third and fourth of his name at the same time?*
3. *Of what king is it said, "He never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one?"*
4. *What queen of England twice set a price on her brother's head?*

5. *How did the Kit Cat Club get its name?*
6. *Who was the only Englishman who ever became a Pope?*
7. *On a monument in St. Peter's is inscribed the following names of British sovereigns: James III., Henry IX., Charles III. Who were they?*
8. *Who were the Do Nothing Kings?*
9. *What queen had one foot larger than the other, and was called "The queen with the large foot?"*
10. *When was the last time an English king was seen in battle?*

EDMUND BURKE.

1730.

1797.

George III.

WORKS.

The Vindication of Natural Society.
Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful.
Reflections on the Revolution in
France.
Discourse on Taste.
Thoughts on a Regicide Peace.
An Account of the European Settle-
ments in America.

Annual Register.
Essay towards an Abridgment of
English History.
A Letter to a Noble Lord.
Appeal from the New to the Old
Whig.
American History.
On the Cause of Present Discontents.

"I admire his eloquence; I approve his politics; I adore his chivalry."—*Gibbon*

"The greatest and most accomplished intellect that England has produced for centuries; and of a noble and lovable nature."—*Lord Jeffrey*.

"No man of sense could meet Burke by accident under a gateway (to avoid a shower) without being convinced that he was the first man in England."—*Dr. Johnson*.

"Burke's relative place in English literature is not altogether certain. Of course Shakespeare is, beyond all comparison, first; but it is something doubtful whether the second place belongs to Burke or Bacon. Intellectually, the two have strong points of resemblance; there, however, the likeness ends; for Burke had not a tinge or shade of meanness in his composition; his nobleness of character was every way commensurate with his strength and splendor of genius."—*Henry N. Hudson*.

The reign of George III. was the reign of eloquence. Never before or since has there been such a galaxy of orators. Chatham, Fox, Burke, Erskine, Pitt, Sheridan and Grattan present an array of talents never equalled.

The principal figure in this group is Burke. He was born in Dublin and came to London a poor and unknown adventurer. His father was Richard Burke, a Protestant, a lawyer of rather irritable and unhappy temper; his mother was Mary Nagle, a devout Roman Catholic. The sons were educated in the father's faith,

the daughter in that of the mother. On account of delicate health Edmund was sent in his childhood to his mother's relatives in the south of Ireland. There he was happier than at his father's home, and there it was his big, manly heart received its best nursing. He became the untiring champion of the Roman Catholics in their oppression in Ireland at this time.

His early training he received from Abraham Shackleton, an intelligent, upright and amiable teacher. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1743, but did not distinguish himself in his studies because his passion for reading diverted him. He took his degree, however, and then started out for London. By dint of hard work and merit he rose rapidly in the estimation of his countrymen. He studied law at Middle Temple, although his distaste for that study kept him from ever entering the profession. He had been before this time private secretary to "Single Speech Hamilton" and also private secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham.

He entered Parliament at the age of thirty-five, and soon made himself famous by his speeches on the Stamp Act and the American War, but he crowned his glory by his far-famed effort, "The Impeachment of Warren Hastings."

He spoke in the great hall of Westminster in the presence of the noblest and fairest in the land as well as in the presence of the wisest and most gifted. Warren Hastings was the first who ever received the appointment of Governor-General of India. He was accused of great cruelty to the natives. The East India Company kept up incessant demands for money, so Hastings felt obliged to confiscate the domains and possessions of the princesses of Oude and to wrest certain provinces

from the natives. His trial was the most remarkable in the history of the world. Burke's speech lasted over four days and no one can estimate the effect it produced. Collier says, that "when he painted in words the sufferings of the tortured Hindoos and the desolation of their wasted fields, as no one but Burke could paint, the ladies sobbed and screamed; their handkerchiefs and smelling-bottles were in constant use, and even some were carried out in fits." Mrs. Siddons confessed that all the illusions of the stage sank into insignificance before the scene she then beheld. Mrs. Sheridan fainted,—Chancellor Thurlow, Burke's great enemy, wept,—and Hastings said he actually felt himself the most wicked of men. The trial lasted seven years, and Burke closed it with another great speech which lasted nine days. His difficulty was the length of his speeches. They wearied and perplexed the squires and merchants. "He thought of convincing, while they thought of dining." But if his eloquence was not appreciated by those around him, it was destined to be the admiration of future ages. Hastings was acquitted and Burke felt that his long labor had been in vain; but on the contrary it was a grand success, for he wrought a silent but thorough change in the government of India, and may with justice be said to have saved the British empire in the East. Burke was now, however, the most unpopular man in England, and he so remained until the breaking out of the French Revolution.

This great subject filled his thoughts during his last years. He saw the hurricane that was blackening over France, and when it broke in fury he wrote his greatest work, *Reflection on the Revolution in France*. He took occasion to warn England against cherishing the fatal

seeds that were bearing so terrible a harvest across the channel. His name now became greater and more powerful than it had ever been.

He married Miss Mary Jane Nugent, of Bath, before he went to London, although at the time he had only an allowance of two hundred pounds from his father. He thus describes his wife, "She has a face that just raises your attention at first sight; it grows on you every moment, and you wonder it did no more than raise your attention at first. Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe you when she pleases, not by authority, but by virtue. Her smiles are inexpressible. Her voice is a low, soft music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has this advantage, you must be near to her to hear it. To describe her body, describes her mind—one is the transcript of the other. She does not display her understanding in saying or doing striking things, but in avoiding such as she ought not to say or do." Their married life was very happy, for Burke was one of the loveliest men in his home, and his wife one of the truest and noblest of women. Her sole ambition was to do her duty and to make her husband happy.

They had only one son, Richard, who lived to full grown manhood, the delight and stay of his father's declining years. Rapid consumption carried him off in the thirty-sixth year of his age. His father was broken-hearted, and only lived a few years after he died. In his account of his son's death he says, "The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honors; I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth! There, and prostrate there, I

must unfeignedly recognize the Divine justice, and in some degree submit to it. I am alone; I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. But I owe to the dearest relation (which ever must subsist in memory) that act of piety, which he would have performed to me; I owe it to him to show that he was not descended from an unworthy parent."

Burke was always friendly to the American people. He advocated a policy of justice and conciliation, which had it been followed would have averted the horrors of the War of Independence.

From the ceaseless toil of a statesman's life, he would steal away to his gardens at Gregories, near Beaconfield, where he continued to write until his death. A pension was conferred upon him which the Duke of Bedford and Earl of Lauderdale thought fit to find fault with. This called forth the *Letter to a Noble Lord*, which ranks second best amongst his writings.

He certainly holds the first rank among political writers of the eighteenth century.

Barry an eminent English painter quoted the *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful* which had just been published anonymously. Burke, who was present, spoke in a contemptuous way regarding it, and said he considered it a slight and unsubstantial performance. The fiery artist was very angry and again commended it in the warmest language possible. Burke quietly smiling, acknowledged himself as the author of it. "Are you?" cried the artist, and owned that as he could not afford to buy the book he had copied it word for word, and then drew the manuscript from his pocket.

This essay introduced him to the acquaintance of several persons distinguished by either rank or talents.

Sir Philip Francis was very much provoked with Burke upon one occasion. He called to see him in order to read some papers bearing on the Hastings trial. He found him in his garden holding a grasshopper. "What a beautiful creature this is," said Burke, "observe its legs, its wings, its eyes." "Yes," said Sir Philip, "how can you lose such valuable time admiring a grasshopper, when matters of importance needs your attention?" "Yet, Socrates," said Burke, "attended to a much less animal, measuring exactly the space passed over by its skip." "My dear friend", said Sir Philip, "I am in a great hurry, let me read these papers to you." Mr. Burke walked into the house, but, at the very first pause in the reading, burst forth, "Naturalists are now agreed that *locusta* not *cicada* is the Latin name for grasshopper. What is your opinion, Sir Philip?" "My opinion," said Sir Philip, packing up his papers and preparing to move off hastily, "is that until the grasshopper is out of your head it will be idle to try put the affairs of India in it. Good morning."

Burke once wrote a tragedy. "Did you let Garrick read it?" asked Fox. "No, indeed," replied Burke, "I had the folly to write it, but the wit to keep it to myself."

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. Name three important events in the reigns of each of the Tudors.
2. Who was Warren Hastings?
3. Why was he impeached?
4. Name three sovereigns of the Brunswick line.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

1752

1770

George III.

"Chatterton stands, when compared with the other British poets of the eighteenth century, prior to the era begun by Burns and Wordsworth, with all his immaturity, almost solitary in the possession of the highest poetic gift."—*Albert Danker, Ph. D.*

No history of English literature would be complete without a life of "the marvelous boy-poet," Thomas Chatterton. He was only seventeen when he died, and yet he ranks with England's best poets in immortal fame. His birth was an humble one. His father's ancestors had for generations been, one by one, sexton of St. Mary's church at Bristol, but as he was a musical genius with decided poetic tastes, he aspired to something higher than being a sexton. He became one of the sub-chanters in the cathedral and at the same time master of the free school. He died four months before his son Thomas was born, leaving his training to devolve upon the mother.

Left without means of support, Mrs. Chatterton established a girls' school, and during her odd moments supplemented her income by taking in sewing and embroidery in order to educate her two children—this boy and a girl. At five years of age Thomas was sent to a charity school, but had to be withdrawn as the verdict of his teachers was that he was an "incorrigible dunce." When he was eight he was put into the "Blue-Coat School," and was accounted there defi-

cient in intellect, just because he manifested no interest in the pastimes that other children so enjoyed. He would sit for hours alone in fits of abstraction, something like a stupor, and then all at once he would burst into a fit of weeping for which he could assign no reason. His sister seemed to understand him better than any one else, but even she was often puzzled by his moods. She knew he had high ambitions and longed to be grown; "I want to be a man," he said, "because a man can do anything he chooses." When only eight years old he would sit up long past a reasonable bedtime to read books far beyond his years. At eleven he contributed articles to the Bristol Journal and wrote his poem *Elinore and Iuga*. His delight was to lock himself up in an old attic belongin to the cathedral where musty parchment deeds pertaining to the War of the Roses had long lain unheeded and forgotten. These papers had been his playthings from early childhood. He learned his first letters from the illuminated capitals of a musical folio, and there in this appropriated study he dallied with the muse and composed those pretended literary forgeries on which his fame rests. He had practiced a little of this deceit while at school by palming off verses of his own as the work of a poet of the fifteenth century. His pocket money was spent in borrowing books from a circulating library. He conceived the romance of an imaginary monk of the fifteenth century. Wandering through the old cathedral of St. Mary Redcliffe he came upon an effigy of William Canyuge which inspired a poem of great beauty, and it is said he gave in this poem a picture of his own childhood.

"Straight was I carried back to times of yore,
Whilst Canyuge swathed in fleshly bed,

And saw all actions which had been before
And all the scroll of fate unravelled;
And when the fate marked babe awoke to sight,
I saw him eager gasping after light.
In all his simple gambols and child's play,
In every merry-making, fair or wake,
I kenn'd a perpled light of wisdom's ray:
He ate down learning with the wastel cake,
As wise as any of the aldermen,
He'd wit enow to make a mayor at ten."

He purported that Thomas Rowley, an unknown priest of Bristol, in the days of Henry VI. and his poet laureate, John Lydgate, wrote the verses. Then he made a crude pedigree of Rowley and this is still to be seen, and while it is very crude work, when we consider that the boy was only fourteen years old at this time it is a remarkable evidence of precocity. He then continued to ascribe to Rowley dramatic, lyrical, and descriptive poems, with letters, and fragments of general history. He found no difficulty in imposing upon the most learned. He labored without a confidant, sleeping little, preferring to write by moonlight, believing that he gained inspiration from that luminary. He roamed over the meadows on Sundays musing in solitude with "a wild and vain enthusiasm and a stoical pride of talent."

Walpole was thoroughly deceived by the forgeries at first, and submitted them to Mason and Gray who recognized them as the work of a deceiver; then he ungraciously returned them to Chatterton. This so offended the young poet that he wrote a bitter satirical attack. He was an infidel and early cherished self-destruction because he believed in no hereafter. His friendship for the Lord Mayor Beckford made him ambitious of honors, and when Beckford died he became almost frantic. He moved to miserable lodgings, suffered for want of food,

put on an air of prosperity, deceiving even his mother and sister. He declined an invitation to dine with his landlady after he had been three days without food. He spent the last cent he had for arsenic, then, having destroyed all manuscripts, took the fatal dose.

He seemed to have had a premonition of death, for just three days before he committed suicide he was walking in the churchyard deep in thought, and not seeing a newly dug grave tumbled in. A friend seeing him ran to his assistance, and laughingly said it gave him pleasure to resurrect genius. Chatterton did not smile, but sadly retorted, "I have been at war with the grave for sometime and find it is not easy to vanquish. I feel the sting of speedy dissolution." His friend tried in vain to divert his thoughts. In three days he had taken his own life.

Chatterton had a mania for imposing upon the credulity of people. Rev. Mr. Calcott called his attention to the fact that Temple Church leaned somewhat. A few days later, while yet a blue-coat boy, he wrote a poem which he declared he had found, purporting to have been written by Thomas Rowley in the 15th century, in which the same peculiarity regarding the church had been noted. Then when the new bridge was completed he discovered, so he said, another poem written at the time the old bridge had been finished. And when Mr. Burgham expressed a wish to secure the history of his family, Chatterton discovers a pedigree tracing the family back to William the Conqueror. Then to gain the good will of Mr. Stephens, the leather-breeches maker, he flatters his vanity by tracing his descent from the Earl of Ammerle; and

when Mr. Barrett desired some historical information regarding Bristol, in order to establish his history, he is presented by Chatterton with multifarious manuscripts written by this same Thomas Rowley.

It is remarkable how he succeeded so in deceiving the most learned. He had copied and so imitated the old English that few suspected him of deception.

Chatterton was very handsome, with large, piercing gray eyes, and like Byron, one eye more brilliant than the other. Wharton called him "a prodigy of genius." Shelley said he must acknowledge his "solemn agency"; Wordsworth names him "the marvelous boy, the sleepless soul that perished in his pride." Keats dedicated his "Endymion" to him, and Alfred de Vigny in one of his finest dramas makes him "a type of a suffering and unrequited genius."

He was buried in the pauper burying-ground of Shoe Lane, and the citizens of Bristol so honored him that they erected a monument to his memory.

HISTORY REVIEW.

- 1. Review Tudor Line.***
- 2. Give three important events in each reign.***
- 3. Review the Stuart Line.***
- 4. Give one important event in each reign.***
- 5. Review the Brunswick Line.***
- 6. Which of the Georges did most for England?***



ROBERT
BURNS

MOORE

LORD

BYRON

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

JOHN KEATS



.

.

.

.

.

ROBERT BURNS.

1759.

1796.

George III.

WORKS.

The Cotter's Saturday Night.
Tam O'Shanter.

The Jolly Beggars.
Poems and Songs.

"O, he was a good-looking, fine fellow! he was that; rather black an' ill-colored; but he could na help that, ye ken. He was a strong, manly-looking chap; nane o' your skilpit milk-and-water dandies: but a sterling, substantial fellow, who wadna hae feared the deil suppose he had met him. An then siccan an ee he had!"—*Memoir of Burns.*

"None but the most narrow-minded bigots think of his errors and frailties but with sympathy and indulgence: none but the blindest enthusiast can deny their existence."—*James Hogg.*

"Auld Ayr wham ne'er a toon surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses,"

was the birth-place of the "Peasant Poet," and to do even the faintest justice to his memory we must go there and see the humble way in which the poet started life; we must look upon the cottage in which he was born, and enter the two small rooms where his boyhood days were spent; we must notice the thatched roof which is their only covering, and see the "Bonny Doon" which flows near by, and cross its ivy-covered bridge, and go to Kirk Alloway which is not far distant; we must look through the "one mullioned window in the eastern gable,—the very one seen by Tam O'Shanter playing with devilish light as he came along the road from Ayr;" we must talk with the old man who is in charge to show it to travelers, for he will repeat for a shilling or two the story of Tam's ride that night; we must get him to point out the graves of the

poet's father and mother just in front of Kirk Alloway, and have him to show Souter Johnnie's grave, and tell where Tam is buried, and why he was not laid in the kirk-yard there; we must watch his loving interest when talking of "Robbie's friends," and notice how his face lights up whenever Robbie's name is mentioned. He will raise his eyebrows in surprise at one's ignorance if asked if Burns himself is buried in Ayr, and he will tell with loving pride of the monument erected not far off by those who knew and loved him. All this and more we must see. We must visit Dumfries and see the spot where the poet's body really is, and notice the monument representing him as plowing up the field-mouse and daisy while Fame is spreading her mantle about him. Then we must go to Mauchline where he met his Highland Mary and lave our hands in the very brook where last he saw her. Then and then only, shall we learn how it is that all admire and love this peasant poet, and how they allow charity to cover up all his faults.

It is touching to see the reverence in which his memory is held in Scotland after the lapse of nearly a century. Whittier says, "Through him her dialect has become a universal language, her heather blooms on all hills, her thistle-down floats on all winds." Every place immortalized by him in verse is pointed out with loving care,— "The Twa Brigs," "The Auld Brig o' Doon," "Moss-giel Farm" and "Tam O'Shanter's Inn."

Robert Burns was a ploughman and the son of a ploughman. His mother Agnes Brown, though boasting no particular intellectual gifts, had all the qualities to make a good wife and mother. She was a truly religious woman, and studied her Bible and taught her

children to love and reverence it. Robert was born in the little cottage at Ayr one stormy night in January, and a gypsy had predicted,—

“Wha lives will see the proof
This waly boy will be nae coof:
He'll hae misfortunes great and sma'
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit to us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.”

The Burns family consisted of seven children, and, as the parents were very poor, Robert and his brother Gilbert had to begin the work of men while yet they were lads. The father was a kind, affectionate man, and took pleasure in teaching his children what was right. He very seldom found fault, and consequently when he rebuked he was listened to with awe. He was a good man and his wife was a good woman. She possessed an inexhaustible fund of ballads and legendary tales with which the poet's imagination was fed. The father became so involved in debt that the farm was sold and the children, including the two daughters, became creditors for arrears of wages. Robert had seven pounds annually for his services, and he worked as one of the hired hands. We can picture the little barefoot, bareheaded boy following the plow and humming over verse after verse of the songs he had learned. He always carried a book in his pocket, which he studied in his leisure moments. He wore out two copies of Mackenzie's “Man of Feeling” in this way. He said the life of Hannibal and the story of William Wallace were the best books he ever read. Whether driving his cart or walking along the road, he would repeat snatches of old songs, and carefully note all that was true, tender, or sublime. While sitting at his

meals he would hold a spoon in one hand and a book in the other, and at night, tired as he was, he would stretch himself before the peat fire and read for hours.

He had had some early instruction from a Mr. Campbell and a Mr. Murdock—the one taught him to read, the other trained him in composition. But he himself tells us that he derived more real benefit from talking with an old woman who lived in the family and who was remarkable for ignorance and superstition. She had at command the largest fund of tales concerning ghosts, fairies, witches, giants, devils, spunkies and such trumpery, with which his youthful imagination was regaled and which cultivated the latent seeds of poetry.

While working in the field, he fell in love with a bright-eyed lassie, and it may be said from this time forward Burns was never out of that blissful state. This lass worked in the same field with him, and when the labors of the day were over they would loiter behind to be with each other. Burns tells us he did not know why the tones of her voice made his heartstrings thrill like an Æolian harp, nor why his pulse should beat such a furious tattoo whenever he fingered her little hand to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles. Jealousy burned in his breast, because the maiden sang the songs composed by a neighboring lad. Burns saw no reason why he should not rhyme as well as he, and have her to sing his songs too ; so love and jealousy gave birth to the poetic fire within him.

When he was twenty-three he met Jane Armour. He had taken a farm at Mossgiel, and she was the reigning belle of the little village of Mauchline. Her father was a mason and well-to-do man in the place. He did not fancy the intimacy between this gay and dissipated

young farmer and his daughter, so he forbade their meeting.

It was at this time that he met his Highland Mary, a bright, blue-eyed creature, amiable and trusting. She was living in service at Mauchline, in the home of his friend Gavin Hamilton. Burns saw her and fell a captive at her feet. They plighted their vows across a "purling brook, laved their hands in the limpid stream, held a Bible between them, pronounced their vows of eternal constancy, then parted never to meet again." She went home to prepare to go with Burns to the Indies, but after reaching home she was taken ill with fever and died. Burns grieved very much for her, and his grief gave vent to "*Highland Mary*" and "*Mary in Heaven*." In the monument erected to him near his old home can now be seen the Bible which he gave to her. It is poorly printed on coarse paper and in two volumes. There is a verse of scripture written on each cover by Burns himself, and within is a lock of her golden hair.

In Edinburgh he met a widow, the celebrated Clarinda. Her maiden name was Agnes Craig and she had married a Mr. McLehose. Her husband was in no way worthy of her and she felt in meeting Burns that there was a congenial spirit. He saw and admired her,—saw and loved her, then swore to be constant to her. "You are an angel, Clarinda: you are surely no mortal that the earth owns. To kiss your hand, to live on your smile, is to me far more exquisite bliss than the dearest favours that the fairest of the sex, yourself excepted, can bestow." Then again,—“Clarinda, first of your sex, if ever I am the veriest wretch on earth to

forget you,—if ever your lovely image is effaced from my soul,—

“May I be lost, no eye to weep my end,
And find no earth that's base enough to bury me.”

But the poet was a fickle lad,—he did soon forget her and wrote love verses to the next pretty lass he met. He was very handsome at this time,—gay and fascinating in manners. He was nearly six feet tall with a robust yet agile frame, a little inclined to be round-shouldered, a finely formed head, and a very striking countenance. His eyes were large, dark, and full of animation. His conversation abounded in wit and humor. He had a great deal of pride and would under no circumstances accept pecuniary aid. He was generous to a fault with the little he had. From his first poems he received five hundred pounds, and he divided it with his mother and brother Gilbert.

He now renewed his intimacy with Jane Armour in spite of her father's objections to their marriage. The young people married anyway, and when the secret could be kept no longer, Burns gave his wife the marriage acknowledgment and made his arrangements to sail for Jamaica. In Edinburgh he was persuaded to bring out a volume of his poems before sailing. He did so, and this not only brought him money, but made him famous. He returned to Mossgiel and finally gained the consent of Mr. Armour to take his wife to his farm, six miles from Dumfries.

Burns now became the lion of the day. The doors of the great were thrown open to him, and then began those days of conviviality, those days that brought direful consequences to himself and family. He accepted the position of exciseman, which brought him ninety

pounds a year. His duty was to brand leather, and issue license for the transit of liquors, and some times even he had to gauge whiskey, which, alas, he was too often tempted to taste. At Dumfries his moral career was downward. He attended a dancing school, which whetted his appetite for convivial pleasures. His celebrity had flushed him with excitement, and he began to drink to excess, and to share the revels of the idle and dissolute. He tried to amend—he resolved to amend, but could not. His genius suffered from this irregular life, and he was no longer capable of doing justice to himself in his writings. He became a confirmed drunkard and was forced to give up his farm.

No one can estimate the agony he endured. He loved his family; he had now a wife and five children, and he knew what they suffered for his sake. He determined again and again to reform, but was powerless to do so. Alas! he had waited too long. He was brought home one night intoxicated, having been found on the streets unconscious. Then followed rheumatism induced from dissipation, and he knew he could not recover. He said to his doctor, “What business has a physician to waste his time on me? I am a poor pigeon not worth plucking.”

He was only thirty-eight when he died. His sixth child was born on the day he was buried. He left his family destitute, but a subscription was raised by his friends after his death, which placed them in comparative comfort.

Strange to say, Burns was a very religious man. He always conducted family prayers, after the death of his father, and his humble petitions were known to have moved to tears those who heard him. He loved the

religion of joy and happiness, and railed at the religion which makes one draw down the corners of the mouth, and play the hypocrite. He could not tolerate sceptical jokes, and invariably reproved those attempting to tell them. Being a man of the keenest sensibilities, a pretty face kindled him into song, and a daisy turned under a plowshare, and a field mouse hurrying from its ruined dwelling, filled him with pity and eloquence. His *Cotter's Saturday Night*, and *Tam O'Shanter* are his longest poems, but he reaches our hearts soonest through *To a Mountain Daisy*, *A Field Mouse*, and his shorter poems.

He was undoubtedly the greatest peasant poet any nation ever had,—and the first of English song writers. Let us be as charitable to him as he was to others—

“Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler, sister woman,
Though they may gang a kennie wrang,
To step aside is human.
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it,
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.”

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. Name three important events in the reigns of each of the Stuart sovereigns.
2. Review from William I. to George III.
3. Name wives of the Georges.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

When chill November's surly blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One evening, as I wander'd forth
 Along the banks of Ayr,
 I spied a man, whose aged step
 Seem'd weary, worn with care;
 His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wanderest
 thou?

(Began the reverend sage);
 Does thirst of wealth thy step con-
 strain,

Or youthful pleasures rage?
 Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
 Too soon thou hast began
 To wander forth, with me, to mourn
 The miseries of man!

The sun that overhangs yon moors,
 Out-spreading far and wide,
 Where hundreds labor to support
 A haughty lordling's pride;
 I've seen yon weary winter-sun
 Twice forty times return;
 And every time has added proofs
 That man was made to mourn.

O man! while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time!
 Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
 Thy glorious youthful prime!
 Alternate follies take the sway;
 Licentious passions burn;
 Which tenfold force give Nature's law
 That man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
 Or manhood's active might:
 Man then is useful to his kind,
 Supported is his right.
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With care and sorrows worn,
 Then age and want, oh! ill-matched
 pair,
 Show man was made to mourn.

A few seem favorites of fate,
 In pleasure's lap carest;
 Yet, think not all the rich and great
 Are likewise truly blest,

But, oh! what crowds, in every land
 Are wretched and forlorn;
 Through weary life this lesson learn,
 That man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the numerous ills
 Inwoven with our frame!
 More pointed still we make ourselves,
 Regret, remorse, and shame!
 And man, whose heaven-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn,
 Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn!

See yonder poor, o'erlabor'd wight,
 So abject, mean, and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil:
 And see his lordly fellow worm
 The poor petition spurn,
 Unmindful, though a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave—
 By Nature's law design'd,
 Why was an independent wish
 E'er planted in my mind?
 If not, why am I subject to
 His cruelty or scorn?
 Or why has man the will and power
 To make his fellow mourn?

Yet, let not this too much, my son,
 Disturb thy youthful breast:
 This partial view of human-kind
 Is surely not the last!
 The poor, oppressed, honest man,
 Had never, sure, been born,
 Had there not been some recompense
 To comfort those that mourn!

O Death! the poor man's dearest
 friend,
 The kindest and the best!
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest!
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasure torn;
 But, oh! a blest relief to those
 That weary-laden mourn!

THE ORIGIN OF TAM O'SHANTER.

To Francis Grose:

DUMFRIES, 1792.

On a market day, in the town of Ayr, a farmer from Carrick, and consequently one whose way lay by the very gate of Alloway kirk-yard, in order to cross the river Doon at the old bridge, which is about two or three hundred yards farther on than the said gate, had been detained by his business, till by the time he reached Alloway it was the wizard hour between night and morning.

Though he was terrified with a blaze streaming from the kirk, yet it is a well-known fact that to turn back upon these occasions is running by far the greatest risk of mischief; he prudently advanced on his road. When he had reached the gate of the kirk-yard he was surprised and entertained through the ribs and arches of an old Gothic window, which still faces the highway, to see a dance of witches, merrily footing it around their old sooty blackguard master, who was keeping them all alive with the power of his bagpipe. The farmer stopping his horse to observe them a little, could plainly descry the faces of many old women of his acquaintance and neighborhood. How the gentleman was dressed tradition does not say, but the ladies were all in their smock; and one of them, happening unfortunately to have a smock which was considerably too short, to answer all the purposes of that piece of dress, our farmer was so tickled that he involuntarily burst out with a loud laugh: "Weel luppen, Maggy wi' the short sark!" and recollecting himself instantly spurred his horse to the top of his speed. I need not mention the universally known fact, that no diabolical power can pursue you beyond the middle of a running stream. Lucky it was for the poor farmer that the river Doon was so near, for, notwithstanding the speed of his horse, which was a good one, against he reached the middle of the arch of the bridge, and consequently the middle of the stream, the pursuing, vengeful hags were so close at his heels, that one of them actually sprung to seize him; but it was too late, nothing was on her side of the stream but the horse's tail, which immediately gave way at her infernal grip, as if blasted by a stroke of lightning; but the farmer was beyond her reach. However, the unsightly, tailless condition of the vigorous steed was, to the last hour of the noble creature's life, an awful warning to the Carrick farmer not to stay too late in Ayr markets.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL, 1786.

1. Wee, modest, crimson-tipp'd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem.
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.
2. Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward springing, blythe to greet
The purpling east.

3. Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.
4. The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods an' wa's maun shield:
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.
5. There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise:
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies.
6. Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.
7. Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskillful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And overwhelm him o'er!
8. Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink!
9. Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date:
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

THOMAS MOORE.

1779.

1852.

George III., George IV., William IV., Victoria.

WORKS.

Translations from Anacreon.
Odes and Epistles (Criticisms on
America.)
Irish Melodies
Lalla Rookh.

The Fudge Family in Paris.
The Epicurean.
Loves of the Angels.
Life of Sheridan.
Life of Byron.
History of Ireland.

Burns and Moore stand side by side as the lyrists of two kindred nations. But the words of the latter have the air of the spangled dancing girl, gay, light, with nothing in them, and they fail to reach the heart as those of the unconventional "peasant poet." "The muse of the Irish lawyer is crowned with a circlet of shining gems; the muse of the Scottish peasant wears a garland of sweet field flowers."

Thomas Moore was born in Dublin, on the 28th day of May, 1779. His father was a grocer of great respectability. Being of a Catholic family, he was not allowed the privileges of the University at first, so was forced to have private instruction. Before he was fourteen he commenced to write verses, and just as soon as the prohibition against Catholics was removed he entered Trinity College and applied himself so industriously that he obtained a classical scholarship. He went to London to study law, and enrolled himself as a student at Middle Temple. He carried with him a translation to the Odes of Anacreon, which he was anxious to have published by subscription. He dedicated his book to the Prince

of Wales (afterwards George IV.) and very soon had half the fashionable world enrolled among his subscribers.

Moore was specially gifted in social qualities. He charmed every one who met him. He had a fine ear for music and played well upon the piano. He sang his Irish songs with his own accompaniments, and Bishop Percy said came nearer than anyone he ever saw to his romantic idea of the minstrel. He soon became a leading member of fashionable society in London. Prudence whispered that he was frittering away too much valuable time in frivolity, but he tried to persuade himself that it was wise to secure the applause from his political friends in order to make his songs sell well. But Moore lived only in the present. He was flattered, petted and caressed, and it pleased him. He liked fashionable society for its own sake. Through the influence of a friend he received an appointment in Bermuda, but he soon became disgusted with West India society and appointed a deputy and returned to London. This deputy, however, got him into serious trouble after some years. He embezzled the money and Moore was forced to replace it. He never again was appointed to any public office, and turned to literature for a profession. He brought out a volume of poems under the title of *Thomas Little*. He took this title on account of his own diminutive size. The work was highly censured for its coarseness and licentiousness, and the author himself, as he grew older and wiser, became thoroughly ashamed of it.

In 1806 he brought out two volumes of *Odes and Epistles*, written after his return from America. Jeffrey reviewed this work very harshly in the *Edinburgh Review*.

One criticism was that "The author may boast, if the boast can please him, of being the most licentious of modern versifiers, and the most poetical of those, who in one time have devoted their talents to the propagation of immorality. We regard this book, indeed, as a public nuisance, and would willingly trample it down by one short movement of contempt and indignation, had we not reasons to apprehend that it was abetted by patrons who are entitled to a more respectful remonstrance, and by admirers who may require a more extended exposition of their dangers." Moore was so indignant that he challenged Jeffreys. Byron laughed the duelists into friendship, and the bitter critic afterwards became a life-long friend.

Moore then tried his hand on Irish melodies at the suggestion of Powell, the publisher. This was suited to his tastes, and his melodies became the fashion of the day. Six numbers appeared before 1815. Divorced from the music the songs are insipid enough, but they were never meant to be separated.

Moore felt that the Prince of Wales did not fully appreciate the honor of having his book dedicated to him, as he had given him no political preferment, so he undertook to write squibs for the *Morning Chronicle*, holding up to ridicule the prince's defects and foibles. He made sport of his features, his huge whiskers, his love for cutlets, and his practical jokes. These sallies of Moore's were received with delight, and he had every encouragement to work in this new vein. He crowned his success with a third volume, *Intercepted Letters, The Two Penny Post Bag*.

In 1817 his *Lalla Rookh* appeared. This was a glittering picture of Eastern life and thought. He was

living near Lord Moira and had access to a very fine library. He made such a study of Oriental history and travel, and so steeped his mind in the colours of his theme, that it was said he was asked by some one who knew Asia well, at what time he traveled there. Moore's contemporaries were dazzled with this book. His fame was made, and he could now command in advance almost any sum from his publishers. The *Loves of The Angels* followed. Then he moved to Paris and traveled a while on the Continent. He visited Lord Byron at Venice, and while there wrote *Fables for the Holy Alliance*.

Upon his return to England he engaged to write political squibs for the Times for a salary of four hundred pounds a year. He married about this time Bessy Dyke an actress of excellent character whom he called his "dear Bessy." He had several children, but none survived him.

It is to be regretted that Moore consented to write the History of Ireland for Lardner's Cyclopedia. This was literary work totally unsuited to his tastes, and sat like a nightmare upon him for fifteen years. He had more tempting and lucrative offers, but he steadfastly persisted in finishing that, because he was ambitious to connect himself as a benefactor of his country, by opening England's eyes to the misgovernment of Ireland. He never finished the work, however, for his powers collapsed in 1845, and he became a total wreck and died in 1852. Mrs. Moore published his diary after his death, which brought her in three thousand pounds.

It is related of Moore when in America, that the British minister introduced him to President Jefferson. The president, who was a tall man, six feet two inches, looked down at the little perfumed Adonis, spoke a word or two

to him, but gave him no further notice. Moore was so indignant at this unflattering reception that he fell to lampooning the president and everything American. His bitter attacks fell into the hands of Mrs. Randolph, the president's daughter. She was greatly provoked, and carried them to her father. He was sitting in his library when she handed them to him, and on reading them he simply burst into a hearty laugh, in which his daughter, on second thought, joined him. Some years afterwards Moore's *Irish Melodies* appeared and fell into Jefferson's hands. He was charmed, for he had always sympathized with the Irish patriots, and exclaimed, "Why this is the little man that satirized me so! He is a poet after all." And the "Bard of Erin" shared with "Scotia's bard" the hours of the retired statesman.

The *Life of Byron*, on account of its connection with recent events and living persons, was a difficult and delicate task. Byron had left in Moore's hands the "Memoirs" of his own life, and when his relatives and friends heard Moore was arranging to publish this, they became greatly alarmed on account of the disclosures it would make. They bought the manuscript and destroyed it. He was greatly censured for allowing it to be sold. Moore suppressed the objectionable points, but brought forth all that was valuable in his *Life of Byron*. He preserved in this book too much that was worthless and unimportant. He was too indulgent to the faults of his hero, but what friend could dwell long on the errors of Byron? He was paid £4,870 for this by the *Quarterly Review*.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Name three important events in the reigns of each of the Brunswick line.*
 2. *Name consort of each Brunswick sovereign.*
 3. *Who were the Guelphs?*
 4. *What was Victoria's right to the throne?*
-

THE VALE OF AVOCA.

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
 O, the last ray of feeling and life must depart
 Ere the bloom of the valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
 'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,—
 O, no: it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
 Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
 And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca: how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best;
 Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

--Thomas Moore.

LINDA TO HAFED.

[*Extract From Lallah Rookh.*]

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,
 Of her own gentle voice afraid,
 So long had they in silence stood,
 Looking upon that moonlight flood,—

"How sweetly does the moonbeam smile
 To-night upon yon leafy isle:
 Oft in my fancy's wanderings,
 I've wished that little isle had wings,
 And we, within its fairy bowers,
 Were wafted off to seas unknown,
 Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
 And we might live, love, die alone;
 Far from the cruel and the cold.—

Where the bright eyes of angels only
 Should come around us to behold

A paradise so pure and lonely :
Would this be world enough for thee ?"
Playful she turned, that he might see
The passing smile her cheek put on ;
But when she marked how mournfully
His eyes met hers, that smile was gone
And bursting into heartfelt tears,
" Yes, yes," she cried, " my hourly fears,
My dreams have boded all too right,—
We part—forever—part to-night :
I knew, I knew it could not last,—
'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past :
O, ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay ;
I never loved a tree or flower
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me it was sure to die :
Now, too, the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,—
O, misery, must I lose that too ?"

WILLIAM COWPER.

1731.

George II.

1800.

George III.

POEMS.

The Task.
Lines to a Young Lady.
To Mary.
The Castaway.
The Popular Field.
The Shrubbery.

The Needless Alarm.
Solitude of Alexander Selkirk.
Loss of the Royal George.
Hymns.
Moral Satires.
John Gilpin.

"And now what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,
And how when one by one, sweet sounds and wandering life departed,
He was no less a loving face because so broken hearted."

—*Mrs. Browning.*

"His talent is but the picture of his character, and his poems but the echo of his life."—*Taine.*

"Poor charming soul, perishing like a frail flower transplanted from a warm land to the snow: the world's temperature was too rough for it, and the moral law which should have supported it, tore it with its thorns."—*Taine.*

Born in the quiet parsonage of Berkhamstead, Cowper grew up a shy "little sensitive plant,"—a child of abnormal sensibility, shrinking and timid, lacking the combative powers of youth, and totally unfit to fight life's battles. A nature like his, so delicate, so refined and painfully sensitive can thrive only under the greatest kindness and affectionate care. Like the hot-house plant, it must have a warm sunny nook in this world or else the shrub is blighted, the leaves shrivel up under the chilling winds, and if not cared for, the plant soon dies.

His mother, on whom he lavished all the intense love of which his fervid nature was capable, died in his sixth year, and there was no one to supply the care and attention which she bestowed on him. He always carried

her memory with him and when an old man a picture of her was sent him, he writes to the donor, "The world could not have furnished you with a present so acceptable to me as the picture which you have so kindly sent me. I received it the night before last, and viewed it with a trepidation of nerves and spirits somewhat akin to what I should have felt had its dear original presented herself to my embraces. I kissed it, and hung it where it is the last object that I see at night and the first on which I open my eyes in the morning. She died when I had completed my sixth year; yet I remember her well, and am an ocular witness of the great fidelity of this copy. I remember, too, a multitude of the maternal tendernesses which I received from her, and which have endeared her memory to me beyond expression." His mother was a Donne and traced her ancestors through three distinct lines back to Henry III.

Soon after Mrs. Cowper's death, this child of six years, scarcely old enough to leave the nursery, was sent to a boarding-school. Not one of those pleasant homes that pupils find now-a-days, but an English boarding-school before the time of Dr. Arnold, where the boys of the higher forms tyrannized over the younger and weaker, and in most instances bullied and whipped the little fellows into the most servile of fags. Of his life at this school Cowper writes:—

"My chief affliction consisted in my being singled out from all the other boys, by a lad of almost fifteen years of age, as a proper object upon whom he might let loose the cruelty of his temper. * * * * His savage treatment of me impressed such a dread of his figure upon my mind, that I now remember being afraid to lift my eyes upon him higher than to his knees, and that I

knew him better by his shoe-buckles than by any other part of his dress."

On account of inflammation of the eyes, his father took him away from this school and placed him with an oculist, where he had two years of quiet and pleasure. He was then sent to Westminster public school. Here the lad seems to have had some pleasure, though the older boys were very cruel to the small ones. He says he excelled in cricket and foot-ball, and one can readily understand what these accomplishments meant socially to a boy. Under such happy auspices Cowper studied well and became a good classical scholar for that day. With a friend he read through the Iliad and Odyssey out of school hours. Among his school-fellows there was Warren Hastings, whom the poet would never believe guilty of the crimes with which he was charged.

The Rev. John Cowper, ambitious for his promising son, articted the boy of eighteen to Mr. Chapman, an attorney. Cowper slept at Mr. Chapman's house and says his days were spent in "giggling and making giggle" with his cousins, Theodora and Harriet, who lived in a neighboring street. Associated with Cowper in the lawyer's office was Thurlow, who afterwards reached the summit of fame. The former foresaw that his friend would succeed in his ambitious plans and laughingly asked Thurlow when he became Lord Chancellor to bestow something on him. Thurlow promised, and on becoming Chancellor bestowed on Cowper his *advice on a translation of Homer*. After three years with Mr. Chapman, Cowper took chambers in the Middle Temple, where he read less than with the attorney. In fact he gave his time to literature. He wrote for the *Connoisseur* and *St. James Chronicle*, inscribed verses to

Delia and read assiduously the classics. *Delia* was his cousin, *Theodora*, whom he loved but was not allowed to marry. Her father, Mr. Ashley Cowper, objected on the ground of being too closely connected, but Southey says he saw that Cowper would never be able to support a wife and this was the real reason. The two young people loved each other fondly, for *Theodora* never married, but preserved her gentle cousin's letters until her death, and, as we all know, Cowper remained true to her memory.

It was in his thirty-second year that Cowper first showed those shades of melancholy that developed into madness. His first attack was brought on by pecuniary embarrassments and mental distress. His father was dead; the great mansion was occupied by strangers; his patrimony was fast ebbing away, and with no friend near, and no hopes from his profession, his unbalanced mind gave way and he made an attempt to kill himself.

His friends coming to his relief soon restored him to health, and thinking to place him in a good position, a cousin, Major Cowper, obtained for him the nomination of Clerk of the House of Lords. Cowper had longed for this position, but when he found that an examination had to be taken, he became anxious and nervous to such a degree that his old enemy returned, and he made three different attempts to commit suicide. In the last he was saved by an accident. The garter with which he had hung himself broke, and the noise of his fall brought in his landlady, who, thinking he was in a fit, called in a physician. All thought of the position was now given up and his friends placed him in a private asylum, under the care of Dr. Cotton. After a stay of eighteen months, he was pronounced cured and discharged. He brought

with him from the asylum, the servant who had attended him, and an outcast boy. His relatives murmured at this increase of expense, when an anonymous letter was received by the poet, saying that the writer would make up any deficiencies in his purse. This of course came from Theodora. His brother, John Cowper, secured him a boarding place at Huntingdon, where he met the Unwins, to whom he afterwards owed so much. Of his first meeting with Mrs. Unwin, (the Mary of his poems) he writes, "I met Mrs. Unwin in the street and walked home with her. She and I walked together nearly two hours in the garden and had a conversation which did me more good than I should have received from an audience with the first prince in Europe. That woman is a blessing to me and I shall never see her without being the better for it. Mrs. Unwin was a Puritan "but not morose, and had a boundless capacity for affection." Lady Hesketh, Cowper's friend and "Cousin Harriet," says of her, "She seems to be very well read in the English poets, as appears by several little quotations which she makes from time to time, and has a true taste for what is excellent in that way."

This was the woman who watched over the mad poet with such care and tenderness; dispelled the gloom of oft recurring madness, cheered him in moments of melancholy despair; guarded his health, and directed his tremulous thoughts in the paths of literature. It is to her strong affection and untiring care that we owe the works of Cowper.

Two years after his entrance into the Unwin family as a boarder, Mr. Unwin was killed by a fall from his horse, and the household was broken up; but nothing could sever the strong tie of affection that bound these

two congenial spirits. "They became companions for life," and chose a dwelling place at Olney, in Buckinghamshire, on the Ouse. This was a most unfortunate selection. Olney was a town of fogs and malarial fevers. Their house was damp and mouldy; water stood in the cellar during the winter months. The attraction there for them was the curate of Olney, Rev. Mr. Newton, who had in a previous acquaintance gained a wonderful ascendancy over the friends. Under the rigorous religious discipline prescribed by Mr. Newton, Cowper had a return of insanity, and for eighteen months Mrs. Unwin tended her unhappy friend. Dr. Cotton was called in, and under his wholesome treatment of regular exercise, good food and cheerful company the unfortunate man was restored to health. He now turned his attention to gardening, carpentering and taming hares. Cowper's three tame hares are as noted as Byron's dog. He constructed a tiny summer house on the lawn in the garden, and six o'clock on a summer's morning he would be found busily writing there, stopping now and then to listen to the feathered songsters or smell a fragrant flower near by.

Mrs. Unwin proposed to him to write regularly, and at his request gave him the Progress of Error as a theme. This and the similar poems which followed were not successful and were harshly received by the critics. They were too sombre and puritanical to please; they lacked life. Cowper needed a totally different influence from that of his Puritan friend, and fate sent him Lady Austen, a witty woman of the world, who had traveled much and was an accomplished and delightful companion. By her ready tact she roused the latent germs of genius in his poetic nature; directed his thoughts into suitable

channels, and the result was *John Gilpin* and the *Task*. Lady Austen was the widow of a baronet and had come into Olney on a short visit, but after meeting Mrs. Unwin and Cowper she took up her abode in the vicarage, in order to be near them. The two were soon inseparable. Cowper writes of this time, "Lady Austen and I pass our days alternately at each other's chateau. In the morning I walk with one or other of the ladies, and in the evening wind thread." It was perhaps while winding thread that Lady Austen told him the story of John Gilpin. This so amused him that he could not sleep for laughing, and the next morning produced the famous ballad. Lady Austen was most fortunate in her choice of subjects. She suggested the *Sofa*, and this soon grew into the *Task*. For some unknown reason Lady Austen left Olney, and her absence would have caused a grievous blank in the poet's life had not Lady Hesketh, his old playfellow, filled her place. Lady Hesketh was a woman of wit and intelligence, having a fair proportion of what is called common sense, and withal loved her cousin affectionately. She removed the friends from their damp abode to a bright and sunny house at Weston, in the same neighborhood, but on higher ground. This was the property of Mr. and Mrs. Throckmorton, whom Cowper called his "dear Mr. and Mrs. Frog."

It was during these happy, tranquil days that he wrote those poems for which he will be held in longest remembrance,—*The Loss of the Royal George*, *Solitude of Alexander Selkirk*, *To Mary*, *Lines on a Young Lady*. In spite of the care and love of Lady Hesketh, Cowper had a return of madness, and again attempted suicide. Mrs. Unwin was stricken with paralysis, which affected her mind. Cowper was sinking into a deep melancholy

and noticed nothing. One morning Mrs. Unwin was made to understand that her friend needed rousing, and was told by the attending physician to ask him to walk with her. True to the habit of attendance practiced for years she beckoned him to lead her to the door. Immediately he rose, placed her arm in his and walked out. Thus for the last time she had unconsciously rescued him from the brink of insanity. But the life that had supported his so long was fast ebbing away. Lady Hesketh's health had failed and she had gone to Bath for a time. The unhappy pair left alone were almost entirely helpless, when Hayley, a former friend, came to the rescue. He removed the friends to Mundsley, on the coast of Norfolk, where Cowper seemed soothed by the sounds of the sea, then to Dumbane Lodge near Swaffam, and lastly to East Dereham where two months after Mrs. Unwin died. Cowper seemed unconscious of his loss. He asked the servant on the morning of her death, "whether there was life above stairs?" On being taken to see the corpse, he gazed at it for a moment, uttered one passionate cry of grief and never spoke of Mrs. Unwin again.

Cowper was now sixty years old. He survived his companion three and a half years, during which time he had occasional gleams of sanity. His last original poem is *The Castaway*, representing a man engulfed in a raging sea. It is fearful in the depths of despair, and in some lines is supposed to be typical of Cowper's life. He died peacefully on the morning of April 25th, 1800, and was buried in Dereham church. Hayley has inscribed on his monument a most affectionate tribute.

It is said during one of his fits of insanity he sprang into a cab, and ordered the driver to go to the Thames

where he intended to drown himself. The driver suspecting that he was insane only drove round and round the square, although Cowper repeatedly thrust his head out of the window, screaming, "To the Thames, the Thames." Finally the cab stopped before his own door and he sprang out, rushed upstairs to his room and wrote:—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

Poor Cowper! In the words of Mrs. Browning, we can say,—

"With sadness that is calm, not gloom,
I learn to think upon him,
With meekness that is gratefulness,
On God whose heaven hath won him,
Who suffered once the madness cloud
Toward his love to blind him,
But gently led the blind along
Where breath and birds could find him.

But where in darkness he remained
Unconscious of his guiding,
And things provided came without
The sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth,
Through frenzy desolated,
Nor man nor nature satisfied,
Whom only God created."

HISTORY REVIEW.

- 1. Give two important events in the reigns of each of the Tudor Sovereigns.**
- 2. Trace Mary Queen of Scots to Henry VII.**
- 3. Trace Lady Jane Grey to Henry VII.**
- 4. Trace Arabella Stuart to Henry VII.**

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE OUT OF NORFOLK.

[INTRODUCTION.—These touching lines were written by Cowper, in 1790, ten years before his death. The occasion was the receipt of his mother's portrait from his cousin Ann Bodham.

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine — thine own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize —
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines upon me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcomed guest, though unexpected here,
Who bidd'st me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long!
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian revery,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss?
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss?
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers, Yes.
I heard the bell toll on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? — It was. — Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad tomorrow came and went
Till all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot;
But though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt, our name is heard no more,

Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
 And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
 Drew me to school along the public way,
 Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
 In scarlet mantle warm and velvet-capped,
 'Tis now become a history little known,
 That once we called the pastoral house our own.
 Short-lived possession ! but the record fair
 That memory keeps of all thy kindness there
 Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
 A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid ;
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
 The biscuit or confectionery plum ;
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed, --
 All this, and, more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
 Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
 That humor interposed too often makes ;
 All this still legible in memories page,
 And still to be so to my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
 Such honors to thee as my numbers may ;
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
 Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.
 Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissue flowers
 The violet, the pink and jessamine,
 I picked them into paper with a pin.
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while ;
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile).
 Could those few pleasant days again appear,
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?
 I would not trust my heart — the dear delight
 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
 But no ! what here we call our life is such,
 So little to be loved, and thou so much,
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again .

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
 (The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
 Shoots into port at some well-havened isle
 Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
 There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
 While airs impregnated with incense play
 Around her fanning light her streamers gay, —
 So thou with sails how swift ! hast reached the shore,
 ' Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar ; '

And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
 Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
 But me, scarce hoping to obtain that rest,
 Always from port withheld, always distressed —
 Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
 Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
 And day by day some current's thwarting force
 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
 But oh! the thought that thou art safe, and here
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
 My boast is not that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise —
 The son of parents passed into the skies.
 And now farewell! Time unrevoked has run
 His wonted course; yet what I wished is done,
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
 To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine;
 And while the wings of fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft —
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

JOHN GILPIN.

John Gilpin was a citizen
 Of credit and renown,
 A train-band captain eke was he
 Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear:
 'Though wedded we have been
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we
 No holiday have seen.

'Tomorrow is our wedding-day,
 And we will then repair
 Unto the Bell at Edmonton
 All in a chaise and pair.

'My sister and my sister's child,
 Myself and children three,
 Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
 On horseback after we.'

He soon replied: 'I do admire
 Of womankind but one,
 And you are she, my dearest dear;
 Therefore it shall be done.

'I am a linen draper bold,
 As all the world doth know,

And my good friend the calender
 Will lend his horse to go.'

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin: 'That's well said;
 And for that wine is dear,
 We will be furnished with our own,
 Which is both bright and clear.'

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
 O'erjoyed was he to find
 That, though on pleasure she was bent
 She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was
 brought,

But yet was not allowed
 To drive up to the door, lest all
 Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
 Where they did all get in;
 Six precious souls, and all agog
 To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the
 wheels,
 Were never folk so glad;

The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down
stairs,
'The wine is left behind!'

'Good luck!' quoth he: 'yet bring it
me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.'

Now Mrs. Gilpin—careful soul!—
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and
neat
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, 'Fair and softly,' John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his
hands

And eke with all his might.

His horse which never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button falling both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung:
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children
screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out: 'Well
done!'
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
 With leathern girdle braced;
 For all might see the bottle necks
 Still dangling at his waist.

Thus through merry Islington
 These gambols he did play,
 Until he came unto the Wash
 Of Edmonton so gay:

And there he threw the wash about
 On both sides of the way,
 Just like unto a trundling mop,
 Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
 From the balcony spied
 Her tender husband, wondering much
 To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the
 house—

They all at once did cry;
 'The dinner waits, and we are tired:'
 Said Gilpin: 'So am I.'

But yet his horse was not a whit
 Inclined to tarry there;
 For why?—his owner had a house
 Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
 Shot by an archer strong;
 So did he fly—which brings me to
 The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
 And sore against his will,
 Till at his friend's the calender's
 His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
 His neighbor in such trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate
 And thus accosted him:

'What news? what news? your tid-
 ings

Tell me you must and shall—
 Say why bareheaded you are come,
 Or why you come at all?'

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
 And loved a timely joke;
 And thus unto the calender
 In merry guise he spoke:

'I came because your horse would
 come
 And, if I well forebode,
 My hat and wig will soon be here—
 They are upon the road.'

The calender, right glad to find
 His friend in merry pin,
 Returned him not a single word,
 But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and
 wig;

A wig that flowed behind,
 A hat not much the worse for wear,
 Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
 Thus shewed his ready wit:

'My head is twice as big as yours,
 They therefore needs must fit.

'But let me scrape the dirt away
 That hangs upon your face:
 And stop and eat, for well you may
 Be in a hungry case.'

Said John: 'It is my wedding-day,
 And all the world would stare,
 If wife should dine at Edmonton,
 And I should dine at Ware.'

So, turning to his horse, he said:
 'I am in haste to dine;
 'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
 You shall go back for mine.'

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless
 boast:

For which he paid full dear;
 For, while he spake, a braying ass
 Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
 Had heard a lion roar,
 And galloped off with all his might,
 As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
 He lost them sooner than at first;
 For why?—they were too big.

Now Mrs. Gilpin, when she saw
 Her husband posting down
 Into the country far away,
 She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell:
'This shall be yours, when you bring
back
My husband safe and well.'

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain,
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But, not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels.
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,

With post-boy scampering in the rear
They raised the hue and cry:

'Stop thief! stop thief!—a highway-
man!'

Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The tollmen thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

(Dramatist.)

1762.

1851.

WORKS.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Plays on the Passions. | Count Basil. |
| The Family Legend. | The Martyr. |
| De Montfort. | Scottish Songs. |
| The Bride. | Minor Poems. |
| A General Tenor of the New Testament regarding the Nature and Dignity of Jesus Christ. | |

Joanna Baillie, "The Female Shakespeare," as Sir Walter Scott called her, was the daughter of a country clergyman, who became professor of divinity at Glasgow University, and while there bestowed upon his daughter a thorough education.

At his death the two sisters, Joanna and Agnes, removed to London to live with their brother Dr. Matthews Baillie, a very celebrated physician. An uncle on the mother's side, Dr. William Hunter, left them a legacy which made them independent. They bought a home in Hampstead and lived there sixty years.

At the age of thirty-six Joanna first appeared as a dramatist. She brought out a volume of *Plays on the Passions*. Then followed three other volumes. In the last was a Highland tragedy, *The Family Legend*, with which Sir Walter Scott was highly pleased. He had it represented upon the stage, Henry Mackenzie writing the epilogue himself. The play ran through fourteen nights with great success. De Montfort was acted eleven nights successively at Covent Garden Theatre, Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble taking the leading parts.

Scott declared her merit as a dramatist was such as to allow no competition on his part.

Miss Baillie also wrote poems and songs. Those in the Scotch dialect are very humorous. She was said to have been the only woman competent to have written an epic poem, and we can but regret that she never attempted it. As she was not compelled to write from pecuniary motives, her entire object being to benefit the world, we are sorry that she used her talents in the direction of the drama, which could only be valued by the learned and critical, while the sweet lyrics of sister poets have moved the hearts and moulded the characters of millions of the unlearned. She lived to the advanced age of eighty-nine, and literally became well acquainted with two generations of authors. She was greatly esteemed, and retained to the very last her intellectual faculties.

Byron said, "Women, Joanna Baillie excepted, cannot write tragedy; they have not seen enough nor felt enough of life for it." Her plays appeal more to the understanding than to the heart. Her masculine style was a bold innovation, but fortunately the public had the good taste to appreciate it.

DESCRIPTION OF JANE DE MONTFORT.

The following has been pronounced to be a perfect picture of Mrs. Siddons, the tragic actress:—

Page. Madam, there is a lady in your hall
Who begs to be admitted to your presence.

Lady. Is it not one of our invited guests?

Page. No; far unlike to them. It is a stranger.

Lady. How looks her countenance?

Page. So queenly, so commanding, and so noble,
I shrunk at first in awe; but when she smiled,
Me thought I could have compassed sea and land
To do her bidding.

Lady. Is she young or old ?

Page. Neither, if right I guess ; but she is fair,
For time hath laid his hand so gently on her,
As he too had been awed.

Lady. The foolish stripling :
She has bewitched thee. Is she large in stature ?

Page. So stately is her form and so graceful,
I thought at first her stature was gigantic ;
But on a near approach, I found, in truth,
She scarcely does surpass the middle size.

Lady. What is her garb ?

Page. I cannot well describe the fashion of it :
She is not decked in any gallant trim,
But seems to me clad in her usual weeds
Of high habitual state ; for, as she moves,
Wide flows her robe in many a waving fold,
As I have seen unfurled banners play
With the soft breeze.

Lady. Thine eyes deceive thee, boy ;
It is an apparition thou hast seen.

Freberg. (Starting from his seat, where he has been
sitting during the conversation between
the Lady and the Page.)

It is an apparition he has seen,
Or it is Jane de Montfort.

This is a powerful delineation. Sir Walter Scott conceived that FEAR was the most dramatic passion touched by Miss Baillie, because capable of being drawn to the most extreme paroxysm on the stage.

FRANCES BURNEY.

(Madame D'Arblay,)

(Novelist.)

1752.

1840.

WORKS.

Evelina.
Edwin and Elgitha.
Cecelia.

Camilla.
The Wanderer.
Diary and Letters.

Frances Burney was the daughter of an organist at Lynn. The family moved to London and numbered among their intimate friends, Dr. Samuel Johnson, David Garrick and Mrs. Hannah More.

Frances was not a precocious child, for she was eight years old before she knew a letter, yet she was shrewd and observant, and just as soon as she did know how to read she began to write short stories. Before she was fifteen she had written several tales unknown to any one except her sister. Her mother was an invalid, so Fanny and her younger sister, Susannah, were sent off to boarding school to get them out of her way. Fanny was then only nine years old, and when the tidings came of that mother's death the child's grief was so intense that the teachers feared that she would be made ill. She was always an industrious student, and what she failed to get in a regular course she atoned for by well selected readings from her father's library. She was taught French by an older sister who had been educated in Paris. She was taught Latin by Dr. Johnson himself. She liked the teacher better than the language, so she studied to please him.

Dr. Burney's guests constituted a large circle of intel-

lectual and literary people, including many distinguished foreigners. His children were allowed to mingle with these guests freely. By this intercourse their minds were opened, their judgments enlightened, and their attention turned to intellectual pursuits. Hester, the eldest sister, was noted for her wit and conversational powers. Fanny, although equally as bright, did not appear so well on account of a modesty and diffidence of manner. When she was seventeen, she published her *Evelina*, which was the first English novel ever written by a woman. She had been her father's amanuensis for sometime, so she had a very good knowledge of preparing manuscripts for the publishers. She only received twenty pounds for this work, which is considered her best, although *Cecelia* is more highly finished. Dr. Johnson praised the book very extravagantly.

Mrs. Delany, a friend of the family, secured for Frances a position in the household of Queen Charlotte, wife of George III. She was quickly promoted to second keeper of the robes of the queen, and, although she had a salary of two hundred pounds, a footman, apartments in the palace, and a coach for herself and colleague, still she found the position anything but pleasant, and only kept it at the solicitation of her friends. Her duty was to fill the queen's snuff box and to help her majesty off and on with her dresses. She fortunately met, while serving in the household, a French officer, Count D'Arblay, who released her from this unpleasant position.

After her marriage she continued to write, and brought out a tragedy, *Edwin and Elgitha*, which was only a partial success. Another novel, *Camilla*, appeared and from this novel she realized over three thousand guineas. Her husband went to France to join the army of Napo-

leon. She went with him but returned and bought a house, Camilla Cottage. Then her last novel, *The Wanderer*, appeared. It was tedious and had no other merit. The sketch of her father's life ended her literary efforts. Her husband and son died before her. She lived to the advanced age of eighty-eight. Her *Diary and Letters*, edited by her niece, was published in 1842, and gives us all that we know of this interesting writer.

THE CIRCUMSTANCES ATTENDING THE COMPOSITION OF "EVELINA."

Miss Burney explains to King George III., the circumstances attending the composition of *Evelina*.

The king went up to the table, and looked at a book of prints from Claude Lorraine, which had been brought down for Miss Dewes; but Mrs. Delany, by mistake, told him they were by me. He turned over a leaf or two and then said:

'Pray does Miss Burney draw, too?'

The *too* was pronounced very civilly.

'I believe not, sir,' answered Mrs. Delany; 'at least she does not tell.'

'Oh,' cried he, laughing, 'that's nothing; she is not apt to tell, you know. Her father told me that himself. He told me the whole history of her *Evelina*. And I shall never forget his face when he spoke of his feelings at first taking up the book; he looked quite frightened, just as if he was doing it that moment. I can never forget his face while I live.'

Then coming up close to me, he said: 'But what! what! how was it?'

'Sir?' cried I, not well understanding him.

'How came you—how happened it—what—what?'

'I—I only wrote, sir, for my own amusement—only in some idle hours.'

'But your publishing—your printing—how was that?'

'That was only, sir—only because—'

I hesitated most abominably, not knowing how to tell him a long story, and growing terribly confused at these questions: besides, to say the truth, his own 'what! what?' so reminded me of those vile Probationary Odes (by Wolcot), that in the midst of all my flutter, I was really hardly able to keep my countenance.

The *what!* was then repeated, with so earnest a look, that, forced to say something, I stammeringly answered: 'I thought, sir, it would look very well in print.'

I do really flatter myself that this is the silliest speech I ever made. I am quite provoked with myself for it, but a fear of laughing made me eager to utter anything, and by no means conscious, till I had spoken, of what I was saying.

He laughed very heartily himself—well he might—and walked away to enjoy it, crying out: 'Very fair indeed; that's being very fair and honest.'

Then returning to me again, he said: 'But your father—how came you not to show him what you wrote?'

'I was too much ashamed of it, sir, seriously.'

Literal truth that, I am sure.

'And how did he find it out?'

'I don't know myself, sir. He never would tell me.

Literal truth again, my dear father, as you can testify.

'But how did you get it printed?'

'I sent it, sir, to a bookseller my father never employed, and that I had never seen myself, Mr. Lowndes, in full hopes that by that means he never would hear of it.'

'But how could you manage that?'

'By means of a brother, sir.'

'Oh, you confided in a brother, then?'

'Yes, sir — that is for the publication.'

'What entertainment you must have had from hearing people's conjectures before you were known. Do you remember any of them?'

'Yes, sir, many.'

'And what?'

'I heard that Mr. Baretti laid a wager it was written by a man; for no woman, he said, could have kept her own counsel.'

This diverted him extremely.

'But how was it,' he continued, 'you thought it most likely for your father to discover you?'

'Sometimes, sir, I have supposed that I must have dropped some of the manuscripts; sometimes that one of my sisters betrayed me.'

'Oh, your sister? What! not your brother?'

'No, sir; he could not, for —'

I was going on, but he laughed so much I could not be heard, exclaiming, 'Vastly well. I see you are of Mr. Baretti's mind, and think your brother could keep your secret and not your sister.' 'Well, but,' cried he presently, 'how was it first known to you, you were betrayed?'

'By a letter, sir, from another sister. I was very ill, and in the country, and she wrote me word that my father had taken up a review, in which the book was mentioned, and had put his finger upon its name, and said, 'Contrive to get that book for me.''

'And when he got it,' cried the king, 'he told me he was afraid of looking at it, and never can I forget his face when he mentioned his first opening it. But you have not kept your pen unemployed all this time?'

'Indeed I have, sir.'

'But why?'

'I—I believe I have exhausted myself, sir.'

He laughed aloud at this, and went and told it to Mrs. Delany, civilly treating a plain fact as a mere bon mot.

Then returning to me again, he said more seriously: 'But you have not determined against writing any more?'

'N—o, sir.'

'You have made no vow — no real resolution of that sort?'

'No, sir.'

'You only wait for inclination?'

How admirably Mr. Cambridge's speech might have come in here.

'No, sir.'

A very civil little bow spoke him pleased with this answer, and he went again to the middle of the room, where he chiefly stood, and addressing us in

general, talked upon the different motives of writing, concluding with: 'I believe there is no constraint to be put upon real genius; nothing but inclination can set it to work. Miss Burney, however, knows best.' And then hastily returning to me, he cried: 'What! what?'

'No, sir, I—I—believe not, certainly,' quoth I very awkwardly, for I seemed taking a violent compliment only as my due; but I knew not how to put him off as I would another person.

Her niece made a mistake in not condensing her *Diary and Letters*, which would have made the book more entertaining and more valuable. As it is, half of it is filled with unimportant details and private gossip. It is in her early novels, however, that Miss Burney is at her best; while her love-scenes are very prosaic, her delineation of characters in a drawing-room have never been excelled; and her pictures of the follies and absurdities of court life rarely equalled. Then, too, her sarcasm, drollery and broad humor will always be relished, no matter how "out of fashion" her novels may become.

Her last literary effort was a memoir of her father published in 1832. She was buried at Bath.

A life of Frances Burney would be incomplete without some notice of her father, DR. CHARLES BURNEY, who besides being an organist was a writer of some note. His *History of Music*, which appeared in 1776, though severely criticized in Germany and Italy, is admitted to possess great merit. In 1796 his *Letters and Memoirs of Metastasio* appeared, and later articles were contributed to the Cyclopædia on Music. For these he was paid £1,000, which was considered fine remuneration, especially as they were extracts from his *History of Music*. He received from Oxford the degree of Doctor of Music, and became a member of the Institute of France. He was organist at Chelsea College, where he died, in 1814, in his eighty-eighth year.

FRANCES TROLLOPE.

(Novelist.)

1790.

1863.

WORKS.

The Domestic Manners of the Americans.
The Refugee in America.
The Abbess.
Belgium and Western Germany.
The Vicar of Wrexhill.
The Adventures of Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw.
Petticoat Government.

Hargrave.
Jessie Phillips.
The Lauringtons Visit to Italy.
Paris and the Parisians.
The Widow Barnaby.
Vienna and the Austrians.
The World of Thorpe Combe.

The name of Mrs. Trollope was unknown to men of letters until her *Domestic Manners of the Americans* appeared. In this she drew so severe a picture of Americans' faults, of "their want of delicacy, their affectations, drinking, coarse selfishness, and ridiculous peculiarities," that the whole nation was incensed against her. Her object in coming to America was to coöperate with Miss Fanny Wright in behalf of the negroes. She wrote, "There is something in the system of breeding and rearing negroes in the Northern States for the express purpose of sending them to be sold in the South, that strikes painfully against every feeling of justice, mercy or common humanity." After spending two days in the negro settlements near Nashville, Tenn., she became disgusted and went to Cincinnati to superintend the building of a Turkish bazaar, that was to cost \$24,000. She did not remain to see it finished, for owing to her unpleasant manners and vulgar appearance, she was not received in the best society; so becoming indignant, she returned to England. Can it be wondered then that her observa-

tions on our manners and customs were anything but complimentary?

Of the women she said, "I certainly believe the women of America to be the handsomest in the world, but as surely do I believe they are the least attractive. They have strange ways of adding to their charms. They powder themselves immoderately, face, neck, hands and arms, with pulverized starch; the effect is indescribably disagreeable by day-light, and not very favorable at any time. They are also most unhappily partial to false hair, which they wear in surprising quantities. I suppose this fashion arises from an indolent mode of making their toilet, and from accomplished ladies maids not being very abundant; as it is less trouble to append a bunch of waving curls here and there, and everywhere, than to keep the native tresses in perfect order." She was prone to exaggeration in all her sketches, and gave great offense to the Germans in regard to their tobacco smoking.

In personal appearance Mrs. Trollope was short and plump, with a ruddy round face of bright complexion. She was about forty-five when she came to this country, but she did not look over thirty-seven. She dressed without taste, though often extravagantly. She had a shrill voice and talked incessantly. She was a good mimic, however, and as she had traveled a great deal in France, Italy and this country, she made her conversation very amusing by the material she had on hand. In spite of her disgust for Americans, she could not help saying *some* complimentary things. For instance, "Although the travelers who have visited North America differ on a great many points, they all agree in remarking that morals are far more strict there than elsewhere. On this point Americans are far superior to the English."

“In the United States men seldom compliment women, but they daily show them how much they esteem them.”

Her last work, *Petticoat Government*, was a miserable attempt to be piquant and witty on a subject that had been already exhausted. She had two sons who became writers, Anthony and Tom; Anthony Trollope, the elder, is much better known to the literary world than either his mother or brother. Mrs. Trollope died in 1863, in Florence, in the seventy-fourth year of her age.

Besides her works already mentioned, she wrote several novels, *The Vicar of Wrexhill* possibly the best, although that is full of prejudices while containing excellent pictures of manners and eccentricities. *The Widow Barnaby* is a very amusing work, in that it pictures a bustling, scheming, unprincipled, husband-hunting widow. Then *The Widow Married* followed, and soon after *The Blue Bells of England*, and *Charles Chesterfield*. Mrs. Trollope had a caustic pen and in this last-named novel she branded authors, editors, and publishers for their profligacy, selfishness and corruption. She was satirical, and her satire is directed against the mere superficialities of life, and is not calculated to check vice or encourage virtue. She took a strange delight in all that was hideous and revolting, and loved to dwell upon the sins of vulgarity. She never omitted an opportunity to portray the faults of low-bred people, because Mrs. Trollope was low-bred herself.

ELIZABETH MONTAGU.

1720.

1802.

WORKS.

*Essay on the Genius and Writings
of Shakespeare.*

*Four Volumes of Letters.
Dialogues of the Dead.*

Elizabeth Robinson married in 1742 a cousin of Lady Mary Montagu's husband. She had one child by this marriage, but he died in infancy. Mrs. Montagu became quite a literary woman and founded the well known "Blue Stocking Club." She herself was called the "Queen of the Blues." The club received its name from an apology given by Mr. Stillingfleet, one of its members. He declined to meet with them at Mrs. Vesey's because he had not the "proper equipment" for the occasion. "Pooh!" replied her ladyship, "don't mind dress; come in your blue stockings." This speech was repeated to the club who immediately called themselves the "Blue Stocking" Society (Bas Bleu).

Mrs. Montagu lived elegantly, and entertained magnificently. She had a superb home, which really seemed more appropriate for princes and nobles than for blue stocking votaries. She collected there all the talents of scholar, poet and philosopher. She was left a widow with an immense fortune, yet she knew how to use that fortune for the good and pleasure of others. She always rewarded merit, and the poor ever found in her a liberal benefactress. She gave every May Day an entertainment to the chimney-sweeps of London. They mourned their loss greatly when she died. Her form was stately, and her manners dignified. Her face even

in old age retained the marks of great beauty. Her smile though kind was never gay.

Hannah More, who was a frequent visitor at her home, wrote of her, "She is not only the finest genius, but the finest lady I ever saw. Her form is delicate even to fragility; her countenance the most animated in the world—the sprightly vivacity of fifteen with the judgment and experience of a Nestor. Her spirits are so active that they must soon wear out the little frail receptacle that holds them." But Mistress More's prophecy did not come true, for Mrs. Montagu lived to be eighty-two years old, and retained to the last her mental faculties. She had lost her eyesight several years before her death. The body of her son which had been buried sixty years before, was taken up by her order and placed in the tomb with her in Westminster Abbey,—a circumstance which displayed in a touching manner how strong the mother love was in her heart.

She is best known through her letters, although the essay on Shakespeare attracted great attention at the time it was published.

She was a woman of great talents, and while her attainments in literature were high, her most striking characteristic was her benevolence. She was a rewarder of merit, and the poor and friendless always found in her a liberal benefactress. Her published works are not many, but were such as entitled her to be buried at Westminster Abbey.

JANE PORTER.

1776.

1850.

WORKS

Thaddeus of Warsaw.
Scottish Chiefs.
Biography of Col. Denham.

The Pastor's Fireside.
Tales Around a Winter's Hearth.

Jane Porter was the eldest sister of Anna Maria Porter, a voluminous writer of novels, who begun when twelve years of age, and before middle life had written over fifty books. Jane, although writing less than her sister, and beginning her literary work later in life, is much better known and loved by us, because her works accord with the spirit of the times in which she lived. She was the first to introduce the historical romance which is now so popular. Walter Scott did not hesitate to say he would never have written the Waverly Novels had not Jane Porter and Maria Edgeworth given him the idea.

Thaddeus of Warsaw had an unprecedented success. It was translated into almost all the continental languages, and Poland was loud in its praise. Kosciusko sent the author a ring containing his portrait. General Gardiner, the British Minister at Warsaw, said he could not understand how any one could write so accurate a description of scenes unless he had been an eye witness.

The Scottish Chiefs followed soon after, and was even more popular than *Thaddeus of Warsaw*. William Wallace was the hero, and to all who read the book he will ever be the hero of heroes. Miss Porter wrote other works, but none so celebrated as the two already

mentioned. Probably the *Pastor's Fireside* ranks third on the list. She, like her sister, described scenery vividly and appealed always to the tender and heroic passions. She died at her brother's home, in the seventy-fourth year of her age.

Sir Walter Scott, who was a student at college, often visited the family when they moved to Scotland. He would tease the little student (Anna Porter), who was so gravely poring over her books, or perhaps fondle her upon his knee, or maybe oftener entertain both the sisters by telling of witches and warlocks until they would wonder at his marvelous store of tales.

Tales Around a Winter's Hearth, a Biographical Sketch of Colonel Denham, The African Traveler, Duke Christian of Lüneburg, Coming Out, The Field of Forty Footsteps, and Sir Edward Seaward's Diary, constitute the other important works from her pen.

She was honored by being Canoness of the Polish order of St. Joachim after her *Thaddeus of Warsaw* appeared. *Tales Round a Winter's Hearth* was written in conjunction with her sister Anna Maria. She also wrote articles for the periodicals, and many biographical sketches. These sisters were both remarkable women, but their works lack variety of character and dialogue. Both died while on visits to their brother, Dr. William Ogilvie Porter, at Bristol, Anna at the age of fifty-two and Jane nearly seventy-four.

Robert Kerr Porter, another brother, went to Russia as historical painter to the emperor, and married while there a princess; he was created Knight Commander of the order of Hanover, and had other honors bestowed upon him. He died suddenly in St. Petersburg, 1842.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

1789.

1855.

WORKS.

Our Village.

Stories of American Life by American
Authors.

Bedford Regis.

Dramatic Scenes.

Four Tragedies—Julian, Foscari, Rienzi, and Charles the First.

Recollections of a Literary Life.

Finden's Tableaux.

Readings of Poetry Old and New.

Atherton and Other Tales.

Three Volumes of Poems.

"She had fallen in love with Nature when a little child, and had studied the landscape till she knew familiarly every flower and leaf which grows on English soil."—*Fields*.

"None hath told

More pleasant tales to young and old."

—*Landor*.

There is so much in Miss Mitford's sprightly sketches of nature which draws the heart to love the author,—so much in her philosophy which promotes love and good feeling, that we cannot refrain from paying a tribute to one who has done so much to honor her country, although she does not take so high a rank in the literary world as some whom we have not space to mention. She was a true philanthropist, for she rejoiced in the happiness of others; she was a true patriot, for she showed her people the beauties and blessings which surrounded them in their lowly lot; she was a true poetess, for she made her readers love and admire nature.

Her father belonged to an old Northumberland family,—the Mitfords of Mitford Castle. Her mother was the only child of Dr. Russell of Ash in Hampshire. When still a very young girl Mary Mitford published three volumes of her poems. These books sold well, and were reprinted in America. She was not satisfied with them, and determined to stop writing and devote herself

to reading. Probably she would never have taken up the pen again had not necessity forced her. Her parents lost all their property and filial affection urged her to aid in their support. She wrote a number of articles which formed the first volume of *Our Village*. These sketches were so little prized at first that they were rejected by many of the leading magazines, but finally they were accepted by the "Lady's Magazine," which discovered their merits. Just as soon as they appeared they were well received and highly appreciated for their delicate humor and simple pathos. Their popularity in fact outgrew that of her former works. It was her pictures of English life that gave her her reputation, and it is on these that her fame will rest.

In 1855 she died honored and loved, having very nearly lived out the allotted time, three score years and ten.

In regard to these six women, who lived and wrote in the same period of time, it is a fact worth mentioning that all lived to a good old age—Joanna Baillie 89, Frances Burney 88, Mrs. Trollope 73, Mrs. Montagu 82, Jane Porter 74, and Miss Mitford 66. Contrast their ages with those of Burns, Shelley, Keats, Hunt, and Byron, whose dissipations, Hunt perhaps excepted, cut them off in the very prime of life.

RIENZI TO THE ROMANS.

Friends!

I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! he sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave! Not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame,
But base, ignoble slaves!—slaves to a horde
Of feudal despots, petty tyrants; lords
Rich in some dozen paltry villages,

Strong in some hundred spearmen, only great
In that strange spell,—a name! Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day
An honest man, my neighbor,—there stands,—
Was struck—struck like a dog—by one who wore
The badge of Ursini! because forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
I have deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye—
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look
Of Heaven upon his face which limners give
The beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side,—
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour
The pretty, harmless boy was slain. I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse ye Romans! Rouse ye, slaves!
Have ye brave sons?—Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die! Have ye fair daughters?—Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored; and, if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! And once again—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!—once again, I swear,
The eternal city shall be free!

HISTORY REVIEW.

Name Victoria's children and whom they married.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

George III., George IV., William IV.

1792.

1822.

WORKS.

Zastrozzi.
Revolt of Islam.
St. Irvyne.
The Cenci.
The Witch of Atlas.
Adonais.
Rosalind and Helen.
The Necessity of Atheism.

Posthumous Poems of My Aunt Margaret
Nicholson.
Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude.
Prometheus Unbound.
Queen Mab.
Hellas.
Epipsychidion.

Shelley was the son of a rich baronet, and was born a poet. He was sweet, generous, tender, beautiful and sensitive. At school he was harshly treated by his teachers and school-mates; at Eton he suffered just as much from the same cause. He judged society by the oppressions he underwent, and rebelled against all authority. He read incessantly, but unfortunately read works unhealthy in tone, and soon avowed himself a republican and an atheist. Chemistry was his favorite study and he delighted in making all sorts of experiments, at the risk of his own and his little sisters' lives. After leaving Oxford he devoted himself to physics, and after having blown himself up once or twice, swallowed a quantity of arsenic through mistake and ruined his books, floor, clothing and furniture with acids, he abandoned it for metaphysics.

He became satisfied that atheism was the sheet anchor of the world, and he determined to convert the whole Christian world to this belief. While at the University he wrote a pamphlet on the *Necessity of Atheism*. The

authorities decided not to notice it, but Shelley sent it to the twenty-five heads of the college requesting them to notify him of their assent or dissent. Then they decided to expel him, and his father's indignation was so great at his refusal to make any concessions, that he forbade his appearance at Field Place. "He was treated as a reprobate, cast forth as a criminal." His sisters, who were at school at Brompton, sent him small sums of money saved from their pocket change. The bearer of this money was one of their schoolmates, Harriet Westbrook, the daughter of a retired hotel keeper. All communication having been forbidden with Miss Grove to whom he had been engaged, his impulsive nature reacted and he determined to elope with Miss Westbrook. They were married at Gretna Green. He was nineteen and she only sixteen years of age. The young pair went to Edinburgh, thence to York and the English lakes. Shelley took up his residence at Keswick and became intimate with Southey and De Quincey. He had already obtained the friendship of Leigh Hunt, and proposed to him a scheme for forming an association of liberals. He became the champion of Irish wrongs and would have been involved in great trouble, but for the advice of his friend Godwin.

An estrangement was slowly growing between his wife and himself, and finally resulted in a separation before their second child was born. It is said that Eliza Westbrook, a meddlesome elder sister of Mrs. Shelley's, was the discordant element. Shelley traveled abroad soon after this, accompanied by Mary Godwin, the daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft, so noted herself as an authoress. Mrs. Shelley's novel, *Frankenstein*, whose hero by study of the occult sciences discovers the secret of generation

and life, and proceeds to the creation of a man by the resources of natural philosophy, seemed a forerunner of the belief in evolution now attracting the attention of the scientific world. She also wrote *Valperga*, *The Last Man*, *Lodore*, *The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck*, and *Rambles in Germany and Italy*. Shelley says he loved her because she could feel poetry and understand philosophy. The disgraceful alliance between them seems rather to have been encouraged by Byron, who saw a great deal of them while on Lake Geneva.

On Shelley's return to England he learned that his wife had drowned herself, and his reproachful conscience drove him mad for a short time. Then he married Mary Godwin and settled in the neighborhood of Marlow, in Buckinghamshire, and greatly endeared himself to the villagers by his kindness. He was distressed because the Court of Chancery refused to let him have charge of his two children on the grounds of his alleged depravity in religion and morals. He uttered a terrible curse on the Lord Chancellor for this decision.

His *Adonais* was written to the memory of Keats, to whom he had been greatly attached.

Consumption forced him to go to Italy. He lived in constant fear lest his son by his second wife should be taken from him, and he stayed in Italy to be relieved on this score. He devoted himself to boating, his favorite exercise, and the one by which he met his death. A sudden squall upset the boat on the bay of Spezzia and his body was washed ashore. An open volume of Keat's poems was found in his pocket. The quarantine laws were so stringent in regard to all drifting bodies that Shelley's was burned. His ashes were saved and deposited in a Protestant burial ground in Rome near to the grave

of Keats. The slab bears this inscription "Cor Cordium" and he has been styled since his death the "poet of poets."

Shelley distributed his *Queen Mab* in manuscript to his friends, never intending to have it published, but while he was in Italy it was printed.

He presents striking peculiarities of character,—impulsive and headstrong, constantly doing things neither man nor God approved, yet generous, loving, and tender as a woman, causing all who came in contact with him to love and even admire him. He was only thirty when he died.

THE CLOUD.*

I bring showers for the thirsting flowers
 From the seas and the streams;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noon-day dreams.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one,
 When rock'd to rest on their mother's breast, †
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under;
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

* "The odes *To the Skylark* and *The Cloud*, in the opinion of many critics, bear a purer poetical stamp than any other of his productions. They were written as his mind prompted, listening to the carolling of the bird aloft in the azure sky of Italy, or marking the cloud as it sped across the heavens, while he floated in his boat on the Thames. No poet was ever warmed by a more genuine and unforced inspiration. His extreme sensibility gave the intensity of passion to his intellectual pursuits, and rendered his mind keenly alive to every perception of outward objects, as well as to his internal sensations. Such a gift is, among the sad vicissitudes of human life, the disappointments we meet, and the galling sense of our own mistakes and errors, fraught with pain; to escape from such he delivered up his soul to poetry, and felt happy when he sheltered himself from the influence of human sympathies in the wildest regions of fancy."—MRS. SHELLEY, *Pref. to Poet. Works*.

The fanciful conceptions of which this poem consists are embodied in richly colored and most musical language. The obscurity, however, of some passages is a material drawback to the reader's pleasure.

† *Their mother, &c.*—i. e. the earth's breast, as she rapidly revolves—"dances"—around the sun.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
 Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
 Lightning, my pilot, sits;
 In a cavern under is fetter'd the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits;
 Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion;
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea;
 Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 The spirit he loves remains;
 And I all the while hark in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack;
 When the morning-star shines dead;
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
 An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings;
 And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath
 Its ardors[‡] of rest and love,
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer;
 And laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

[‡] *Rack*—a vapor, mist; here, a body of vapors forming a large cloud. *Shakespeare's* expression, "Leave not a rack behind," is well known.

[‡] *Its ardors*,—its warm sympathies with.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch through which I march,
 With hurricane, fire and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chain'd to my chair,
 Is the million-color'd bow;
 The sphere-fire | above its soft colors wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nurseling of the sky;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,* *
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I rise and unbuild it again.

THE SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still, and higher,
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are brightening,
 Thou dost float and run,
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

| *Sphere-fire*—i. e. a light from the spheres.

* * *Cenotaph*.—In this passage the sky—the proper region of the clouds—being, after the rain, empty of them, seems to be called on this account their cenotaph

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee;
From rainbow-clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wing'd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Match'd with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear, keen joyance
Languor cannot be ;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
A'hou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of the saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joys we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground.

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

JOHN KEATS.

1796.

1821.

WORKS.

Endymion.
Lamia.

Hyperion.
Isabella.

" John Keats, who was kill'd off by one critique,
Just as he really promised something great,
If not intelligible, without Greek
Contrived to talk about the gods of late,
Much as they might have been supposed to speak
Poor fellow ! His was an untoward fate.
'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article."

—Byron.

Never was a poet more radiant in genius, more rich in promise than was the short-lived Keats.

His frame was fragile, and his features delicate. His eyes were mellow and glowing, large, dark, and sensitive, and often suffused with tears at the recital of a noble act or a beautiful thought. He lived with his grandfather, who kept a livery stable at Moorefields, but he was educated at Enfield, and apprenticed when only fifteen to a surgeon. In 1818 he published his *Endymion*, a poetic romance, defective in many parts, but really possessing a great many merits. The Quarterly Review criticised it with contemptuous severity, and it almost maddened its author. It was almost all that his friends could do to prevent his committing suicide. In 1820 he was chilled while riding on a stage coach. On reaching home he was made to retire, and at once began to cough slightly. "This is blood in my mouth," he said; "bring a candle; let me see this blood." After seeing it, he remarked with calmness, "I know the color of that blood; it is arterial blood; I cannot be deceived in that color. It is my death warrant. I must die." He went to Naples, hoping the climate might

restore him. He enjoyed the mild and balmy air, and often said the greatest pleasure he had was watching the flowers grow, and insisted that he could feel them growing over his grave. At the last, he seemed to long for death, and Leigh Hunt tells us that he would watch the countenance of his physician for the fatal sentence, and express regret when it was delayed. During his illness he would give way to violent fits of passion, so violent as to often injure himself and annoy everyone around him. His intervals of remorse were very bitter. He went to Rome and died there on the 27th of December, 1821, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, and was buried, as Shelley tells us, "in the romantic and lovely cemetery of the Protestants in that city, near the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius, and the massy walls and towers now mouldering and desolate which formed the circuit of ancient Rome. The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." On the marble slab is carved — "Here lies one whose name is writ in water."

When his second volume of poems appeared, Jeffrey criticised them in the "Edinburgh Review" in a very kindly spirit. Others added words of praise in appreciation of the poet, but their verdict came too late to save him. Byron felt the death of Keats, and said it was a great loss to literature, and in speaking of his writings, remarked, "His fragment of *Hyperion* seems actually inspired by the Titans and it is as sublime as *Eschylus*."

When Keats died he was admired as a poet only by his personal friends and by Shelley. Even the woman he loved had no faith in his poetic reputation.

She said, "The kindest act would be to let him rest forever in the obscurity to which circumstances have condemned him."

There is no doubt that Keats really loved Fanny Brawne, a woman in no way worthy of the poet's love or admiration. The love-stories of great poets so often are disappointing, and that of John Keats, the poet of love and beauty, is especially so. Where could a more common-place woman be found than the one who held his heart's best affection? She was not even pretty, she knew nothing of domestic duties, and she had little intellect, but did have an exceedingly high temper. Shelley's Harriet Westbrook was silly enough, but Keats' Fanny Brawne was sillier. His first impression of her was anything but complimentary, and it is surprising how she ever gained such an ascendancy over him. "She is about my height, with a fine style of countenance of the lengthened sort; she wants sentiment in every feature; she manages to make her hair look well; her nostrils are very fine, though a little painful; her mouth is bad and good; her profile is better than her full face, which indeed is not full, but pale and thin, without showing any bone; her shape is very graceful, and so are her movements; her arms are good, her hands badish, her feet tolerable. She is now seventeen, but she is ignorant; monstrous in her behaviour, flying out in all directions, calling people such names, that I was forced lately to make use of the term minx." Another in writing of her, however, said that "She was not without her good parts. She had the gift of independence or self-sufficingness in a high degree, and it was not easy to turn her from a settled

purpose." Then, too, while not a student, and not possessing literary appreciation, she was well read in the "history of costume," prided herself on being stylish, and she was "an eager politician," with strong convictions, fiery and animated.

When poor Keats knew that death must come soon, knew what that hemorrhage from the lungs must mean, he wrote to her, "I have two luxuries to brood over in my walks, your loveliness and the hour of my death. Oh, that I could have possession of them both in the same minute!" Then, in writing to a friend and possible rival, Charles Brown, he said, "I can bear to die—I can not bear to leave her—O, God! God! God! Everything that I have in my trunks that reminds me of her goes through me like a spear. The silk lining she put in my traveling-cap scalds my head. My imagination is horribly vivid about her—I see her—I hear her. There is nothing of sufficient interest to divert me from her a moment. Oh, that I could be buried near where she lives! I am afraid to write to her—to receive a letter from her—to see her handwriting would break my heart—ever to hear of her anyhow, to see her name written, would be more than I can bear." When he sailed from England to Pisa on the "Maria Crowther" he wrote his last sonnet, and no one doubts but that he was thinking of Fanny Brawne.

Shelley paid the following tribute to Keats:

"He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder, to the song of Night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above."

LEIGH HUNT.

1784.

1859.

WORKS.

Descent of Liberty.
The Literary Pocket-Book.
The Legend of Florence.
Captain Sword and Captain Pen.
Lord Byron and Some of His
Contemporaries.
Rimini.

Classic Tales.
Feasts of the Poets.
Hero and Leander.
Imagination and Fancy.
Wit and Humor.
A Book for a Corner.

Leigh Hunt's father lived in Pennsylvania when the American Revolution begun, but as he espoused the British cause so heartily he was forced to leave. He went to England, although he was a West Indian by birth. He became tutor to Lord Leigh Chandos, and became so attached to him he named his son for him. He had him educated at Christ's Hospital, where he remained until his fifteenth year, when, he says, he had the honor of going out of the school in the same rank, at the same age, and for the same reason as his friend Charles Lamb. It was understood that a "Grecian" was bound to deliver a public speech before leaving school and as he hesitated in his speech he could not be a Grecian.

He began to write verses early, and his father collected them and had them published. Hunt described these as "a heap of imitations and absolutely worthless in every other respect." He has imitated with success the lighter and more picturesque parts of Chaucer and Spencer, Boccaccio and other Italian authors. His brother and himself conducted in joint partnership the "Examiner." Unfortunately the poet ventured on some criticisms of the prince regent, (afterwards George

IV.), which were construed into a libel (having already been prosecuted three times for the same offense), so he was sentenced to a two years' imprisonment. While in prison he furnishes us a striking illustration of a man making the most of his circumstances and surroundings. He had his rooms on the ground floor and one of these he converted into a study. He thus describes it: "I papered the walls with a trellis of roses; I had the ceiling covered with clouds and sky; the barred windows were screened with Venetian blinds; and when my bookcases were set up, with their busts and flowers, and a pianoforte made its appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side the water. I took a pleasure when a stranger knocked at the door to see him come in and stare about him. Charles Lamb declared that there was no such room except in a fairy tale. But I had another surprise which was a garden. There was a little yard outside railed off from another belonging to the neighboring ward. This yard I shut in with green palings adorned with a trellis. I bordered it with a thick bed of earth from a nursery, and even contrived to have a grass plot. The earth I filled with flowers and young trees. There was an apple tree from which we managed to get a pudding the second year. As to my flowers, they were allowed to be perfect. A poet from Derbyshire (Mr. Moore) told me he had seen no such heart's-ease. Here I wrote in fine weather sometimes under an awning. In autumn my trellises were hung with scarlet runners, which added to the flowery investment. I used to shut my eyes in my arm-chair, and affect to think myself hundreds of miles off."

While there he was visited frequently by Byron and Tom Moore, who were attentive to him, and who sympa-

thized with him in his captivity. As soon as he was released he published his *Story of Rimini*, then he edited the "Indicator," and shortly afterwards brought out two volumes of poetry. In 1822, he went to reside with Lord Byron, and together they established the *Liberal*. Byron's aristocratic friends persuaded him this connection was too plebeian for him, and Hunt found the poet who had heretofore been kind and generous suddenly changed to a cold, sarcastic and worldly-minded man. Shortly afterwards Hunt brought out his *Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries*. His criticisms were construed into ingratitude towards a friend to whom he was indebted for pecuniary aid, and many greatly condemned him.

Hunt's poems have an affectation about them which caused him to be called the "Cockney poet." He numbered among his literary friends, Barry Cornwall, Thomas Carlyle, Robert and Elizabeth Browning, and many others. His closing years were rendered happier by a pension of two hundred pounds, which Lord Russell obtained for him. He died on the 28th of August, 1859, and was buried by his own request in Kensal Green Cemetery.

His aim was to make life happier and more beautiful; and if an exuberant but genial vivacity of wit, a rich imagination, and a healthy interest in human joys, sorrows, and duties can adorn and make truer one's existence, then has Leigh Hunt's kindly purpose succeeded.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. Name all the sovereigns from William I. to Victoria.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON.

(Lord Byron.)

1788.

1824

George III.

George IV.

WORKS.

Hours of Idleness.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

Childe Harold.

Don Juan.

Corsair.

Lara.

Marino Fallero.

Sardanapalus.

Two Foscari.

Werner.

Siege of Corinth.

Cain.

Glaour.

Parisina.

Bride of Abydos.

Mazeppa.

Prisoner of Chillon.

Lament of Tasso.

Manfred.

Beppo.

The Deformed Transformed.

"If one thing were more characteristic of Byron's mind than another, it was his strong, shrewd, common sense; his pure, unalloyed sagacity.

Byron's mind was, like his own ocean, sublime in its yesty madness, beautiful in its glittering summer brightness, mighty in the lone magnificence of its waste of waters, gazed upon from the magic of its own nature, yet capable of representing, but as in a glass darkly, the natures of all other."—*Earl of Beaconsfield.*

"If one's choice of parents be as important as Rev. Dr. Hale considers it, Byron had no fair start in life. His mother was a shrieking, howling, red-faced, passionate person who at one time spoiled him by indulgence, and at another terrified him with violent wrath." She was known in moments of fury to tear her bonnets and dresses to pieces, call her son a "a lame brat" and throw the fire shovel at his head, and then the next moment kiss him and weep over him. His father was a vicious, dissipated wretch. Byron himself was dowered with a fiery Norman temper; and while he had a head which sculptors loved to copy, he had a deformed foot, (club foot) which was a source of the keenest mortifica-

tion to him. He was cursed with an exaggerated sensibility, which inflicted upon him the keenest tortures. His great egotism was the cause, doubtless, of many of his marked eccentricities. He was anxious to have the world's gaze fixed upon him, and said and did many things that were merely for the purpose of attracting attention. In this way he frequently appeared much worse than he really was. He may have been no worse than other men of his day, for it was a time of general immorality, but he never concealed even his worst vices. He planted them in the light of day, and the world took revenge upon him for this audacity.

Though aristocratic and proud at heart, he was a man of quick and tender sympathy and princely generosity; and in Moore's life of him we read that the domestics were extremely attached to him and would have endured anything on his account. He was always a defender of the weak. While at Harrow he saw a large tyrannical boy punishing a smaller one for refusing to be his fag. Although not large enough to resist the bully, in a tone of indignation he demanded to be allowed to bear one-half the punishment. On another occasion when he saw a weak, sickly boy bullied by an older and stronger fellow, he told him, "If any one ill-treats you again, you tell me, and I will thrash him if I can." The nobler elements of his character were constantly at war with the lower, and although he did not have sufficient strength of character to lead the nobler life that he had frequent visions of, he had enough innate nobility to dislike the life that he did lead.

His early education was acquired at the Scottish schools, and when his uncle's death made him a lord, his mother sent him to Harrow to be prepared for Cam-

bridge. He gained great reputation for his amount of valuable information. Indeed, it is remarkable what a list of works in all departments of literature he had read before he was fifteen. Although he received no honors at the University, nor indeed applied himself to his text books, yet he was by no means idle. He brought out his *Hours of Idleness*, which was severely criticised by the Edinburgh Review, but this did not discourage him; on the contrary it brought forth his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. He took his seat in the House of Lords before this satire was published, but as he did not shine in politics, he retired soon afterwards and went to Italy. On his return home, his mother having died during his absence, he found his affairs very much embarrassed. He went to the publishers to try to get his *Translations of Horace* given to the public, but they seemed loath to take it from him, saying they much preferred something original. Then he handed them the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, which they acknowledged at once to have great merit. Byron says when it was published he found himself famous. Then appeared his *Giaour*, his *Bride of Abydos* and *The Corsair*. He was a very rapid writer and thinker. It is said *The Corsair* was written in ten days and the *Bride of Abydos* in four. He had a volcanic brain and could never recast anything.

His love affair with Mary Chaworth occurred when he was probably too young to suffer much from the strength of his passion, for he was only fifteen. He had been in love twice before, once at eight, with Mary Duff, a simple Scottish maiden, and again at twelve with Margaret Parker, "one of the most beautiful of evanes-

cent beings," who died a year or two after. It was Mary Chaworth he immortalized in *The Dream*:

"I saw two beings in the hues of youth,
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill.

* * * *

These two, a maiden and a youth were there
Gazing — the one on all that was beneath,
Fair as herself -- but the boy gazed on her;
And both were young, and one was beautiful;
And both were young, yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge.
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him."

At twenty-seven he married Miss Milbanke. It is almost impossible to understand why, for he had said in speaking about his engagement to her, "What an odd situation and friendship is ours, without one spark of love on either side! She is a superior woman though and very little spoiled, which is strange, as she is an heiress, a girl of twenty,—an only child, who has always had her way. Any other head would be turned with half her acquisitions, and a tenth of her advantages." She undoubtedly loved Byron, but feared to marry him on account of his irregularities. She was a noble, intelligent, and high-principled woman. The wonder was not that she would live with such a man as Byron, but that she could ever have thought of marrying him. In charity we must decide that she was ignorant of the unspeakable degradation of such an act. Accustomed as she had been to a well-ordered English household she was miserable at the utter demoralization of her home, of which the bailiff had possession nine times during the short year she occupied it. A little daughter, Ada, was born to them, and for this reason Lady Byron

would have tolerated her husband if it had been possible, but it seemed her very virtues irritated him. She thought at first his mind was affected, and had him examined by physicians, and when she learned from them that he was in his right mind, she determined to leave him and never to see him again.

Popular feeling was very strong about the separation. The blame rested undoubtedly on him. He was hooted at in the streets and abused in the papers. Miserable and wretched he left England forever. He went to Geneva, to Rome, to Ravenna, to Venice where he steeped himself in dissipation, and sank even to debauchery. His *Don Juan* was written at late hours at night while flushed with brandy and wine. Can we wonder at the moral depravity portrayed in it?

In 1823 Greece was struggling to throw off her Turkish yoke. This roused all the manhood within him, and he resolved to go to her aid. He was idolized by the Greeks and it is probable had they gained their independence before his death, they would have proclaimed him king. He was seized with a fever brought on from exposure and after a short illness died at the early age of thirty-seven.

He had said: —

‘ But silent let me sink to earth,
With no officious mourners near,”

and it seemed as though this wish was realized, for no friend was near him when he died. His room was a picture of distress and anguish. His body was taken to England to be buried, and as the funeral procession moved along the streets, a dog, howling piteously, followed the coffin. Lady Caroline Lamb, who had loved him so passionately, stood at her window to see the pro-

cession pass by, and when she saw his coffin she uttered a heartrending cry and sunk to the floor insensible. They placed her in a bed from which she never rose, and she was soon borne from it to her grave.

Byron's latest love was Countess Guiccioli, and it has been thought had they met when younger all his stormy life might have been changed and redeemed. She was "beautiful as a poet's dream," young, gifted and passionately devoted to him. She had been reared in a convent, and had her mind filled with the poetry of the cloister. She had married a man old enough to be her father, a husband selected by her parents, a man she had rarely seen. When Byron met her she was a melancholy, unhappy woman, given to reading poetry and immoral novels. She loved Byron from the moment she saw him, and he loved her. This love knew no diminution during life.

Sherlock said, "Some men destroy a healthful, vigorous constitution of body by intemperance, and do as manifestly kill themselves as those who hang, or poison, or drown themselves," and so it was with Byron. While he has qualities of mind and heart that we must admire, still, as Whittier said, "I have feared, and do still fear the consequences, the inevitable consequences of his writings," and there is great danger lest, in our enthusiastic admiration for his genius and his poetry, we may too lightly pass over "the awful impiety, and the staggering unbelief that is contained in those writings," and may attempt to cover with the veil of charity the moral dregs that lie hidden by the sparkling wine of thought and fancy.

Byron loved the Bible. It was his favorite book;

especially did he delight in reading the Old Testament—yet Byron was in no sense of the word a religious man.

"This should have been a noble creature; he
Hath all the energy which would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled; as it is
It is an awful chaos,—light and darkness,
And mind and dust, and passions and pure thoughts,
Mix'd and contending, without end or order,
All dormant or destructive."

WHO WAS BYRON'S "MAID OF ATHENS?"

It was early in the fall of 1875, perhaps September, when, in company with a party of American friends, we strolled out of the city of Athens for a walk.

Choosing for our route a street which led east towards the river Illysus, and to the Protestant Cemetery, our attention was soon attracted to what was an unusual sight, a Greek funeral, returning from a burial in the Protestant Cemetery.

The long line of priests arrayed in their sacerdotal garments, headed the procession of men and boys walking, the latter carrying on uplifted poles the crucifix, censer, etc., the usual paraphernalia of an "orthodox" Greek funeral. Among the company we soon saw some American friends, who stopped and thus accosted us:

"We are sorry we did not send you a message. This is the funeral of Byron's "Maid of Athens," Mrs. Black. You know she married an Englishman, and he and one son are buried in the Protestant Cemetery, and she wished to be buried there with them," and so, alas, we had lost our last and only opportunity of seeing the woman who is said to have inspired that beautiful little poem of Byron's:

"Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh give me back my heart!
Or, since this has left my breast,
Keep it now and take the rest;
Hear my vow before I go,
Zoe mou, sas agapo.

"By those tresses unconfined,
Woo'd by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose pretty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Zoe mou, sas agapo.

"By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone encircled waist;
By all the token flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and wee,
Zoe mou, sas agapo.

" Maid of Athens ! I am gone !
 Think of me, sweet, when alone,
 Though I fly to Istambol,
 Athens holds my heart and soul ;
 Can I cease to love thee ? No !
 Zoe mou, sas agapo.

Being the custom among the Greeks to carry the body of their dead uncovered through the streets to their last resting place, we would have had ample opportunity to have, at least, seen the face and features of this woman, who, forgotten long since herself, has lived in verse, and is to many yet unknown.

And who was Byron's "Maid of Athens?" No very authentic statement can be obtained from any source, simply because it is not and never has been a matter of much importance. Yet the following facts were that day given us by one of the party of Americans, who had resided for a time in Athens nearly forty years previous, and had at that time made the personal acquaintance of this Mrs. Black, who was then acknowledged by the Americans and English residing there to be the veritable "Maid of Athens." Her name before her marriage was Teresa Makree, and it is said that walking on the beach at Phalerum with her parents, as is the custom in the East, she passed near Lord Byron, who, being struck by her beauty, dashed off the poem. This must have been in 1822 or 1824, during Byron's visit to Greece, at which time he threw himself so heartily into the struggle of the Greeks for their independence.

The Phalerum is the old port of the city of Athens, and is now a bathing place and fashionable resort for Greeks and their families, for an afternoon or evening drive. Whether or not it was at that time, probably visited by females is doubtful, but thus the story is told in Athens to-day. It is supposed that the notoriety thus gained brought the young lady into special notice, especially among the English, and she at an early age became the wife of a Mr. Black.

He died many years since and left her a widow. Mrs. Black continued to live, grew corpulent, as most Greek females do, and very homely, of which fact it is said she was well aware, and became very sensitive in later years, about being looked at as Byron's beautiful "Maid of Athens." Yet English and American travelers frequently asked and received permission to call upon her as such. Of her temporal circumstances we know nothing. A few months after Mrs. Black's death, we had the pleasure of spending an evening with some English friends, in company with a daughter of hers. We found Miss Black a cultivated, intelligent lady who spoke both English and Greek as her native tongue. She had certainly the appearance of a young woman in good circumstances, and in the East these lines are distinctly drawn.

We have been disappointed in getting a sketch of Mrs. Black, from a personal acquaintance of hers, but we have given the story as traditional now in Athens. Whether or not Teresa Makree was really the "Maid of Athens," is not for us to say. That she was the veritable Mrs. Black, who for fifty years has been supposed to be Byron's "Maid of Athens," that she is now dead and buried in Athens, Greece, in the Protestant Cemetery there, and that her grave is still visited as such, are facts that cannot be controverted.

This much we feel safe in asserting, that the Mrs. Black said to be living in abject poverty in the suburbs of London, cannot be the young Greek girl who married Mr. Black, as the reputed "Maid of Athens."—*Copied from "Electra."*

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Name the Brunswick line.*
2. *Who was on the throne when America gained her independence?*
3. *Who was the sultan of Turkey at the time Greece revolted?*
4. *Where is Missolonghi?*
5. *Why are English people interested in the place?*
6. *Locate Ravenna, Venice, Geneva and Rome.*

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
 I love not man the less, but nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,—
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

* * * * *
 Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee:—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou;
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed,—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime,—

The image of Eternity,—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers,—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane,—as I do here.

EXTRACT FROM THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

II.

There are seven pillars of gothic mold
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old;
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray —
A sunbeam which has lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left,
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a march's metoor lamp;
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun to rise
For years — I cannot count them o'er:
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother drooped and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III.

They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three — yet each alone.
We could not move a single pace;
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight;
And thus together, yet apart —
Fettered in hand but joined in heart;
'Twas still some solace in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,

And each turn comforter to each —
 With some new hope, or legend old,
 Or song heroically bold;
 But even these at length grew cold.
 Our voices took a dreary tone,
 An echo of the dungeon stone,
 A grating sound — not full and free,
 As they of yore were wont to be;
 It might be fancy, but to me
 They never sounded like our own.

IV.

I was the eldest of the three,
 And to uphold and cheer the rest
 I ought to do, and did, my best;
 And each did well in his degree.
 The youngest whom my father loved
 Because our mother's brow was given
 To him, with eyes as blue as heaven —
 For him my soul was sorely moved;
 And truly might it be distress
 To see such a bird in such a nest;
 For he was beautiful as day
 (When day was beautiful to me
 As to young eagles being free),
 A polar day which will not see
 A sunset till it's summer's gone —
 It's sleepless summer of long light,
 The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
 And thus he was as pure and bright,
 And in his natural spirit gay,
 With tears for nought but others' ills;
 And then they flowed like mountain rills
 Unless he could assuage the woe
 Which he abhorred to view below.

V.

The other was as pure of mind,
 But formed to combat with his kind;
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood
 Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
 And perished in the foremost rank
 With joy; but not in chains to pine.
 His spirit withered with their clank;
 I saw it silently decline —
 And so, perchance, in sooth, did mine.
 But yet I forced it on to cheer
 Those relics of a home so dear.
 He was a hunter of the hills,
 Had followed there the deer and wolf.
 To him this dungeon was a gulf,
 And fettered feet the worst of ills.

VI.

Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls
 A thousand feet in depth below
 Its massy waters meet and flow :
 Thus much the fathom-line was sent
 From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
 Which round about the wave enthralls.
 A double dungeon wall and wave
 Have made, and like a living grave.
 Below the surface of the lake
 The dark vault lies wherein we lay ;
 We heard it ripple night and day ;
 Sounding o'er our heads it knocked.
 And I have felt the winter's spray
 Wash through the bars when winds were high
 And wanton in the happy sky ;
 And then the very rock hath rocked,
 And I have felt it shake, unshocked.
 Because I could have smiled to see
 The death that would have set me free.

* * * * *

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days —
 I kept no count, I took no note —
 I had no hope my eyes to raise,
 And clear them of their dreary mote ;
 At last came men to set me free,
 I asked not why, and recked not where ;
 It was at length the same to me,
 Fettered or fetterless to be ;
 (I learned to love despair,)
 And thus when they appeared at last,
 And all my bonds aside were cast,
 These heavy walls to me had grown
 A hermitage — and all my own !
 And half I felt as they were come
 To tear me from a sacred home.
 With spiders I had friendship made
 And watched them in their sullen trade ;
 Had seen the mice by moonlight play —
 And why should I feel less than they ?
 We were all inmates of one place,
 And I, the monarch of each race,
 Had power to kill ; yet, strange to tell,
 In quiet we had learned to dwell.
 My very chains and I grew friends,
 So much a long communion tends
 To make us what we are : even I
 Regained my freedom with a sigh.

THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D.

1795

1842

George IV.

William IV.

Victoria.

WORKS.

History of Rome.

Introductory Lectures on Modern History.

Sermons to the Rugby Boys.

Miscellaneous Works.

"One of the brightest ornaments of his age."—*Dean Stanley*.

"His greatness did not consist in the pre-eminence of any single quality, but in several remarkable powers, thoroughly leavened, and pervaded by an ever-increasing moral nobleness."—*Quarterly Review*.

"A brave champion, a chevalier Bayard, who was needed to meet the odium, slander and opposition of the reform."—*Dean Stanley*.

Thomas Arnold, the son of William and Martha Arnold, was born at West Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, in 1795. His father was the collector of customs at Cowes and died very suddenly of spasm of the heart when Thomas was six years of age. A maiden aunt, Miss Delafield, sister to Mrs. Arnold, was asked to take charge of his early education. She faithfully performed this trust for two years or more when he was sent to Dr. Griffiths at Warminster, and remained there for four years. He then went to Winchester. Two teachers greatly influenced his life, Dr. Goddard and Dr. Gabell, headmasters successively during his stay there.

As a boy he was shy and reserved, but with decided opinions for his years, if his judgment was ever opposed or his opinions assailed—indeed he had the reputation in youth of being quite "disputatious." He was fond of debate for one so young and quite zealous in defending

his views. "He had, as a boy, the rudiments of a strong, resolute and war-like nature, and delighted to read of stern struggles and war-like achievements. Full of English pluck, he showed the unmistakable courage and energy of his native blood, intensified by the times and circumstances characteristic of his island home and surroundings. He was fond of such books as spoke to his heart and stirred his emotional feelings, and one of his best critics lays much stress on his impassioned nature, describing him as delighted with Homer, so that one of his amusements was to enact the Homeric battles with staves and spears, intensively alive in body and mind, entering heart and soul into martial scenes and exploits with a zest and pride indicative of a heroic nature. Young as he was, he gave prophetic promise of that war-like temperament, which afterwards underwent a marked change in the direction of its aims and impulses. The young Napoleon, who fought his mimic battles in the garden of West Cowes, while watching the great warships entering the harbor of the island, fed the fancy and taste of the youth. A good work at the best age, they did for the young hero. Youth, such as this, has a world of its own, and while nourished by the providence that orders the kind of our education with its means and ends, yet gives therewith free play to our instincts and intuitions. The plan of existence is ordained for us; it is secret and subtle; and time only can show its purpose and determined issues in the final results. Dependent we must be in order to become independent; Arnold grew out and beyond the boy's self-will and crude youthfulness into a college-life at Oxford with a natural fitness and adaptability for emi-

ment success as a student." It was in 1811 that he entered Corpus Christi College where he gained two prizes for scholarship, one in English and one in Latin. Later he became a Fellow of Oriel College.

His mind was one that was not willing to receive anything on tradition. He wished to investigate for himself the great truths of science and religion. Christianity appealed to him, and after an honest investigation he surrendered himself to Christ, and his life henceforth became one of "obedience, reverence, intense humility and unreserved adoration."

In 1819 he settled at Laleham, and soon after married Mary Penrose, the daughter of John Penrose, the minister of Fledborough, in Nottinghamshire. She was the sister of his intimate college friend, Trevenen Penrose. He began coaching students for the university, and spent his leisure moments in study and literary work. He wrote at this time his *History of Rome*, which he modeled after the German historian, Neibuhr. Thucydides and Aristotle were his favorite authors, and their works greatly influenced his thoughts. Heroditus was in no sense a study but a recreation. He began to prepare for the ministry and published a volume of sermons delivered during this time of preparation.

He spent ten years at Laleham, and then was offered the head-mastership of Rugby. In writing of this period in his life he said: "John Keble is right; it is good for me to leave Laleham because I feel that we are getting to regard it too much a home. I cannot tell you how much both of us love it, and its perfect peace seems at times an appalling contrast to the publicity of Rugby. I am sure that nothing could stifle this regret, were it

not for my full consciousness that I have nothing to do with rest here but with labor, and then I can look forward to the labor with nothing but satisfaction, if my health and faculties are still spared to me."

One of his friends in recommending him for the position, said: "If Mr. Arnold is elected he will change the face of education all through the public schools of England," and he did; for Rugby became not merely a school where a certain amount of classical or general learning was to be obtained, but a place where moral and religious discipline was enforced, and where characters were formed and where men were trained for the duties and responsibilities of life. He made the boys feel that they could be trusted, and he did away with so much corporal punishment then so prevalent, and considered so necessary. If a student made an assertion, Arnold would say, "If you say it is true, of course I believe you," and so there grew up between teacher and pupil a bond of trust, and a feeling that it was a shame "to tell Arnold a lie for he always believes." On one occasion when it became necessary to expel several boys he said, "It is not necessary to have 300, 100, or 50 boys in this school, but it is necessary that we shall have a school of Christian gentlemen." The principles he taught, he enforced by his own example and personal qualities.

Just such a man was needed in just such a position as Rugby. Here he developed into the great Thomas Arnold, and he was fitly described by Dean Stanley as "a brave champion, a chevalier Bayard, who was needed to meet the odium, slander, and opposition of the reform." He met it all. He did his grand work

grandly. Dying before forty-seven years of age, he left an example of patience, skill and wisdom, rarely equalled but never surpassed. True it is :—

“The child is father to the man.”

He spent fourteen years at Rugby and the beautiful relation between himself and his boys is best portrayed by one of his pupils, Thomas Hughes, in his “Tom Brown at Rugby.” To be just, honest and truthful, he held to be the first aim of his being. He loved his boys and had the most intense sympathy with them. He did not possess what is generally known as tact, but he always acted from a lofty sense of duty, and so won the respect of all. The keenest regret was felt when he resigned.

In 1841 he accepted the chair of Modern History at Oxford and delivered a course of seven lectures there the following year. These lectures were later published in book form.

He had bought a home in the beautiful English Lake district very near Ambleside and Rydal Mount, and called it Fox How. The lovely surroundings and congenial companionship made it an ideal resting place. His vacations were spent there, and he was preparing to go there for his midsummer’s rest; he had every arrangement made to leave in a few days, when the end came. He retired Saturday night, apparently in perfect health, but early Sunday morning he awoke with a violent pain in his heart, caused possibly from acute indigestion. He began choking and died at eight o’clock. His body was taken to Rugby and buried in the chancel of the chapel.

He left two sons, Matthew Arnold, so well known as

poet, essayist and critic, and Thomas Arnold, author and compiler, father of Mrs. Humphrey Ward. He was a Whig or Liberal in politics, and strenuously opposed the High Church views as advocated by Pusey. He would not recognize that the clergy possessed any mediatorial functions.

Arnold was a man of the tenderest domestic affections, most generous friendship, and the most expansive benevolence.

He was great as a scholar, historian and theologian, but greatest as a teacher. "Teaching was the business of his life, and in instruction his greatness was conspicuous. He was not only an admirable scholar and a skillful instructor, but he was an enthusiastic lover of literature, and he inspired his pupils with this same love. Besides this he implanted in their minds the noblest principles, the most just sentiments, not by precept only, but by example. He became a real companion to the Rugby boys. He joined in their sports, and sympathized with them, making them feel that his thoughtfulness was not connected with any selfishness and weakness.

As a historian he ranked high. His *History of Rome* has been called the best history in the language, and to its composition he brought the very highest qualifications of learning and religious principle. He saw God in history and felt that righteousness exalts a nation and that sin is not merely a reproach but if encouraged in the heart brings rottenness and decay.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Give sovereigns of Stuart and Brunswick lines.*
2. *How many queens did England have?*

EIGHTH ERA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

1784-1832.

GEORGE CRABBE, 1754-1832. The Library, The Village, The Parish Register, The Borough, The Tales of the Hall.

AMUEL ROGERS, 1763-1855. Pleasures of Memory, Columbus, Human Life, Italy.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, 1777-1844. Pleasures of Hope, Gertrude of Wyoming, Hohenlinden, Lord Ullin's Daughter, The Battle of the Baltic, Ye Mariners of England, Specimens of the British Poets.

BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, 1751-1816. The Rivals, The School for Scandal, The Duenna, The Critic, Pizarro.

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST.

James Hogg, James Montgomery, Robert Tannahill (committed suicide), Reginald Heber (From Greenland's Icy Mountains), Kirke White, William Roscoe, Sir James Mackintosh, John Lingard, Thomas McCrie, James Mill, Henry Hallam, William Napier, Henry Mackenzie, John Galt, George Crowley, William Cobbett, John Foster, William Hazlitt, Lord Jeffrey, Savage Landor, Jeremy Bentham, Dugald Stewart, David Ricardo, Thomas Brown, Sir John Herschel, Adam Clarke, Robert Hall, Edward Irving, Richard Ponson, James Bruce, Mungo Park, Edward Clarke, Robert Pollok.

MONTHLY REVIEW.

1. Who was one of England's greatest orators?
2. Who was Single Speech Hamilton?
3. What was the Stamp Act?
4. When was the American War?
5. What sovereign was on the throne?
6. Who made himself famous in the impeachment of Warren Hastings?
7. Who was Warren Hastings?
8. During whose speech was it that the women were carried out in fits?
9. What great statesman was noted for his long speeches?
10. Who said his wife had a voice that was like low, soft music?
11. Who was Miss Nugent of Bath?
12. What English statesman was friendly to the Americans?
13. Who holds the first place among the political writers of the eighteenth century?
14. Whose house was at Ayr?
15. Where was Kirk Alloway?
16. Who wrote Tam O'Shanter?
17. What poem has immortalized Kirk Alloway?
18. Who was Agnes Brown?
19. Who was Souter Johnnie?
20. What kind of a man was Burns' father?
21. What poet as a boy followed the plow barefoot and bareheaded?
22. Who wore out two copies of Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling" by carrying it in his pocket to the field?
23. Who held a book in one hand all the time he was eating?
24. Who was never out of "the blissful state of being in love?"
25. From the hand of which one of Burns' sweethearts did he pick the thistles?
26. Who was Highland Mary?
27. What was her fate?
28. Who was the widow Clarinda?
29. What poet was round-shouldered?
30. Who would never accept pecuniary aid?
31. Who married Jane Armour?
32. How did Burns get into the habit of drink?
33. Who learned to dance after he married?
34. What poet left his family so poor that a subscription had to be taken up for them after his death?
35. Who would not tolerate a skeptical joke?
36. Who wrote the poem Cotter's Saturday Night?
37. Who was the greatest of all peasant poets and first of English song writers?
38. Who dedicated his book to the Prince of Wales?
39. What poet played well upon the piano?
40. Who is our Irish poet?
41. What two authors of this period are noted for their licentiousness?
42. What poet sent a challenge to a critic?
43. Who wrote Lalla Rookh?
44. Who wrote so well of Oriental scenes that it was thought he had visited them?
45. Who always spoke of his wife as "dear Beasy?"

46. Who wrote the History of Ireland for Lardner's Cyclopædia?
47. What English poet was introduced to President Jefferson?
48. What was Jefferson's opinion of his poems?
49. Who was the "sensitive plant" of English literature?
50. Who went to school with Warren Hastings?
51. Who spent his days "giggling and making giggle?"
52. Who could trace his ancestry back to Henry III.?
53. Why did Cowper never marry?
54. Who tried to hang himself with a garter?
55. Who was Mary Unwin?
56. Who tried to commit suicide by drowning?
57. How was he saved?
58. Who was Lady Austen?
59. Who wrote John Gilpin?
60. Who wrote The Task? State the circumstances.
61. Who were "dear Mr. and Mrs. Frog?"
62. Who wrote the hymn "God moves in a mysterious way?"
63. Who was called the "Female Shakespeare?"
64. What woman writer has been the only one thought capable of writing an epic poem?
65. Who wrote Evelina?
66. Whose duty was it to fill the queen's snuff-box?
67. What was Madame D'Arblay's maiden name?
68. Who wrote "Petticoat Government?"
69. Who came to this country in behalf of the negro?
70. Who abused the Americans and their manners? Why?
71. Who were first called the "Blue Stockings?"
72. Who gave, every May Day, an entertainment to the chimney sweeps?
73. Who was Nestor?
74. Who wrote Scottish Chiefs, and Thaddeus of Warsaw?
75. To whom did Scott give the credit of having caused him to write his Waverly Novels?
76. Who drew beautiful pictures of English life?
77. Who was called the "poet of poets?"
78. Whose wife committed suicide?
79. Who was Mary Godwin?
80. Why, by law, could not Shelley have his children?
81. What author was drowned?
82. Who died of rapid consumption?
83. Who fitted up his rooms in prison with such taste as to be admired and wondered at by all?
84. Why was Leigh Hunt thrown into prison?
85. Who was called the "Cockney poet?"
86. What two poets were buried at Rome?
87. On whose tomb are the words, "Here lies a man whose name is writ in water?"
88. Who died in Greece?
89. What poet had the misfortune of having bad parents?
90. Who had a club-foot?
91. Who always made himself out worse than he really was?
92. Who was Mary Chaworth?

93. Who was Miss Milbanke?
94. Lady Caroline Lamb?
95. Who said he wished no friend to be near when he died?
96. Who wrote *Childe Harold*?
97. Relate the story of Prisoner of Chillon.
98. What was the cause of the separation between Byron and his wife?
99. What was Byron's daughter's name?
100. Who was the Maid of Athens?
101. Who was Countess Guiccioli?
102. Who are the six literary women of the eighteenth century?
103. What poems were found in Shelley's pocket when his body was rescued?
104. Why could not Shelley be buried until his body was burned?
105. What is the first English novel ever written by a woman?

PLUS QUESTIONS.

1. *Who sent Washington a sword inscribed "The oldest general to the bravest?"*
2. *What spot is known as the Field of Lies?*
3. *Who changed court mourning from white to black?*
4. *What queen of England was never on English soil?*
5. *What king called his wife "The Great Flanders Mare?"*
6. *Of what king was it said "There was nothing royal but his face?"*
7. *Who was the original of the Rebecca in Ivanhoe?*
8. *Who was the real prisoner of Chillon?*
9. *What was the Bayeux tapestry? Where is it?*
10. *What was the last battle fought on Britain's soil?*



STUDIO LINDEN
ASTOR. LENOX
TILDEN. N. Y. A. 1910

FELICIA HEMANS.

1793.

George IV.

1835.

William IV.

WORKS.

Domestic Affections and Other
Poems.

The Forest Sanctuary.

The Voice of Spring.

The Graves of a Household.

Records of Woman.

The Vespers of Palermo.

Hymns for Childhood.

Lyrics and Shorter Poems.

Scenes and Hymns of Life.

Thoughts During Sickness.

The Sceptic.

The Battle of Morgarten.

The Palm Garden.

Lays of Leisure Hours.

The Sunbeam.

Songs of the Affections.

The Siege of Valentia.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans, whose maiden name was Browne, was born in Liverpool, England. There is some difference of opinion as to the year in which she was born,—some authorities say in 1793, others, September 25th, 1794. Her father was a native of Ireland, and a merchant of some prominence; her mother, whose maiden name was Wagner, was of Italian and German descent, the daughter of the imperial and Tuscan consul at Liverpool. Owing to reverses in the commercial affairs of Mr. Browne, his family removed to Gwyach, in North Wales, when Felicia was hardly six years of age. Here the beautiful mountain scenery was well calculated to inspire her budding genius, and to beget that intense love of nature which followed her through life; and the fine old mansion close by the sea, with its richly stored library and the picturesque grandeur of the everlasting hills which shut them in from the outside world, furnished ample food for the poetic temperament.

She showed a great love of poetry when very young, and her favorite occupation was reading the works of Shakespeare and Milton. Her memory was both quick and retentive, and it is said that after a single reading, she could repeat pages from these authors or any others that pleased her fancy. She began to write also before she was ten years old, and in this received every encouragement from her mother. In 1808 her first poems were given to the public in a little volume called *Early Blossoms*. But this, her first effort, met with such harsh criticism that the young poetess was almost ill for several days with disappointment and mortification. However she soon recovered courage, and her second volume, entitled *The Domestic Affections*, was received with more favor.

Having a brother engaged in the Spanish campaign under Sir John Moore, her sympathies became very much enlisted and her imagination greatly excited over the thought of English and Spanish chivalry on the same battlefield. She published a poem entitled *England and Spain*, which was afterwards translated into Spanish, and was certainly a notable production for a girl of fourteen. The fervor of her young enthusiasm was still at its height, and her beauty in its brightest bloom when she met for the first time Captain Hemans of the Fourth, or King's Own, Regiment. Who will wonder that the officer lost his heart among the golden brown ringlets?—that he, who could bid defiance to the swords of his foes, should surrender at discretion to the ever changeable glances of a pair of brilliant eyes? Nor need it seem more strange that she, a girl of fifteen, should, in the ardor of her patriotism, invest him, even on so short an acquaintance, with all the heroic attributes of her day-

dreams. From child to woman grown she met him once more, and both soon found that the passing fancy had deepened into something more, and just after the publication of her second collection of poems, before mentioned, she assumed for life the name which, through her, was to become so well known. It is sad to say this marriage, after all its bright anticipations, did not bring the happiness that was expected. What or whose the fault it behooves us not to decide. She, who begged on her death-bed, "O! never let them publish any of my letters!" would surely crave that the veil of silence should fall here, over the most sacred penetralia of a woman's life.

For one year they lived at Daventry, Northamptonshire; then Captain Hemans' appointments permitted him to restore his wife to her beloved mountains and to her mother, from whom she was never afterwards separated for any length of time. For several years Mrs. Hemans' time was very closely occupied with study and the cares of an increasing family, and her five bright boys served as an inspiration for many of the sweetest touches in her writings.

In 1818 Captain Hemans, having suffered from the many hardships of his military life, found it necessary to go to Italy to recover his health. There was no positive understanding that the separation was to be permanent, and many letters passed between Mrs. Hemans and her husband with regard to the education of her sons, but they never met again. She lived with her mother in Wales, and devoted most of her time to her literary labors. About this period she wrote *The Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy* and *Modern Greece*. Rev. Reginald Heber, who was a warm personal friend, en-

couraged her in writing a poem on *Superstition and Revelation*, which, however, was never finished.

She wrote two dramas — *The Vespers of Palermo* and *The Siege of Valentia* — but they were not considered equal to her other works. The first, a five act tragedy, was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, but was a complete failure. It was acted at Edinburgh afterwards with some success. She became at one time much interested in the study of German, and translated many poems from that language. Her next poem, *The Forest Sanctuary*, is considered one of her finest.

The death of her mother, which occurred in 1827, was a great grief and an irreparable loss to her. Her loving, confiding disposition had always clung to her mother through all the vicissitudes of life, and there was now no one to whom she could go for counsel, guidance and protection. Besides this, she knew nothing of domestic affairs, and the household work, so new and even irksome to her, which her mother had always taken upon herself, claimed much of her precious time from her literary labors; besides this, the education of her five sons now devolved entirely upon her. With the hope of obtaining educational advantages for them she left Wales and settled at Wavertree, a village near Liverpool; but she was disappointed, and finally decided to go to her brother in Dublin.

Before her departure from that city, she had the pleasure of a visit to Scott, at Abbotsford, who, in parting, said to her, "There are some whom we meet and should like ever to claim as kith and kin, and you are one of these." At another time he had said, "One might say you had too many accomplishments, Mrs. Hemans, were they not all made to give pleasure to those around you."

In the following year she visited Wordsworth at Rydal Mount, and was delighted with the beautiful scenery around the place. Both of these distinguished men, Scott and Wordsworth, were impressed with her beauty and accomplishments.

It was during the year 1831 that she, in company with her sons, went to make her home with her brother in Dublin. It was already noticeable to her friends that her health was failing, but she continued to write, generally reclining upon her bed or sofa. Towards the close of 1834, her life became very precarious. At this time she wrote upon religious subjects almost entirely, and while reclining upon her couch would repeat passage after passage from the Bible. Her last poem, *A Sabbath Sonnet*, she dictated to her brother, as she was then too ill to write herself. She died peacefully and quietly on the night of the 26th of March, 1835. Her remains were placed in a vault underneath St. Anne's Church, Dublin. A tablet placed above the spot is inscribed with her name, age and date of her death, with the following lines from one of her own dirges: —

“Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit rest thee now;
Ev'n while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust to the narrow home beneath,
Soul to its place on high;
They, that have seen thy look on earth,
No more may fear to die.”

In reading the poems of Mrs. Hemans, we are impressed with the innate perception of the beautiful shown in them. It is true many scenes and characters of which she wrote were fictitious, but in her various works we have some idea of her own feelings, her sorrows, joys, struggles, etc. Her nature was pure, delicate, and

refined. A strain of sadness pervades all her works, although she was naturally cheerful and buoyant, sometimes mirthful. A friend says: "Hers is the lament for the lot of humanity, dwelling amid so much beauty which must fade and perish." Mrs. Hemans' theme of power was "Woman." She had great sympathy with her sex, and this sympathy was the occasion of many beautiful poems, as *Records of Women*, etc.

Among her minor poems, one of the most familiar is *Casabianca*,—

"The boy stood on the burning deck,"

which has been the first step in eloquence of many an ambitious young orator. *Bring Flowers*, and *Evening Prayer at a Girls' School*, are very beautiful and much admired. Her writings show some glaring faults, especially the more ambitious efforts, but there is genuine genius, and the pure sentiment and inexpressible pathos in some of her short pieces will be appreciated as long as there are any to love the good, the true, the beautiful.—
Written by A. L. Bacon for Electra.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Give three important events in the reign of each Stuart king.
2. How long did the Commonwealth last?
3. Who ruled England during that time?
4. What was the Long Parliament?

EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL.

Now, in thy youth, beseech of Him
 Who giveth, upbraideth not,
 That his light in thy heart become not dim,
 And his love be unforget;
 And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be
 Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee.

—BERNARD BARTON.

Hush! 'tis a holy hour,—the quiet room
 Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds
 A faint and starry radiance through the gloom
 And the sweet stillness down on fair young heads,
 With all their clustering locks untouch'd by care,
 And bow'd as flowers are bow'd with night in prayer.
 Gaze on,—'tis lovely! — childhood's lip and cheek,
 Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought:
 Gaze,—yet what seest thou in those fair and meek,
 And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought;
 Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,
 What death must fashion for eternity!
 O joyous creatures! that will sink to rest
 Lightly, when those pure orisons are done.
 As birds with slumber's honey-dew opprest,
 Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun, —
 Lift up your hearts! though yet no sorrow lies
 Dark in the summer heaven of those clear eyes.
 Though fresh within your breast the untroubled springs
 Of hope make melody where'er ye tread,
 And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the wings
 Of spirits visiting but youth be spread;
 Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,
 Is woman's tenderness,—how soon her wo!
 Her lot is on you,—silent tears to weep.
 And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
 And sumless riches, from affections deep,
 To pour on broken reeds,—a wasted shower!
 And to make idols and find them clay,
 And to bewail that worship,—therefore pray!
 Her lot is on you,—to be found untired,
 Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
 With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired.
 And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain;
 Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
 And, oh! to love through all things,—therefore pray!
 And take the thought of this calm vesper-time,
 With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,
 On through the dark days fading from their prime,
 As a sweet dew, to keep your souls from blight!
 Earth will forsake, — oh! happy to have given
 The unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven.

BRING FLOWERS.

Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
To wreath the cup ere the wine is pour'd:
Bring flowers! they are springing in wood and vale:
Their breath floats out on the southern gale;
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,—
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell;
Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky.
And the bright world shut from his languid eye:
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And the dream of his youth,—bring him flowers, wild flowers.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
They were born to blush in her shining hair.
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth;
Her place is now by another's side,—
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride!

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead!
For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nursed!
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift,—bring ye flowers, pale flowers!

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,—
They are nature's offering, their place is *there*!
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part;
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory,—bring flowers, bright flowers.

WALTER SCOTT.

1771.

1832.

George III., George IV., William IV.

WORKS.

HISTORICAL NOVELS.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| Count Robert of Paris, (Crusades of Byzantium 1090). | The Monastery, (Mary Queen of Scots 1559). |
| Betrothed, (Welsh Wars 1187). | The Abbot, (Mary Queen of Scots 1568). |
| Talisman and Ivanhoe (Richard Cœur de Lion 1193). | Kenilworth, (Elizabeth 1575). |
| Castle Dangerous, (Clack Douglas 1306). | Fortunes of Nigel, (James I. 1620). |
| Fair Maid of Perth, (Robert III. 1402). | Legend of Montrose, (Civil War 1645). |
| Quentin Durward, (Louis XI. and Charles the Bald 1470). | Woodstock, (Commonwealth 1652). |
| Anne of Geirstein, (Battle of Nancy 1477). | Peveril of the Peak, (Charles II. 1660). |
| | Old Mortality, (Covenanters 1679). |
| | Waverly, (Pretender 1745.) |

PERSONAL NOVELS.

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| Guy Mannering. | The Pirate. |
| The Antiquary. | St. Roman's Well. |
| Black Dwarf. | Redgauntlet. |
| Rob Roy. | The Surgeon's Daughter. |
| The Heart of Midlothian. | The Two Drovers. |
| The Bride of Lammermoor. | The Highland Widow. |

POEMS.

- The Lay of the Last Minstrel.
Marmion.
The Lady of the Lake.
Rokeby.
The Lord of the Isles.
The Vision of Don Roderick.
The Bridal of Triermain.
Harold the Dauntless.
The Field of Waterloo.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Life of Napoleon.
Tales of a Grandfather.
Demonology and Witchcraft.
Life of Dryden.
Life of Swift.
The Siege of Malta.

"No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of time."—*Carlyle*.

Sir Walter Scott is an author who bears an unspotted record;—"a man built on a large scale, both in intellect and heart, and one of whom nothing is recorded which

detracts in any way from his nobility of soul." When he died "the heart of Scotland was broken; and well might she mourn, for no hand like his will ever again touch the harp of his native land; no strain like his will ever sound again through her rocky glens."

He was of gentle blood. His father was Walter Scott, a writer of the signet, and his mother Anne Rutherford, the daughter of Dr. Rutherford, a professor in the University of Edinburgh. When two years old a lameness appeared from which he never recovered. He was sent to a farm by the advice of his grandfather, hoping that the country air and exercise would restore his limb to strength again. His Aunt Janet, a maiden lady, accompanied him, and lovingly watched over him, but he never became strong, and on account of the bursting of a blood-vessel, he was forced to keep from speaking for some time; then it was he acquired the habit of reading which never left him, and to this habit we are indebted for that vast amount of information which enabled him to give to us in rapid succession more works than any other writer of fiction.

He would frequently steal out of bed undressed when the family went down to supper and read Shakespeare by firelight until he heard the rising from the table, when he would run back again and pretend to be fast asleep when they entered the room. Even as a child he was fond of Ossian and Spenser, and said he could read them forever.

At school he was termed the "Greek Blockhead" by his teacher, who said, "Dunce he is, and dunce he will ever remain." He may have been a dunce so far as the languages were concerned, and we can but rejoice that he gave no more of his time to their study,

otherwise we would not have had our "Wizard of the North," our "Great Magician," and "The Great Unknown."

An incident concerning his school days comes to us, and although from not very reliable authority, we give it. There was in his class a boy who always knew his lessons, and it became Scott's ambition for one time only to stand ahead of him. While debating how best to accomplish this he noticed that his classmate invariably twisted a certain button on his coat while reciting. The thought came to him to cut the button off and thus disconcert him. The experiment was successful. When called upon the next day, the boy fumbled for his button in vain, and, becoming confused, could not utter a word. Scott passed ahead of him, but acknowledged all triumph gone at the consciousness of so mean an act. He was always a great favorite at school, and would gather around him a crowd of eager listeners ready to hear his marvelous stories.

At church one day he saw a face that fascinated him, and a sudden shower of rain gave him the opportunity to offer his umbrella to the owner of the pretty face. This led to an acquaintance which resulted in a love affair on both sides. The parents of the young people did not oppose the engagement, and all went smoothly until a rival, richer and of nobler descent, appeared upon the scene, when young Scott was discarded. He grieved deeply over his faithless love, and could not for many years refer to Margaret Belches without great emotion.

He was still quite young, twenty-five, when he passed one afternoon a charming creature on horseback. He vowed to meet her, and guessed that she was visiting in the neighborhood. That very night Captain Scott, for

he was now an officer in the Edinburgh Volunteers, was invited with his friend, Ferguson, to attend a ball at Gilsland. There was a contention between the young men as to who should be first presented to the "fair one" should she be there that night. Scott was the fortunate one, and Charlotte Carpenter met her fate. She was young and beautiful, had a complexion of clearest olive, very large eyes, brown and deep set, and black hair. Her manners were charming. There was just enough coquetry of the French mixed with the reserve of the English to make her irresistible, and she spoke with a slight French accent, as the family had escaped to England during the French Revolution. Scott became her devoted cavalier, and very soon their engagement was announced.

She was fond of society and did not hesitate to let Scott know it before her marriage. She was particularly fond of theatres, and enjoyed all the gayeties of the time; yet she was sensible enough to accommodate herself to her surroundings, and made her husband a happy, contented wife.

We give an extract from one of her letters which will show something of the way she managed Scott before marriage:

"You put too many *musts* in your letters; it is beginning rather soon; and another thing is, that I take the liberty not to mind them much, but I expect *you* to mind *me*. I am very glad you don't give up the cavalry, as I love everything that is stylish. Take good care of yourself, if you love me. Arrange that we shall see none of your family the night of our arrival. I shall be so tired and such a fright, I should not be seen to advantage."

Scott first devoted himself to poetry, and his *Lady of*

the Lake, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion* and other poems appeared between 1805 and 1814. *Rokeby* rather ruined his reputation as poet. Then he turned his attention to prose, and his *Waverly* was given to the public, although its author was not known for some years, and many other works had followed. He wrote under various signatures: Malach Malagrowth, Peter Pattieson, Somnambulus, and Lawrence Templeton. The success of his books enabled him to commence his home at Abbotsford. He became embarrassed in finances, however, before it was completed, as he was involved in the failure of the Ballantine Bros. Although not legally bound for the amount owed by the firm he felt that he was morally bound for it, and literally worked himself to death to pay his share, £117,000.

When the Earl of Dudley heard that Scott had failed he exclaimed, "Scott ruined! the author of *Waverly* ruined! Good God! Let every man to whom he has given months of delight give him a six-pence, and he will rise to-morrow morning richer than Rothschild."

The death of his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, occurred within a few months of his failure. The shocks very nearly upset his reason, and for a time his brain was unsettled. He rallied, however, and had his life been spared he would have accomplished an almost miraculous task. Abbotsford had been given up at the time of his failure to his creditors, but before his death it was restored to him; and after his death the sales of copyrights were sufficient to pay off all debts and leave his home to his children. His family consisted of two sons and two daughters. His eldest daughter, Sophia, married J. G. Lockhart, Scott's biographer; Anne never married; Sophia's daughter Char-

lotte married James Hope. He added Scott to his name by an act of Parliament. Mary Monica, Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, his great-granddaughter, now resides at Abbotsford, and allows visitors to see the place during certain months of the year.

It is interesting to visit the library and sit in the large arm-chair at the very table where the great and learned Scott wrote. The room is surrounded with books, and about the ceiling are arranged the coat-of-arms of all the noted Scotch families. In a glass case are many curiosities sent to him by eminent men, and also the clothes that the author last wore. In a corner is the chest sent by Rogers in which Genevra is said to have concealed herself. Over the mantel hangs the life size portrait of Colonel Walter Scott, his eldest son, and at the side is Rob Roy's purse. From the window is seen the stone which marks the grave of his favorite dog, Maida. About the house are numerous pictures of his dogs. He loved them as much as they loved their master; they would gather around his chair, fawn on him and lick his hands in order to receive from him a kind word or an affectionate stroke.

Scott's health failed rapidly. He spent several months abroad visiting Malta, Naples, Rome, Venice, and other places of interest. He grew no better, so came home to die. A few days before his death, he called Lockhart to his bedside and said, "My dear, be a good man; be virtuous, be religious, be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." Lockhart asked him if he must call his daughters. He replied, "No, don't disturb them, poor souls! I know they were up all night. God bless you all!" He was

never conscious after that. He died on September 21st, at the age of sixty-one.

Scott never re-wrote or corrected any of his books. Working as he did, he did not have the time for it, and many of the errors that occur in them are due to this fact. In fourteen years he wrote twenty-three novels besides shorter tales. He never gave himself any rest, and his over-taxed brain was obliged to give way at last.

Seldom has there been such a funeral as his. The courtyard at Abbotsford was crowded with mournful spectators as the procession was arranged. In the adjacent villages the people appeared at the doorways in black. The train of carriages was a mile long, and on the hillside overlooking Abbotsford where Scott in life always reined up his horse, by some accident the hearse stopped, and the incident brought to mind vividly the familiar habit of the one they mourned. The enclosure at Dryburg Abbey where he was buried was thronged with men, women and children, and when the coffin was taken from the hearse a deep sob burst from a thousand lips.

" Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue
Than sceptered king or laureled conqueror knows
Follow this wondrous potentate." — William Wordsworth.

No extracts can give any idea of Scott's power. Read *Ivanhoe*, *Kentworth* and *Lady of the Lake* as representative works.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Name three events in the reigns of each of the Brunswick sovereigns.*
2. *During whose reign did Oglethorpe settle Georgia?*
3. *During whose reign did America declare her independence?*
4. *Which of the Georges was called "Good"?*
5. *Which of the Georges was a farmer?*

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

1767.

1849.

George IV.,

William IV.,

Victoria.

WORKS.

Helen.
Orlandino.
Patronage.
Harrington.
Ormond.
Rosamond.
Harry and Lucy.

Castle Rackrent.
Belinda.
Essay on Irish Bulls.
Popular Tales.
Leonora.
Tales of Fashionable Life.
Tales of Children.

Of Maria Edgeworth, the authoress, I do not propose to write entirely ; it is sufficient for my present purpose to say that she leaped into celebrity at once while yet in her girlhood, and then in her ripe years she enjoyed, in a peculiar manner, the friendship and high esteem of the literati of her day. The old story of Sir Walter Scott saying in the latter years of his life that he should in all likelihood never have thought of a Scotch novel had he not read Maria Edgeworth's exquisite pieces of Irish character is well known to all. Macaulay's high estimate of her character is equally well known. Miss Edgeworth was deeply touched that "a line in his immortal history should have been given to her." The great historian, hearing of it, wrote to a friend that among all the incidents connected with the publication of his book, nothing pleased him more than the gratification he had contrived to give Miss Edgeworth as a small return for the enjoyment which, during more than forty years, he had derived from her writings.

Of Maria Edgeworth, the daughter, sister and friend, it is impossible to speak in terms of praise too high. It is certainly saying a great deal that she was the intimate

companion, friend, and helper, as well as the loving, devoted daughter to an arbitrary, high-spirited father, willing and glad to have him take more than the lion's share of the honor due her alone. Indeed, at no time did she even set a due value on her work, still less an exaggerated one. To the day of her death she sincerely believed that all the honor and glory she had reaped belonged to her father alone.

Mr. Edgeworth seems not to have been popular or appreciated outside of his own home and estate. Byron, in writing to a friend, after having met the Edgeworths in London, says: "He was not much admired; the fact was everybody cared more for her. Her conversation was as quiet as herself. One could never have guessed she could write her name; whereas her father talked, not as if he could write nothing else, but as if nothing else was worth writing."

Mr. Edgeworth was the husband of four wives, Maria being the daughter of the first, and it is in her relations with her three step-mothers and their children that the beauty of her character is still more conspicuous. Never was a family composed of more heterogeneous material and withal so harmonious. Each wife had in addition to her children, her own circle of friends and dependents, who found shelter and hospitality under the broad roof of Edgeworthstown, and of them all Maria was the harmonizer, the teacher, the inseparable and loving companion.

As well after the death of Mr. Edgeworth as before, life flowed on with unruffled serenity at Edgeworthstown, broken only by the inevitable marriages and deaths incident to so large a family circle. Visits to people and places of note were often planned for Miss

Edgeworth, but she could never be induced to take any pleasures in which the home friends could not share; so we always find her accompanied by some of her sisters on the occasions, and charming letters descriptive of their surroundings would be despatched by her with great regularity to give pleasure to those who remained behind. Indeed, no small share of Miss Edgeworth's time was given up to writing letters to those of the family who had made new homes and ties, and with the different families represented by the various Mrs. Edgeworths, all were accustomed to say "no pen is more graphic than Maria's."

All of Miss Edgeworth's writings as well as her more purely literary work, were done in the family library. Nothing can give a prettier picture of the home life than is contained in the following: "The library of Edgeworthstown is by no means the reserved and solitary room that libraries are in general. It is large and spacious and lofty; well stored with books and embellished with those most valuable of all classes of prints—the suggestive. An oblong table in the center is a sort of rallying-point for the family, who group around it, reading, writing and working, while Miss Edgeworth, only anxious upon one point—that all in the house should do exactly as they liked without reference to her—sits quietly and abstractedly in her own peculiar corner on the sofa, with her desk, upon which lies Sir Walter Scott's pen, given to her by him when in Ireland, placed before her upon a little quaint table, as unassuming as possible. Miss Edgeworth's abstractedness would puzzle the philosophers; in that same corner and upon the table, she has written nearly all that has enlightened and delighted the world. There she writes as eloquently as ever, wrapt up, to all appear-

ances, in her subject, yet knowing by a sort of instinct, when she is really wanted in dialogue; and without laying down her pen, hardly looking up from her page she will by a judicious sentence, wisely and kindly spoken, explain and elucidate in a few words, so as to clear up any difficulty, or turn the conversation into a new and more pleasing current. She has the most harmonious way of throwing in explanations, informing without embarrassing, referring constantly to Mrs. Edgeworth, who seems to be the authority in all matters of fact, and most kindly repeating jokes to her step-mother's infirm aunt who cannot hear them, and seems to have for her the most unbounded affection and admiration. A very large family party assemble daily in the charming room, young and old, bound alike to the spot by the strong cord of memory and love. Mr. Francis Edgeworth, the youngest son of the present Mrs. Edgeworth, has a family of little ones who seem to enjoy the freedom of the library as much as their elders. To set these little people right if they are wrong, to rise from her table to fetch them a toy, or even to save a servant a journey; to mount the steps and find a volume that escapes all eyes but her own, and having done so to find exactly the passage wanted, are hourly employments of this unspoiled and admirable woman."

Without certainly intending it, she painted herself when she writes of Mrs. Emma Granby, "The Modern Griselda":

"All her thoughts were intent upon making her friends happy. She seemed to live in them more than in herself, and from sympathy arose the greatest pleasure and pain of her existence. Her sympathy was not of that useless kind which is called forth only by the elegant fictitious

sorrows of a heroine of romance ; hers was ready for all the occasions of real life."

In regard to Miss Edgeworth's personal appearance, it is said she was not, nor ever had been, good-looking ; but surely, a face that beamed with such kindness and reflected such intelligence, could never be really plain. She was very neat and particular in her dress, and was not only tidy, but well attired and in accordance with the fashion. Ostentation of any kind was foreign to her nature. When a relative died leaving her a pair of valuable diamond earrings and pearl bracelets, her instant thought was, what good could she do with them ? They were sold at once, and with the proceeds she built a village market-house and a room for the magistrates' petty sessions. Her generosity, both in giving money, time and labor for others, was boundless ; her kindnesses were made doubly kind by the thoughtfulness with which they were executed. She was certainly one of the few people who practice what they preach ; she exemplified in her own person all those judicious plans and rules for helping the needy which she had brought forward in her works.

During the last years of her life, Miss Edgeworth rejected all suggestions to turn her attention once more to novel writing. Life brought more interruptions to her than it had done in youth — family events, visits to and from her dearly loved brothers and sisters, and her nephews' and nieces' pleasure and entertainment absorbed much time. Then, too, she was much engaged with the tenantry and method for their education. She, herself, looked after the repairs, the letting of the village houses, the drains, gutters, and pathways, the employments of the poor—in short, all the one hundred

and one duties that devolve upon the steward of landed property.

When, in 1847, the terrible potato famine broke out in Ireland, Miss Edgeworth strained every nerve to help the sufferers; her time, her thoughts, her purse, her whole strength were devoted to the poor. She could hardly think or speak of any other theme; plans to relieve the distress, petitions for aid filled her letters.

It is at this time that she turned her attention once more to writing in order to get more money for her starving countrymen. The result was *Orlandino*, a tale for children. It was the last work she published—her literary career thus ending (as it had begun) with a tale to give gladness to childhood. She had her reward in a great pleasure that came to her from America. The children of Boston, hearing what pains their kind friend in Ireland was taking for her compatriots, as a recognition of their love for her and her writings, organized a subscription. At the end of a few weeks they were able to send her one hundred and fifty barrels of flour and rice. They came with the simple address, "To Miss Edgeworth; for her poor." She was deeply touched and grateful. It touched her also that the porters who carried the grain refused to be paid; and with her own hands she knitted a woollen comforter for each man, and sent them to a friend for distribution.

Before they reached their destination the hands that wrought them were cold, and the beating of that warm, kind heart stilled forever. Thus useful to the last, and with faculties unimpaired she, in her eighty-second year, passed away from this earth. (Copied from *Electra*.)

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

1802.

1839.

George IV.,

William IV.,

Victoria.

WORKS.

The Fate of Adelaide.
Troubadour,
Golden Violet.
Golden Bracelet.

Poetical Sketches.
The Improvisatrice.
Romance and Reality.
Vow of the Peacock.

The daughter of an ancient but impoverished race, L. E. L. was born on the 14th of August, 1802, in the parish of Chelsea, England. Her girlhood, however, was spent in sunny old Brompton, where, amid roses and honeysuckles, and sweet smelling meadows, the future poetess drew deep draughts of inspiration from the broad bosom of the great mother—Nature.

Old Brompton was famous in those days as the resort of dramatic and literary celebrities, and chief among the latter ranked William Jerdan. A clever writer informs us that this gentleman first beheld L. E. L. from his study window which overlooked a quaint narrow street in old Brompton. She was then a laughing girl, daily turning her hoop, but stopping ever and anon to read from a book of poems which she held in her disengaged hand. It is a pleasant picture for the mind's eye to dwell upon—this earnest, successful writer, watching with keen interest, the embryo poetess, who, though a dreamy girl, still revelled in the sports peculiar to childhood, and played merrily beneath smiling skies, whereon lurked no shadow of the sorrows that were so soon to cloud her young life.

It was William Jerdan who first predicted that the

poetic girl would prove a genius, and it was through his instrumentality and encouragement that her first efforts in composition were brought before the public.

When quite young, L. E. L. became a pupil in Mrs. Rowdan's school. This was an institute of deservedly high repute and associated with it are the names of many brilliant women whose talents won for them, in after years, lofty niches in the "gilded lists of fame."

It was for a brief time only, however, that Miss Landon remained under the care of her admirable preceptress. Two years later her father established his family at Trevor Park, East Barnet, and Letitia was taken from Mrs. Rowdan's school and entrusted to another teacher. This last proved a relative, and it was while profiting by her excellent course of training that Miss Landon's first dawnings of imaginative and poetic fancy were revealed. We are informed by a biographer, who speaks so tenderly of L. E. L., that we feel he is half in love with the "sweetest little girl in the world," that in the luxuriant gardens and groves that surrounded Trevor Park, Letitia would wander for hours, weaving into graceful, flowing verse the bright brain pictures with which her young imagination teemed.

Those were happy days for the child poetess. Free to follow the bent of her inclinations, she read with avidity all books that came within her reach—not lightly and carelessly, but with painstaking and diligence—laying up, in the retentive cells of her active young brain, large funds of information, culled from the inexhaustible stores of history, biography, and poetry, and drawn on later, when her pen began to do good and faithful duty in the life work she had chosen.

As a child, she is described as a loving little creature,

self-willed and passionate, and quick to resent a wrong, and equally ready to forget it. In after years, when the discipline of life had subdued her, she is represented as impressionable and impulsive still, but singularly sweet and gentle in disposition. Miss Landon was just budding into her teens when heavy, irretrievable misfortunes overwhelmed her father.

The charming home, Trevor Park, was given up, and Old Brompton, opening wide its hospitable arms, offered a resting place to the world-weary man and his almost destitute family. It was here, at the age of sixteen that L. E. L. wrote *The Fate of Adelaide*, a poem, which was soon followed by the *First Grave*, an exquisite gem composed on the first mound that was made in Brompton's Church-yard. Then appeared a series of *Poetical Sketches*, which by their grace and elegance, created no little sensation among the magnates in the "Literary Gazette" under her famous initials, L. E. L., and as Blanchard says, these initials soon became a name. Miss Landon soon found herself famous, and extravagant praise, mingling with cool, dispassionate criticism, was showered upon the mysterious bearer of those magical letters.

We are told that in reading-rooms there was a demand every Saturday for the journal to which Miss Landon contributed, and men turned eagerly to the columns where stood the mysterious characters L. E. L. Curiosity was on tip-toe to discover the identity of the charming writer, and this was increased ten-fold when it was whispered that the unknown contributor was a lady. Miss Landon was now rapidly ascending the ladder of fame, and if gratified ambition and successful literary

effort can conduce to happiness, then was she eminently happy, but —

“Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower — its bloom is shed;”

and L. E. L.'s sweet dream was rudely broken by a calamity that convulsed her heart with agony. This was the death of her father. Mr. Landon left his family in a most impoverished condition, and L. E. L. now turned to her divine gift as a means of support for her mother and a delicate sister. She gloried in her power to aid them, and, ever after, worked faithfully so as to contribute to their maintenance.

She was twenty-two years of age when *The Improvisatrice* appeared. This proved a perfect success, and *The Troubadour* soon followed, with equal success. Her poems all treat largely of love and broken hearts, and one expected to see in the author a pensive, melancholy girl; instead, they found a bright, lively, social woman, laughing at the “divine passion” and protesting that she had never felt its power. However, she did fall a victim to it in later years.

George MacLean, Governor of Cape Coast, Africa, met her at the house of a mutual friend. He addressed her, and she accepted him, and went with him to Africa. On the voyage she wrote two exquisite poems, *Night at Sea* and *The Polar Star*. Her home was a gloomy old castle, and her books were her only companions. At first she was happy, “basking in the sunshine of protective love;” but finally her friends detected that she was jealous of her husband's love for another. Whether this suspicion was true or not, she was one day found almost dead in her room, with a bottle of prussic acid by her side. All efforts to restore her were in vain, and it has never been known whether she died from suicide, accident or design. (Copied from *Electra*.)

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

1825.

1864.

Victoria.

WORKS

A Chaplet of Verses.
A Legend of Bregenz.
The Storm.

A Woman's Question.
Life and Death.
A Lost Chord.

Evening Hymns and other Poems.

Adelaide Proctor, the daughter of "Barry Cornwall," was born in London, Oct. 30, 1825. Her mother was Miss Skepper, the daughter of Mrs. Basil Montague. It was in 1853 that a poem signed *Mary Berwick* appeared in Dickens' paper "Household Words." No one knew who the author was, but a desire to hear from her again became great. She was asked to contribute frequently to the magazine and she did. Dickens at last discovered that it was the daughter of his old literary friend, Barry Cornwall, that was sending these verses so full of poetic merit to his paper. He collected her poems which had appeared in this and other periodicals and edited them after her death. A small volume entitled *A Chapter of Verse* had been published two years before her death and the proceeds given to a charitable institution. Her *Legends and Lyrics* appeared in 1858, and ran through nine editions in seven months, and another edition issued in 1860 had a similar success. Her verses dealt with simple emotional themes in a simple way, and while they have no very high literary merit they show that they are the cultured expressions of an earnest life whose greatest desire seems

to be to do good to others. In her last years she became a convert to Roman Catholicism, and her philanthropic zeal, it is thought, hastened her death.

Her father, Bryan Walter Proctor, was a poet and miscellaneous writer who numbered among his friends the leading literary men and women of his day. He is best known by his *nom de plume*, BARRY CORNWALL, 1787-1874. It was the custom for literary men and women to assume a name to be attached to all literary efforts. He chose this, being a partial anagram of his real name.

He was sent to school at a very early age, and at thirteen entered Harrow where he had as schoolmates Lord Byron and Sir Robert Peel. On leaving school he studied law in a solicitor's office, but when his father died leaving him some property he became a partner in the firm. Some difficulty arose with his partner, and the connection was dissolved. His money was tied up so that he was forced to resort to some expedient to support himself, and thus his literary efforts begun by contributions, first to the "Literary Gazette," and later by a published collection of his dramas and poems. Possibly he is best known by his dramatic works, for many of the leading actors, such as Macready and Kemble, took part in them.

He married Miss Skepper, and for a time his muse was silent. What was lost to art was gained in the happiness of the artist's home. Children entered that home and one was the "Golden-tressed Adelaide" to whom he wrote one of his sweetest melodies beginning,

"Sing, I pray, a little song,
Mother dear!
Neither sad, nor very long;

It is for a little maid,
 Golden-tressed Adelaide!
 Therefore let it suit a merry, merry ear,
 Mother dear!"

"This ditty warbled for the gentle child whose after career was to be a dream life of poesy and saintliness, ending all too early, and bearing to his own the relation of a song within a song."

During the latter part of his life his speech failed and he withdrew from society.

Richard Henry Stoddard who ranked so high as a critic of lyrical poetry said that Barry Cornwall was the most consummate master of modern days, and indeed he said much more in praise of him, for he questioned if any of the early English poets ever produced so many or such beautiful songs as Barry Cornwall. His songs caught some notes from the Elizabethan and Cavalier lyrics, and they abound in pleasant touches of fancy, with an occasional flash of real inspiration.

"He lingered to an extreme old age; a white-haired, silent minstrel, into whose secluded mind the reproach would have fallen unheeded had the rosy-cheeked boys whom Heine pictures sprung around him, placed the shattered harp in his trembling hand and said laughingly, 'Thou indolent, gray-headed old man, sing us again songs of the dreams of thy youth!'"

His principal works are:

Dramatic Scenes and other Poems.
 A Sicilian Story.
 Miranda.
 The Flood of Thessaly.

English Songs.
 Life of Edmund Kean.
 Essays and Tales in Prose.
 Charles Lamb; a Memoir.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

1777.

1844.

George III. George IV. William IV. Victoria.

WORKS.

Pleasures of Hope.
Gertrude of Wyoming.
Specimens of British Poets (Vols. 7).
The Preliminary Essay.
Theodric.
The Soldier's Dream.
Life of Shakespeare.
Lord Ullin's Daughter.
Hohenlinden.

The Last Man.
The Battle of the Baltic.
Ye Mariners of England.
Life of Mrs. Siddons.
The Pilgrim of Glencoe and Other Poems.
The Life and Times of Petrarch, Frederick the Great, and His Court and Times.

“'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view” cannot be said of its author, for the nearer we get to Thomas Campbell and his works the better we like him.

A Highlander by birth, of a nature dreamy and meditative, with a delicate taste and a pure sentiment, he could not fail to be a poet. His father was a merchant of Glasgow, and Thomas was the youngest of his ten children. The boy wrote verses as early as eleven years of age, “the coming event that cast its shadow before.” He was only twenty-one when he composed his greatest poem, *Pleasures of Hope*—“a checkered melody of transcendent excellence, passage after passage presenting only an ever varying and varied tissue of whatever is beautiful and sublime in the soul of man and the aspects of nature.” He wrote and rewrote this poem, so that when completed it bore but slight resemblance to the original draft. Realizing that much depended upon an attractive opening, he wrote that last. How well he succeeded can be judged by reading the poem.

He was sent to the University of Glasgow, where he remained six years, and while there he distinguished himself in Greek literature. On leaving he accepted a position as tutor in Argyleshire, on the Island of Mull. It was there he met his "Caroline of the West." His intention was to study law, but the scenery of the West Highlands made such an impression upon his naturally poetic mind that he decided to court the muses instead.

In 1798 he went to Edinburgh with the first rough draft of the *Pleasures of Hope* in his pocket. The object of this trip was to ask the advice of Dr. Robert Anderson, to whom the poem was dedicated, and Dugald Stewart a philosophical writer. Both gave it high praise, and it might have brought money as well as fame to the author had he not sold the copyright to a bookseller for the small sum of ten pounds. It passed through four editions the first year, and the publishers did give him something extra on each edition, so that the sum eventually reached sixty pounds. Campbell himself was apparently satisfied at the time with the sum, for it gave him the opportunity of visiting Germany—an opportunity he had long desired. He remained in Germany about a year and when he returned issued a volume of poems. During that same year he married Miss Matilda Sinclair of Edinburgh. They had two children, both boys; the younger died in early youth, the elder, an imbecile from birth, outlived his father. Making a living by his pen would have placed the poet in very embarrassing pecuniary straits had not Fox obtained for him a pension of two hundred pounds from the government. His home after marriage was Sydenham in Kent.

Gertrude of Wyoming, considered by many finer than his *Pleasures of Hope*, appeared in 1809. Campbell liked it better himself. Indeed, he said: "I never like to see my name before the *Pleasures of Hope*; why, I cannot tell you, unless it was that when young I was always greeted among my friends as 'Mr. Campbell, the author of *Pleasures of Hope*.' When I got married I was married as 'the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*,' and when I became a father my son was 'the son of the author of *Pleasures of Hope*,' and when I'die I fear I shall be 'Thomas Campbell, the author of *Pleasures of Hope*.'" His friends, knowing this, should not have allowed this inscription placed upon his tomb: "Thomas Campbell, the author of *Pleasures of Hope*."

In 1827 he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. An anecdote is related as to the manner in which Campbell secured the vote of the students. He reached the college green just as the boys were drawn up in parties pelting each other with snow. The poet ran into the ranks, threw several snowballs with unerring aim, then summoned the players around him and delivered a most eloquent speech. This completely captivated the hearers, and it is needless to say secured the favor of all.

After his wife's death he resigned the position as editor of the "New Monthly" and started the "Metropolitan Magazine," aided by his friend, the "witty, worldly, gay, and lively satirist," Thomas Moore.

In 1843 his health failed and he went to Boulogne. His niece accompanied him, and tenderly cared for him, but he only lived a few months. His remains were taken to Westminster Abbey and laid in the "Poets'

Corner," near the monument to Shakespeare. Macaulay was one of his pall-bearers.

He was called the "Bard of Liberty" and the "Bard of Hope."

Campbell did not write as much as his poetic muse would have allowed him to do. Sir Walter Scott, complaining of this fact to Washington Irving, said: "What a pity it is that Campbell does not write more and oftener, and give full sweep to his genius. He has wings that would bear him to the skies, and he does, now and then, spread them grandly, but folds them up again and resumes his perch, as if he were afraid to launch away. He is afraid of the shadow his own fame casts before him."

Campbell's brother may have been in part responsible for this lack of confidence in his own ability. While at the university he occupied the same room with this elder brother, and one morning handed him some verses to criticise. "Your lines are admirable, Tom, my boy, but they want *fire*," and, suiting the action to the word, the merciless critic committed the paper to the flames.

A young lady once asked Campbell to write something original in her album. He answered as follows:

"An original something, dear maid, you would win me
To write; but how shall I begin?
For I am sure I have nothing original in me,
Excepting original sin."

Cleveland says: "No poet of the nineteenth century has, in my estimation, a higher rank than Thomas Campbell. No one is more generally read and admired, and no one will be longer remembered."

JAMES HOGG.

1770.

1835.

George III. George IV. William IV.

WORKS.

The Mountain Bard.
The Forest Minstrel.
The Spy.
The Queen's Wake.
Mador of the Moor.

The Pilgrims of the Sun.
The Hunting of Badlewe.
The Poetic Mirror.
Queen Hynde.
Dramatic Tales.

NOVELS.

Winter Evening Tales.
The Brownie of Brodsbeck.
The Three Perils of Man.

The Three Perils of Woman.
The Confessions of a Sinner.

“Have you read Hogg’s Tales?” asked a lady of a shepherd upon one occasion. “No,” replied the verdant; “all of our hogs have white or black tails. I don’t think I ever saw any *red* ones.” The Hogg referred to was the “Ettrick Shepherd,” so called from having been born in the Forest of Ettrick, about forty miles from Edinburgh; and the *Tales* were his *Winter Evening Tales*, so much read and enjoyed at that time by rich and poor. James Hogg became a shepherd at a very early age, for at eight we find him tending his father’s sheep.† His mother saw that the lad possessed genius in no common degree, so she sang and repeated to him the ballads of Scotland.

While acting as shepherd for Mr. Laidlaw he had an opportunity to read a great deal, for his employer encouraged the young man in his literary aspirations, and gave him free access to a very fine library; and

† He was a remarkably fine-looking lad, with a profusion of light-brown hair coiled up under a blue bonnet, the envy of all the country maidens; but a severe attack of illness so disfigured his face that before middle age his good looks had disappeared.

during the nine years' stay in this good man's service he was enabled to add greatly to his store of knowledge.

In 1801 he published a small volume of poems. Sir Walter Scott encouraged the young poet in his second literary effort, *The Mountain Bard*. Realizing that nothing could be done in his native town, he moved to Edinburgh. He then brought out *The Queen's Wake*, which gave him quite a reputation as a poet. This poem is a series of tales and legends — seventeen in number — which the bards of Scotland are represented as singing before Mary Queen of Scots at her palace of Holyrood, in order that she might prove the powers of Scottish song. The most beautiful of these songs is *Kilmenny*, in which a lovely maiden is spirited away to fairyland. The reader seems to hear "the horns of Elfland faintly blowing." * After writing poetry for awhile, he tried novels, but would have been wiser had he confined himself to the muses; for as a peasant poet he ranks second to Burns in Scotland, and as a novelist his rank is very low.

In the autumn of 1835 he was attacked with a dropsical complaint, and after being insensible for several days he quietly passed away. He was greatly mourned in the vale of Ettrick, for all rejoiced in his fame, and notwithstanding his personal foibles he was generous, kind-hearted, and very charitable.

"He wanted art to construct a fable, and taste to give due effect to his imagery and conceptions; but there are few poets who impress us so much with the idea of direct inspiration, or convince us so strongly that poetry is indeed an art unteachable and untaught."

*This has been called the finest fairy tale ever conceived. In the *Witch of Fife* the weirdest witch and wizard life is portrayed.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

1800.

1859.

George IV.,

William IV.

Victoria.

WORKS.

Lays of Ancient Rome.

History of England.

Essays and Ballads.

Thomas Babington Macaulay was one of the most precocious children that ever lived; one of those children whose premature intelligence affects fathers and mothers with the fear of early death. Yet this precocious youth lived till the age of sixty and left behind him many valuable additions to the literature and history of Great Britain. It is said the child predicts the man, but in this case the man far exceeded all promise of the child. When he first began to walk, probably not more than one and one-half years old, he happened to see a cloud of black smoke curling from a tall chimney, and startled his father by asking, "Father, is that hell?" When three years old he was incessantly lying on a rug before the fire with the book on the floor, holding in his hand his bread and butter. His mother told him that was a bad habit and he must learn to study without his bread and butter. His reply was "Yes, mamma, industry shall be my bread and attention my butter." He never cared for toys and amusements like other children, and would entertain his nurse by repeating the most marvelous stories of things he had read. One day the housemaid threw away some oyster shells, which he had used for fencing off a little plot in the garden. He marched solemnly into the drawing-room where a number of

visitors were present and said, "Cursed be Sally, for it is written, 'Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark.'"

He would greedily devour anything that was printed and his taste for books was not confined to any one department of literature, but was universal. Hannah More was so delighted with this "baby of letters, this little dumpling of a fellow," with his big head on stooping shoulders and his whitish complexion, that she begged him to come to see her often at Barley Wood. She knew Garrick, Burke, Johnson, and Goldsmith in their brilliant days, talked with them and enjoyed them, but she doubted whether she ever received more real delight from them than she received while listening to this "loquacious boy" for whom she had such a motherly fondness. When he was six years old she advised him to form a library of his own and told him to go to a prominent London bookseller and buy on her account some leading English classics, and then to encourage him to greater diligence, she told him as soon as he was Frenchman enough to appreciate Racine he should have a copy of that author.

He had a habit of using very big words when a very little boy. For instance, some hot coffee one day was spilled on his legs, and Lady Waldegrave inquired after awhile if he felt any better. "Thank you, madam, the agony is abated," he said. Think of such language from a boy then only four years old!

His memory was astonishing. He could repeat off-hand Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel, and the six books of Paradise Lost, without missing a single word. When an old man he repeated two poems he had simply read when he was thirteen years old, and which he had never

seen since. They were in a country newspaper which he had picked up while waiting one day for the arrival of the post chaise. Some one asked him if he knew all the Popes. "No," he replied, "I sometimes get confused among the Innocents." Then they asked, "Do you know the Archbishops?" "Oh yes, any fool can say them backwards," was his answer. He had a way of storing away facts that were of interest, and what was equally valuable to him, of forgetting what was worthless.

At twelve years of age he was sent to a private school near Cambridge, taught by Mr. Preston, and while there he met Dean Milner, the President of Queen's College. The Dean wrote to Macaulay's father, "Your lad is a fine fellow." "He shall stand before kings." It was at this school Thomas was forced to write a synopsis of the sermon every Sunday, and in order to quicken the faculties of the boys, the teacher would always give them wine just before leaving for church. This made Thomas insufferably sleepy, and he writes complaining of the fact to his father, though he confesses he has never yet "fallen into this disaster," meaning that of going to sleep in church. At one time Mr. Preston wrote to his father that his son had become distinguished for his unseemly loud voice, and for audacity in defending questionable propositions by unsound arguments. His father wrote sharply to him advising him "to lower his voice, to put on the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit and avoid the appearance of a contentious one." Thomas winced under these reproofs and he felt that his father did not fully appreciate the advances he was constantly making in the various departments of learning.

At eighteen he entered Trinity College, Cambridge.

While there he wrote his essay on *Milton*. If he had written nothing else this would have immortalized him. His obedience to college laws and discipline and his attendance at lectures and chapel were so exemplary that throughout his whole course he was never once disciplined. Indeed when we look at Macaulay's school and college career as a whole, we shall find abundant reasons why so soon after leaving Cambridge he should have risen to such literary and political eminence.

In personal appearance he was short, and dressed badly. He had a massive head, a very large mouth, and features powerful and rugged but very expressive. His wardrobe was elaborate but selected without taste. Later in life he had a great fancy for handsome, embroidered waistcoats, which he used to regard with much complacency.

In 1821 he gained the Craven scholarship which is the highest distinction in classics the University can confer. In 1826 he was called to the bar, and three years afterwards was elected a member of Parliament. If he had not become famous as a man of letters, he would have been known as a great orator. In 1834 he was sent to India as legal adviser to the Supreme Council at Calcutta. His sister Hannah accompanied him and married while there. His other sister died in England while he was in India. He writes thus of her:

“What she was to me no words can express. I will not say she was dearer to me than anything in the world, for my sister who was with me was equally dear, but she was as dear to me as one human being can be to another. Even now I cannot write about her without being altogether unmanned.” In 1838 he and his sister Hannah, now Lady Trevelyan, returned to England, and

the following year he became Secretary of War. He soon retired into private life, and began writing his *History*. In the United States no book except the Bible has had such a sale. It has been translated into almost every known language. He had intended writing a history of England from King James II. to a time within the memory of living men, as he expressed it, but failing health shortened his work to the reign of Queen Anne. His style is before all else the style of great literary knowledge. His composition is a model of rhetorical excellence.

Macaulay never married, but his strong domestic affections found satisfaction in the attachment and sympathy of his sister and her children. He loved these children as much as though they were his own.

His essays are a library in themselves, and his *Lays of Ancient Rome* distinguished him as a descriptive poet. He died of heart disease December 28th, 1859.

In all his political life no ambition for office ever induced him to desert principle. On one occasion a discussion came up in the House in regard to the abolition of slavery. He knew he would either have to surrender office or vote for a moderate abolition. He never hesitated to make the sacrifice, and placed his resignation in Lord Althorpe's hands; then he spoke against the proposed amendment.

Sidney Smith said of him: "I believe him to be incorruptible. You might lay ribbons, stars, garters, wealth, titles before him in vain. He has an honest love of his country, and the world *could not bribe him* to neglect her interests."

Glorious Babington Macaulay! How we honor his memory! A man whose intellect was unsurpassed by none, whose moral worth and integrity none could

question, who lived to a ripe old age a life of honor and happiness, devoted to noble ideas, and occupied by manly enterprises, and who, when dead, left not a blur to mar his fair name. Truly, a model for imitation!

HISTORY REVIEW.

Review sovereigns from Egbert to Victoria, giving relationship.

EXECUTION OF MONMOUTH.*—THE TOWER OF LONDON.

The hour drew near; all hope was over; and Monmouth had passed from pusillanimous fear to the apathy of despair. His children were brought to his room, that he might take leave of them, and were followed by his wife. He spoke to her kindly, but without emotion. Though she was a woman of great strength of mind, and had little cause to love him, her misery was such that none of the bystanders could refrain from weeping. He alone was unmoved.

It was ten o'clock. The coach of the Lieutenant of the Tower was ready. Monmouth requested his spiritual advisers to accompany him to the place of execution, and they consented; but they told him that, in their judgment, he was about to die in a perilous state of mind, and that, if they attended him, it would be their duty to exhort him to the last. As he passed along the ranks of the guards he saluted them with a smile, and mounted the scaffold with a firm tread. Tower Hill was covered up to the chimney-tops with an innumerable multitude of gazers, who, in awful silence, broken only by sighs and the noise of weeping, listened for the last accents of the darling of the people. "I shall say little," he began. "I come here, not to speak, but to die. I die a Protestant of the Church of England." * * * * *

In the mean time, many handkerchiefs were dipped in the Duke's blood; for by a large part of the multitude he was regarded as a martyr who had died for the Protestant religion. The head and body were placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and were laid privately under the communion-table of St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower. † Within four years the pavement of the chancel was again disturbed, and hard by the remains of Monmouth were laid the remains of Jeffreys. In truth, there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death in there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's,

* James, Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles II., was born at Rotterdam in 1649. When James II. ascended the throne, Monmouth rose in rebellion, and assumed the title of king. But his forces were defeated at the battle of Sedgemoor; and he himself was taken prisoner and executed, 1685.

† "Ye Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed."

with genius and virtue, with public veneration and with imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities; but with whatever is darkest in human nature and human destiny,—with the savage triumph of implacable enemies,—with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends,—with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of jailers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts. Thither was borne, before the window where Jane Grey was praying, the mangled corpse of Guildford Dudley. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset and Protector of the realm, reposes there by the brother whom he murdered. There has moldered away the headless trunk of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester and Cardinal of St. Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age and to have died in a better cause. There are laid John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral; and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer. There too is another Essex, on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valor, grace, genius, royal favor, popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard,—Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel. Here and there, among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen, lie more delicate sufferers; Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair queens who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled.

THE EMPIRE THAT IS LASTING.*

Are we, sir, to keep the people of India ignorant, in order that we may keep them submissive? Or do we think that we can give them knowledge without awakening ambition? Or do we mean to awaken ambition, and to provide it with no legitimate vent? Who will answer any of these questions in the affirmative? Yet one of them must be answered in the affirmative by every person who maintains that we ought permanently to exclude the natives from high office. I have no fears. The path of duty is plain before us; and it is also the path of wisdom, of national prosperity and of national honor.

¶ The destinies of our Indian empire are covered with thick darkness. It is difficult to form any conjectures as to the fate reserved for a state which resembles no other in history, and which forms by itself a separate class of political phenomena. The laws which regulate its growth and its decay are still unknown to us. It may be that the public mind of India may expand under our system till it has outgrown that system; that by good government we may educate our subjects into a capacity for better government; that, having become instructed in European knowledge, they may, in some future age, demand European institutions. Whether such a day will ever come, I know not. But never will I attempt to avert or to retard it. Whenever it comes, it will be the proudest day in English history. To have found a great people sunk in the lowest depths of slavery and of superstition, to have so ruled them as to have made them desirous and capable of all the privileges of citizens, would indeed be a title to glory all

* From his speech delivered July 10, 1833, on the second reading of the East India Company's Charter Bill.

our own. The sceptre may pass away from us. Unforeseen accidents may derange our most profound schemes of policy. Victory may be inconstant to our arms; but there are triumphs which are followed by no reverses. There is an empire exempt from all natural causes of decay. These triumphs are the pacific triumphs of reason over barbarism; that empire is the imperishable empire of our arts and our morals, our literature and our laws.

EXTRACT FROM HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.

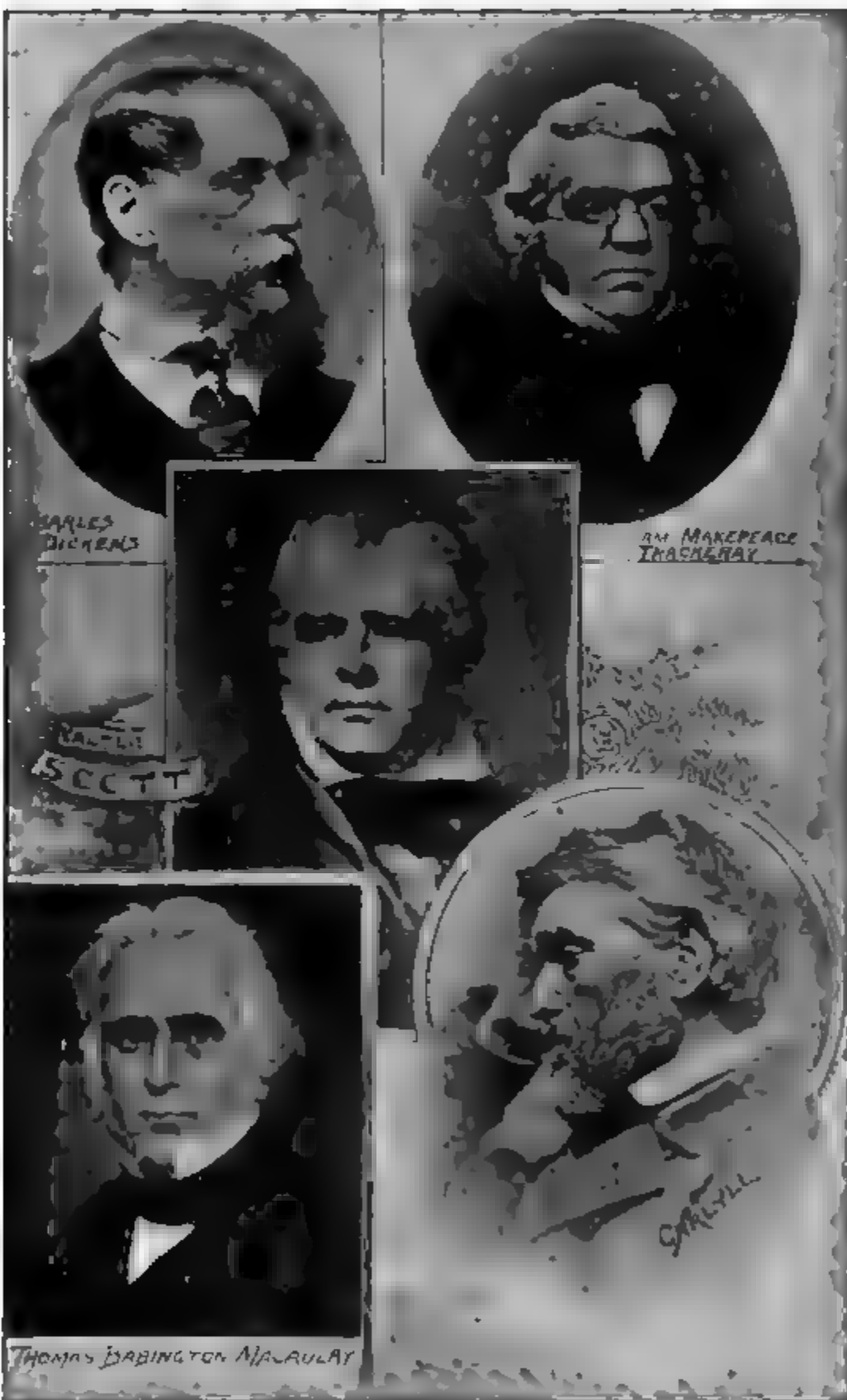
It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folks to see,—
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee;
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north-winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows

When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the good wife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.—*Thomas Babington Macaulay.*



CHARLES
DICKENS

JOHN MAKEPEACE
THACKERAY

THOMAS
BABINGTON
MACAULAY

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

GEORGE
ELIOT

ASTOR LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

CHARLES DICKENS.

1812.

1870.

WORKS.

Sketches by Boz.
Pickwick Papers.
Nicholas Nickleby.
Barnaby Rudge.
David Copperfield.
Great Expectations.
A Child's History of England.
Dombey and Son.
Master Humphrey's Clock.

Old Curiosity Shop.
Our Mutual Friend.
Oliver Twist.
Martin Chuzzlewit.
Little Dorrit.
A Tale of Two Cities.
Edwin Drood.
Bleak House.

"His pen was made a powerful instrument of reform. His moral purpose did much to win him respect and affection. It was the teaching of kindness and cheerfulness—his 'Carol philosophy,' he called it." — *The Great English Writers*.

"We doubt if there has ever been a writer of fiction who took such a real and loving interest in the world about him." — *Sir Arthur Helps*.

Carlyle says, "Human portraits faithfully drawn are of all pictures the welcomest on our walls." Behold then the host of portraits Charles Dickens has presented to us! They are far more in number than those of any other writer, Thackeray not excepted.

His father was John Dickens and his mother Elizabeth Barrow. His birthplace was Landport, but when two years old his father moved to London, then to Chatham, then back to London again. There were eight children in the family, and when Charles was nine years old the father was imprisoned for debt. The little, weakly, sensitive fellow was put to work at this tender age, surrounded by the vilest associates, in a blacking-house, to support himself on seven shillings a week. It was his duty to paste the blue covers on the blacking-boxes, and here he stayed two long years, his little mind greatly

perplexed to know why his parents should subject him to such humiliation. He called it the dark hour of his life, and in after years could not think of the sufferings he underwent at that time without crying, and there were certain quarters of the city so connected with pain, hunger and cold that he habitually avoided them. "No words can describe the secret agony of my soul," he said in speaking of those days, "as I sank into this companionship, compared these every-day associates with those of my happier childhood and felt that my early hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man, were crushed in my breast. The deep remembrance of the sense I had of being utterly neglected and hopeless; of the shame I felt in my position; of the misery it was to my young heart to believe that, day after day, what I learned and thought and delighted in, and raised my fancy and emulation up by, was passing away from me, never to be brought back any more,—these things can never be written."

How many weaker characters would have succumbed and fallen into these depths of degradation that surrounded him, and become in time a rogue, a drunkard or a vagabond! Not so with Dickens; he rose above his surroundings, and used in his writings this knowledge acquired here. How much of his success is due to this severe schooling it is difficult to estimate; but undoubtedly it was there that he learned the many varieties of life that swarmed the streets and inhabited the poorer quarters of London, and which he has so graphically described in his works. Even before this tender age his ambition showed itself, for in passing Gad's Hill one day when a very small boy, holding his father's hand, he admired the beautiful place and wished it were his own.

His father told him if he would be smart and persevering he might one day own it, and the little fellow resolved then and there to become its possessor. How often in after years when living in ease and affluence at this very home, he delighted to tell this story of his boyhood to his children gathered around him.

He was always a delicate child, subject to violent spasms, and was debarred the enjoyment of sports incident to childhood. He read all his spare time and has told us himself that his father had a collection of books in a little room upstairs to which he had access, and which nobody else in the house ever troubled,, — *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Humphrey Clinker*, *Tom Jones*, *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Don Quixote*, *Gil Blas*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and a glorious host that kept him company."

In Dickens again is another instance where the mother's energy and culture was inherited by the son. It was she who taught him Latin before the family resources were in a condition to send him to school, and inculcated within him a desire for knowledge, and a love for all that was true and noble. His father was an industrious man, but always unfortunate, "Macawber-like, waiting for something to turn up."

At nineteen Charles was appointed reporter in the House of Commons, and was quickly acknowledged the best of ninety reporters. He invented a short-hand of his own to enable him to "take down" speeches from memory, and the great orators of the day used to say that young Dickens was the only man who reported their speeches correctly. Three years later he dropped a story into the letter box of the "Old Monthly Magazine," and when he saw himself in print fairly cried for

joy. He signed himself "Boz," taken from the nick-name Moses, given to his brother Augustus and mispronounced Bozes by his little sister who had a cold in her head. From Bozes it became Boz. All the sketches so signed were collected in two volumes in 1836, the copyright of which sold for one hundred and fifty pounds, and then soon after was repurchased for two thousand pounds. Shortly afterwards came out his *Pickwick Papers* and then he married Miss Catherine Hogarth, the daughter of Mr. George Hogarth, a music writer and a critic. They had ten children, Charles, Mary, Kate, Walter Landor, Francis Jeffrey, Alfred Tennyson, Sidney Smith Haldemand, Henry Fielding, Dora Annie and Edward Bulwer Lytton. Two sisters of his wife lived with them, Georgina and Mary Hogarth. The former really had entire charge of the household and children. Dickens said, "I don't know, I cannot, by any sketch of fancy, imagine what would have become of them, but for this aunt, who has grown up with them, to whom they are devoted, and who has sacrificed the best part of her youth and life to them." His wife was inert and never seemed to realize her responsibility. Then, too, there was no congeniality between her husband and herself, and but for the interference of Georgina, who was a saintly woman, there would undoubtedly have been a separation long before it really occurred. She was the peacemaker on all occasions and kept the family together.

Dickens himself tells us: "Poor Catherine and I are not made for each other, and there is no help for it. It is not only that she makes me uneasy and unhappy, but that I make her so too, and much more so. She is exactly what you know in the way of being agreeable and

complying, but we are strangely ill-sorted for the bond there is between us. * * * * * I am often cut to the heart by thinking what a pity it is for her own sake, that I ever fell in her way ; yet, if I were sick or disabled to-morrow I know how sorry she would be, and how deeply grieved myself, to think how we had lost each other. But exactly the same incompatibility would arise the moment I was well again, and nothing on earth could make her understand me, or bind us to each other. I claim no immunity from blame. There is plenty of fault on my side, I dare say, in the way of a thousand uncertainties, caprices and difficulties of disposition, but only one thing will alter all that, and that is the end which alters everything."

Dickens' confession is high and noble, but would it not have been higher and nobler had he striven in the direction of that resignation which love and duty made possible to David Copperfield? Many slanderous reports were circulated about his domestic affairs. He denied them emphatically, and said that "whosoever repeats one of them after this denial, will lie as wilfully and as foully as it is possible for any false nature to lie before heaven and earth." But in spite of this he was doomed continually to hear unpleasant things said about him.

On one occasion he was traveling in a railroad carriage between Liverpool and London. Besides himself there were only two ladies and a clergyman in the car. He was interested in the "Times" when he heard his own name mentioned. His attention was immediately attracted to the conversation. One of the ladies was reading *Bleak House*, and the minister expressed himself as greatly grieved that any lady should be will-

ing to take up the writings of so vile a character as Charles Dickens. She and her companion seemed shocked at the low estimate the clergyman put upon an author who had given them such intense pleasure. He then attacked Dickens' private character, and told monstrous stories about his unkindness to his wife, etc.; until the ladies shocked consigned the book to their traveling satchel, vowing they would never be tempted to read him again. Dickens could stand it no longer. "You seem," said he, joining in the conversation, "to speak from a personal knowledge of Mr. Dickens. Are you acquainted with him?" The clergyman was forced to acknowledge he was not, but knew that every statement he had made was true. Dickens demanded the proofs. The man became furious, and asked if he knew Mr. Dickens himself, as he seemed to take such an interest in him? "Perfectly well," was his reply; "no one knows him better, and all the stories you have told about him to these ladies are unmitigated lies." Livid with rage the clergyman demanded his card. Dickens presented it to him and left the car. When he read the name he rushed after him and made the humblest apologies. Dickens really pitied him in his humiliation, and gave him as a parting word of advice, never to repeat what he had heard derogatory to any person, unless he had proofs of the correctness of it, and to become henceforth a seeker after truth and avoid lying as he would eternal perdition.

He became tenderly attached to his wife's youngest sister, Mary Hogarth, a beautiful girl who died of heart disease, at his home, in her seventeenth year. He is said to have pictured her as little Nell in *Old Curiosity Shop*.

All visitors describe with enthusiasm the perfect order which prevailed in the large establishment at Tavistock and Gad's Hill. The first thing our author did every morning before beginning his work was to make the circuit of garden and house to see that everything was in its place, neat and orderly. A more thoroughly ordered nature never existed. In this matter he had no assistance from his wife, but fortunately Georgina possessed the executive ability that Mrs. Dickens lacked; but no man, without the aid of feminine head and hands, could have succeeded in attaining such perfect housekeeping, especially when the family consisted of nine children, as in this case. His punctuality, too, was a remarkable characteristic, and visitors used to wonder how everything was done to the minute. English parents would often say to their children, "Ah! my child, I wish you could have been at Gad's Hill to learn what punctuality means."

He had wonderful sympathy with children, and it is in his association with his own that the loveliest traits of his character are brought out. He wrote special prayers for them as soon as they could speak, and always interested himself in their lessons, and would offer prizes for industry, punctuality and neatness. A word of commendation from him was always so highly cherished that no effort was considered too great to merit it. His daughter, Mamie Dickens, has now in her possession the New Testament simplified, that he wrote for them, and which has never been published. His study was always a sacred place and no one was allowed to enter. The little ones were taught to pass by on tip-toe, and the little tongues left off chatting as soon as they neared the door, but yet he was never too busy to

think of his children and amuse and interest them. He had a peculiar tone of voice for each, so that it was known at once to whom he was speaking. He had funny songs to sing to them accompanied by coughs, sneezes and gesticulations, that would have to be sung over and over again before the little audience would be satisfied. He was peculiarly fond of acting and was gifted in this particular. Carlyle thinks he missed his calling when he became a writer. He was always getting up charades and plays in which he would take part himself, and never tired teaching each child the part he or she was to take, consequently the most awkward among them acted satisfactorily the part assigned.

He had a fondness for looking-glasses, and would put them in every available part of the house. He had also a love for bright flowers, such as red geraniums. On one occasion he asked his daughter Katie what she thought of an improvement he had made, that of putting looking-glasses in the panels of the dining room door. She laughingly replied, "Well, really, Papa, I think when you are an angel, your wings will certainly be made of looking glasses and your crown of scarlet geraniums."

His love for pets, especially dogs, must not be forgotten. There was the little pet canary which died and was buried in the garden. Over its grave was put the following epitaph:

.....
This is the Grave of
DICK.
The Best of Birds.
Born at Broadstair's Mids'r, 1851.
Died at Gad's Hill Place, 14th Oct., 1866.
.....

As long as the canary lived cats were not allowed in the house, but just as soon as he died a beautiful white kitten, Williamina, became a member of the family, and she and her numerous offspring had a happy home at Gad's Hill. Then there was the Havana Spaniel, which he brought from America, and the raven, the Grip of *Barnaby Rudge* fame, an eagle, besides Linda, a St. Bernard, and Turk, a mastiff, and numberless others. These were constant companions of their master in his walks; then there was Mrs. Bouncer, a little white Pomeranian with black eyes and nose which was a present to his daughter Mamie, and was brought to Tavistock home when a puppy six weeks old. She became a special favorite with Dickens who, no matter how irritated, would always have a kind word for Mrs. Bouncer.

James T. Fields, in his recollections of Charles Dickens, says, "There was that welcome quality of cheerfulness in the tone of Dickens' voice which falls upon the ear of man or beast as if a kind of fellowship were implied in it. He always shook hands with the mastiffs and terriers who resided on Gad's Hill, as if they were just as much members of the family as his own people. I have seen three massive Newfoundlands set upon him at once and almost devour him with affectionate recognition. I remember a horse he was accustomed to drive in a basket wagon which seemed actually to laugh when he came out of the door and said a few hearty words of greeting to him. But his felicity rose highest when he was doing something to make children happy. I do not believe he had a superior in that department of human endeavor. It seems, indeed, sometimes as if the object of Dickens' life was to make other people

contented and happy." His house was a kind of apothecary's shop for all the sick people of the neighborhood.

His *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Oliver Twist*, *Old Curiosity Shop*, and *Barnaby Rudge* followed one another in quick succession. In 1842 he visited America, and on his return wrote his *American Notes*. In these Notes are many mistakes and blunders, some of our national customs and habits being frightfully caricatured. He tells us some unpleasant truths which we cannot deny, but after his kind reception in this country we think him ungrateful to bring them out before the public. For instance, he calls us "the great spitting nation," and who can say we are not? Tobacco in its worst form (chewing) is used more here than with any other nation. This must be said to our shame.

Then came *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Dombey and Son*, *Bleak House*, *Little Dorrit*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Great Expectations*, *Our Mutual Friend*, and last of all his unfinished work, *Edwin Drood*.

We will only mention one or two of the many tributes to his writings. Thackeray said, "All children ought to love Dickens; I know one who when she is happy reads *Nicholas Nickleby*, when she is tired reads *Nicholas Nickleby*, when she is in bed reads *Nicholas Nickleby*, and when she has nothing to do reads *Nicholas Nickleby*, and when she has finished the book reads *Nicholas Nickleby* over again."

Mrs. Siddons once entered the library of Lord Jeffrey, the critic of the "Edinburgh Review" unannounced, and found him with his head upon his desk sobbing bitterly. She was quietly leaving when he raised his head and beckoned her to return. She apologized for intruding on his grief, for she had not heard of his loss. "I

am a great goose to have given away so, he said, but I could not help it. Did you know Little Nell, Boz's little Nell, is dead?" Dickens said himself, "Like many fond parents I have within my heart of hearts a favorite child, and his name is David Copperfield." It is said this is a story of his own life and that Micawber is a picture of his father.

Dickens' pen was always used for social reform, and Daniel Webster said that he did more to ameliorate the condition of the English poor than all the statesmen Great Britain had ever sent into Parliament. But while his weight is always thrown into the scale of goodness, we can but regret that he has not, in the thirteen clergymen whose characters he has portrayed in his books, made a higher type of God's ministers than the Rev. Elihu Stiggins and men of his stamp, whose weaknesses and foibles only are portrayed for public inspection. And then, too, we could wish that his women had more honor accorded them intellectually; for his weak, simpering and affectionate Little Doras far out number his Agneses and Esthers. He estimated woman more by her moral than by her intellectual worth. Would that he had combined the two!

The time has not yet come for an impartial estimate of his writings. That he stands at the head of all writers of fiction is pretty generally conceded; and we know and feel that one cannot rise from a perusal of his works without having the heart mellowed by kindly influences. He died of apoplexy on the ninth of January, 1870. In his will he requested that he should be buried in an inexpensive, unostentatious and strictly private manner, without any announcement of his burial. His wishes were observed, but it was not deemed inconsistent to give

him the honor of being interred in Westminster Abbey. There he rests in the Poet's Corner, side by side with Addison, Macaulay and Thackeray.

He said, "I commit myself to the mercy of God through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teachings of the New Testament, in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter here or there."

Dickens was pre-eminently a man of genius; he fashioned himself upon no existing models; he rarely quotes from any other author; he has a peculiar comprehension of the sorrows and sufferings of little children. What a host of little ones come up in review before us led by David Copperfield, with Oliver Twist, Paul Dombey and Little Nell pressing on, followed by Florence Dombey, Poor Jo, Little Dorrit and Tiny Tim,—over all of whom we have wept tears in the days that are no more. His characters are a part of literature. His words of cheer in the charity and good lessons which he inculcates will ever be a well-spring from which generations following may drink.*

*To know Dickens one must read David Copperfield.

HISTORY REVIEW.

Review sovereigns from William I., giving whom they married.

PICKWICK AND THE CAB-DRIVER.

"Cab!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Here you are, sir," shouted a strange specimen of the human race, in a sack-cloth coat and apron of the same, who, with a brass label and number round his neck, looked as if he were catalogued in some collection of rarities. This was

the waterman. "Here you are, sir. Now, then, fust cab!" And the fust cab having been fetched from the public-house, where he had been smoking his first pipe, Mr. Pickwick and his portmanteau were thrown into the vehicle.

"Golden Cross," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Only a bob's worth, Tommy," cried the driver, sulkily, for the information of his friend the waterman, as the cab drove off.

"How old is that horse, my friend?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his nose with a shilling he had reserved for the fare.

"Forty-two," replied the driver, eyeing him askant.

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, laying his hand upon his note-book. The driver reiterated his former statement. Mr. Pickwick looked very hard at the man's face, but his features were immovable; so he noted down the fact forthwith.

"And how long do you keep him out at a time?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, searching for further information.

"Two or three weeks," replied the man.

"Weeks!" said Mr. Pickwick, in astonishment; and out came the note-book again.

"He lives at Pentonwil when he's at home," observed the driver coolly; "but we seldom takes him home, on account of his weakness."

"On account of his weakness!" reiterated the perplexed Mr. Pickwick.

"He always falls down when he's took out o' the cab," continued the driver; "but when he's in it we bears him up werry tight and takes him in werry short, so as he can't werry well fall down, and we've got a pair o' precious large wheels on; so ven he *does* move, they run after him, and he must go on,—he can't help it."

"Mr. Pickwick entered every word of this statement in his note-book, with the view of communicating it to the club, as a singular instance of the tenacity of life in horses under trying circumstances. The entry was scarcely completed when they reached the Golden Cross. Down jumped the driver, and out got Mr. Pickwick. Mr. Tupman, Mr. Snodgrass, and Mr. Winkle, who had been anxiously waiting the arrival of their illustrious leader, crowded to welcome him.

"Here's your fare," said Mr. Pickwick, holding out the shilling to the driver.

What was the learned man's astonishment when that unaccountable person flung the money on the pavement, and requested, in figurative terms, to be allowed the pleasure of fighting him (Mr. Pickwick) for the amount!

"You are mad," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Or drunk," said Mr. Winkle.

"Or both," said Mr. Tupman.

"Come on!" said the cab-driver, sparring away like clock-work. "Come on,—all four on you!"

"Here's a lark!" shouted half a dozen hackney-coachmen. "Go to work, Sam;" and they crowded with great glee round the party.

"What's the row, Sam?" inquired one gentleman in black calico sleeves.

"Row!" replied the cabman. "What did he want my number for?"

"I didn't want your number," said the astonished Mr. Pickwick.

"What did you take it for, then?" inquired the cabman.

"I didn't take it," said Mr. Pickwick, indignantly.

"Would anybody believe," continued the cab-driver, appealing to the crowd, — "would anybody believe as an informer 'ud go about in a man's cab, not only

takin' down his number, but e'ry word he says into the bargain?" A light flashed upon Mr. Pickwick:—it was the note-book.

"Did he, though?" inquired another cabman.

"Yes, did he," replied the first; "and then, arter aggerawatin' me to assault him, gets three witnesses here to prove it. But I'll give it him, if I've six months for it. Come on!" And the cabman dashed his hat upon the ground, with a reckless disregard of his own private property, and knocked Mr. Pickwick's spectacles off, and followed up the attack with a blow on Mr. Pickwick's nose, and another on Mr. Pickwick's chest, and a third on Mr. Snodgrass's eye, and a fourth, by way of variety, in Mr. Tupman's waistcoat, and then danced into the road, and then back again to the pavement, and finally dashed the whole temporary supply of breath out of Mr. Winkle's body; and all in half a dozen seconds.

"Where's an officer?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Put 'em under the pump," suggested a hot-pieman.

"You shall smart for this," gasped Mr. Pickwick.

"Informers!" shouted the crowd.

"Come on!" cried the cabman, who had been sparring without cessation the whole time.

The mob had hitherto been passive spectators of the scene: but, as the intelligence of the Pickwickians being informers was spread among them, they began to canvass with considerable vivacity the propriety of enforcing the heated-pastry vender's proposition: and there is no saying what acts of personal aggression they might have committed, had not the affray been unexpectedly terminated by the interposition of a new-comer.

"What's the fun?" said a rather tall, thin young man, in a green coat, emerging suddenly from the coach-yard.

"Informers!" shouted the crowd.

"We are not!" roared Mr. Pickwick, in a tone which, to any dispassionate listener, carried conviction with it.

"A'n't you, though?—a'n't you?" said the young man, appealing to Mr. Pickwick, and making his way through the crowd by the infallible process of elbowing the countenances of its component members.

That learned man, in a few hurried words, explained the real state of the case.

"Come along, then," said he of the green coat, lugging Mr. Pickwick after him by main force, and talking the whole way.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

1811.

1863.

William IV.

Victoria.

WORKS.

The Hoggarty Diamonds.

Paris Sketch Book.

The Second Funeral of Napoleon.

The Chronicle of the Drum.

The Irish Sketch Book.

Jeames's Diary.

Snob Papers.

Notes of a Journey.

Mrs. Perkins' Ball.

Vanity Fair.

Roundabout Papers.

Lovel, the Widower.

Dennis Duval (Never finished.)

Our Street.

Dr. Birch and his Young Friends.

The History of Pendennis.

The Kickleburys on the Rhine.

An Essay on Thunder and Small Beer.

The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century.

Henry Esmond.

The Newcomes.

The Four Georges.

The Virginians.

Philip, on His Way Through the World.

"There is a man in our own days whose words are not framed to tickle delicate ears; who, to my thinking, comes before the great ones of society * * * I think I see in him an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries have yet recognized. I regard him as the first social regenerator of the day."—*Charlotte Brontë*.

"One loved him almost as one loves a woman, tenderly and with thoughtfulness; one who loved him, loved him thus because his heart was tender as the heart of a woman."—*Anthony Trollope*.

Thackeray furnishes us an instance where great injustice was done a man because of his keen sensibility which kept his personal affairs from being discussed. Even his friends during his lifetime would not deny the bitter things said about him, because he preferred they should not.

Since his death, however, many of the misapprehensions have been removed, and we find, instead of a "misanthropist," he was the most genial companion in the world; instead of a "satirist," he never made an enemy by his speech; instead of a "penurious man," he

literally threw his money away. And the world will come to a truer knowledge of him still some day, "and it will then be found what a great, loving, noble heart was hidden beneath this thin crust of cynicism."

He was born in Calcutta in 1811, and brought to England to be educated when he was six years old. He was only eleven when he was placed at Charter-House School, and there he is described as "a rosy-faced boy with dark curling hair, and a quick intelligent eye ever twinkling with good humor." He had no taste for sports which are usually so attractive to school boys, but he was wonderfully social, and the best of company. He was merry, light-hearted, unselfish, and possessed a remarkable memory. He did not love to study, and never attained anything but a fair classical scholarship. He was always noted for his kindness to the younger boys in the school, and not only did not bully them himself, but defended them when imposed on by others. He was eighteen when he entered Cambridge, but only remained one year, as he was anxious to study art at Paris.

While in Paris, where he remained several years, he met Miss Isabella Shawe, whom he married, although he was scarcely twenty-six. It was a congenial marriage and everything promised happiness to the young couple, but after the birth of the third child his wife became hopelessly insane. Thackeray refused to believe it was more than a passing illness that time would remove, and refused to allow her to be taken from home. When at last the truth was forced upon him, and he knew she could never be the same again, his heart was crushed and he was ever afterward a melancholy man. He had her placed in a family of kind friends, where every

attention was given until death released her. It was rarely ever that his natural gaiety would return to him, and he never spoke of his grief to anyone.

His mother came to take care of his children, to whom he was tenderly attached, and to whom he made a fond, loving father. He felt that he must be both father and mother to them now and therefore was unusually kind, and it made him tender to all children. He could never pass a boy without giving him a shilling. Overhearing Fields say something one day about the attractions of London to a greenhorn like himself, Thackeray said, "Yes, you have not seen the grandest attraction yet: Go with me to-day to hear the charity children sing at St. Paul's." Fields says, "We went and I saw the 'head cynic of literature,' the 'hater of humanity,' as a critical dunce in the Times called him, hiding his bowed face wet with tears, while his whole frame shook with emotion as these children of poverty poured out their anthems of praise."

He was so lavish with his money and saved so little from what his books brought him, that he determined to come to America, and deliver a series of lectures in order to have more spending money for his daughters. He dreaded the separation from his children, and he dreaded the ocean trip too, having a great horror of sea sickness. He cried like a child when the cab door closed which shut out the sight of him from his little girls.

He derived great pleasure and profit from his American visit, and always spoke kindly of us on his return. He said he hoped he would never be guilty of speaking ill of the North or the South for he had been offered "equally good claret by both."

Mr. Fields, in his "Yesterday with Authors," tells us some very amusing stories of Thackeray when he was over in this country. "During his first visit his jollity knew no bounds, and it was necessary often to repress him when walking in the streets. I well remember his uproarious shouting and dancing when he was told all the tickets to his first course of readings were sold; and when we rode together from his hotel to the lecture hall he insisted on thrusting both his long legs out of the carriage window, in deference, as he said, to his magnanimous ticket-holders."

Mr. Fields took him with him to a meeting of a Scientific Club, which took place at the house of one of his friends, in Boston. Thackeray was intensely bored, and proceeded to give vent to his feelings by pantomime. He was in an ante-room and thought no one but Fields could see him. "He threw an imaginary person upon the floor, and proceeded to stab him several times with a paper folder which he caught up for that purpose. After disposing of his victim in that way, he was not satisfied, for the dull lecture still went on in the other room, and he fired an imaginary revolver several times at an imaginary head; still the droning speaker proceeded; and now began the greatest pantomimic scene of all, namely, murder by poison, after the manner in which the player King is disposed of in Hamlet. Thackeray had found a small phial on the mantel shelf, and out of it proceeded to pour the imaginary "juice of cursed hebenon" into the imaginary porches of somebody's ears. The whole thing was inimitably done, and I hoped nobody saw it but myself; but years afterwards a ponderous, fat-witted young man put the question squarely

to me: "What was the matter with Mr. Thackeray that night the Club met at Mr. M——'s house?"

Fields and others of his American friends had told him exaggerated stories of the size of our oysters, so when he arrived in Boston they had arranged to have the very largest ones that could be procured ready for his dinner, and then apologized for not being able to procure better. The expression on Thackeray's face was laughable when he beheld the six immense oysters on his plate, and turning to Fields with a look of anguish on his face said, "How shall I do it?" Fields explained by putting one in his mouth and swallowing it with, apparently, no difficulty. Every one at the table was watching. Thackeray opened his mouth very wide, struggled manfully, then put on a comic look of despair. Fields asked him how he felt. "Profoundly grateful, thank you, and as if I had swallowed a baby."

While Thackeray was writing "The Newcomes" some friend met him on the street, and, observing how much more serious he was than usual, asked him if anything had happened to depress him? He replied, "Come into Evan's and I will tell you; I have killed the Colonel." Then taking the manuscript from his pocket he read to him the death-bed scene of Colonel Newcome, while the tears that had been swelling his lids for some time trickled down his face, and the last word was almost an inarticulate sob.

Dear old Thackeray! burly-figured, broad-chested, big-hearted man! In personal appearance he was not attractive, for he had a misshaped nose, caused by an accident in boyhood, and a sarcastic twinkle in his eye, and a certain awkwardness about his gait which very much detracted from him. He dressed well though, and

had a courteous, cordial manner. He was a finished and elegant lecturer, but frequently broke down when asked to make a speech. Once he invited Fields to accompany him to Manchester, where he was to speak at the founding of the Free Library Institution. He told him that although Dickens, Bulwer and Sir James Stephen were to precede him, he knew he would beat them all. Sir John Potter introduced him with many complimentary allusions to the author of *Vanity Fair*, and the audience welcomed him with applause. He rose, gave Fields a wink from under his spectacles, and began in a clear, charming manner that was absolutely perfect. "In the midst of a sentence he stopped, gave a look of comic despair at the ceiling, crammed both hands into his trousers' pockets and deliberately sat down." After the meeting was over he said to Fields, "My boy, you have my profoundest sympathy; this day you have accidentally missed hearing one of the finest speeches ever composed for delivery by a great British orator."

As a writer, Thackeray believed in the distorted adage: "never do to-day what can be put off until to-morrow." He gave his publishers great concern on account of his delays.

He painted human nature as we find it in the higher circles of society, with its weaknesses and frivolities not omitted. Dickens painted it as found in the lower walks of life—both pictures equally well drawn. We may enjoy Dickens more, because his truthful representations come home less to us, but all honor must be ascribed to the author of *The Newcomes*, *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*;—and while the picture given us of the misery occasioned by the ill-assorted marriage in the first, and the unprincipled woman of the world, Becky Sharp, elbowing

her way into fashionable life, a type of feminine intellect without virtue in the second, an accomplished gentleman-like, 'man-of-the-world,' without moral principle to guide him in the third, we must in humility confess they are truthful representations not of the world as a whole, but of a class. But then there is dear old Colonel Newcome, and Ethel of the first, and Amelia Sedley and the elder Pendennis in the other two to act as off-sets in this world's drama.

Like Dickens, Thackeray is unjust to the ministers of the gospel. He never represents one unless he makes his foibles alone to appear. For this reason the moral influence upon the young is not always good.

He died suddenly, alone and unseen, of a spasm, it is thought, caused by too much blood on the brain. His brain was of great weight, weighing fifty-eight and one-half ounces. "He will be remembered," says James Hannay, "for ages to come as long as the hymn of praise rises in the old Abbey of Westminster, and wherever the English tongue is native to men, from the banks of the Ganges to those of the Mississippi."

HISTORY REVIEW.

Name the sovereigns of England who have died tragic deaths

COLONEL NEWCOME'S LAST REFUGE.

Mention has been made once or twice in the course of this history of the Gray-Friars' school *—where the Colonel and Clive and I had been brought up

* *Gray-Friars' School.* Thackeray here means the Charterhouse School, one of the most famous of the elementary schools of England. Besides its 42 boy-pensioners it is used as a hospital, or rather home, for 80 pensioners, who must be over fifty years of age. The monastery which was taken for the use of the school, had belonged to the Carthusians and not the Cistercians. The word *Cistercian* is here applied figuratively to the pensioners.

—an ancient foundation of the time of James I., still subsisting in the heart of London city. The death-day of the founder of the place is still kept solemnly by the Cistercians. In their chapel, where assemble the boys of the school, and the four-score old men of the Hospital, the founder's tomb stands, a huge edifice, emblazoned with heraldic decorations and clumsy, carved allegories.† There is an old Hall, a beautiful specimen of the architecture of James' time; an old Hall? many old halls; old staircases, old passages, old chambers decorated with old portraits, walking in the midst of which, we walk as it were in the early seventeenth century. To others than Cistercians, Gray-Friars is a dreary place, possibly. Nevertheless, the pupils educated there love to revisit it; and the oldest of us grow young again for an hour or two as we come back into those scenes of childhood.

The custom of the school is, that on the 12th of December, the Founder's Day, the head gown-boy, shall recite a Latin oration, in praise *Fundatoris Nostri*,‡ and upon other subjects; and a goodly company of old Cistercians is generally brought together to attend this oration: after which we go to chapel and hear a sermon; after which we adjourn to a great dinner, where old con-disciples meet, old toasts are given and speeches are made. Before marching from the oration hall to the chapel, the stewards of the day's dinner, according to old-fashioned rite have wands put into their hands, walk to church at the head of the procession, and sit there in places of honor. The boys are already in their seats, with smug, fresh faces and shining white collars; the old black-gowned pensioners are on their benches; the chapel is lighted, and Founder's Tomb, with its grotesque carvings, monsters, heraldries, darkles and shines with the most wonderful shadows and lights. There he lies, Fundator Noster, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the great Examination Day.§ We oldsters, be we ever so old, become boys again as we look at that familiar old tomb, and think how the seats have altered since we were here, and how the doctor, not the present doctor, the doctor of *our* time—used to sit yonder, and his awful eye used to frighten us shuddering boys, on whom it lighted; and how the boy next us *would* kick our shins during service time, and how the monitor would cane us afterwards because our shins were kicked. Yonder sit forty cherry-cheeked boys thinking about home and holidays to-morrow. Yonder sit some three-score old gentleman pensioners of the hospital, listening to the prayers and the psalms. You hear them coughing feebly, in the twilight,—the old, reverend black-gowns. Is Codd Ajax alive, you wonder?—the Cistercian lads called these old gentlemen Coddas, I know not wherefore—I know not wherefore—but is old Codd Ajax alive, I wonder? or Codd Soldier? or kind old Codd Gentleman, or has the grave closed over them? A plenty of candles lights up this chapel and this scene of age and youth, and early memories, and pompous death. How solemn the well remembered prayers are, here uttered again in the place where in childhood we used to hear them! How beauteous and decorous the rite: how noble the ancient words of supplications which the priest utters, and to which generations of fresh children and troops of by-gone seniors have cried Amen, under those arches! The service for Founder's Day is a special one, one of the psalms selected being the thirty-seventh, and we hear—

† *Allegories.* Carved figures illustrative of the life of the founder.

‡ *Fundatoris Nostri.* Of our founder.

§ *Examination Day.* The day of judgment.

23. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord : and he delighteth in his way.
24. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down : for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.
25. I have been young, and now am old : yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

As we came to this verse, I chanced to look up from my book towards the swarm of black-coated pensioners; and amongst them—amongst them—sat Thomas Newcome.

His dear old head was bent down over his prayer-book; there was no mistaking him. He wore the black gown of the pensioners of the Hospital of Gray-Friars. His Order of the Bath | was on his breast. He stood there amongst the poor brethren, uttering the responses to the psalm. The steps of this good man had been ordered thither by Heaven's decree;—to this almshouse! Here it was ordained that a life all love, and kindness and honor, should end! I heard no more of prayers, and psalms, and sermon, after that. How dared I be in a place of mark, and he, he yonder among the poor? Oh, pardon, you noble soul! I ask forgiveness of you for being of a world that has so treated you—you, my better, you the honest, and gentle and good! I thought the service would never end, or the organist's voluntaries, or the preacher's homily.

The organ played us out of the chapel at length, and I waited in the ante-chapel until the pensioners took their turn to quit it. My dear, dear old friend! I ran to him with a warmth and eagerness of recognition which no doubt showed themselves in my face and accents as my heart was moved at the sight of him. His own wan face flushed up when he saw me, and his hand shook in mine. "I have found a home, Arthur," said he. "Don't you remember, before I went to India, when we came to see the old Gray-Friars, and visited Captain Scarsdale in his room?—a poor brother like me—an old Peninsular man. Scarsdale is gone now, sir, and is 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest'; and I thought then when we saw him,—here would be a place for an old fellow when his career was over, to hang his sword up; to humble his soul, and to wait thankfully for the end, Arthur. My good friend, Lord H., who is a Cistercian like ourselves, and has just been appointed a governor, gave me his first nomination. Don't be agitated, Arthur, my boy, I am very happy. I have good quarters, good food, good light and fire, and good friends; blessed be God! my dear, kind young friend—my boy's friend; you have been always so, sir; and I take it uncommonly kind of you, and I thank God for you, sir. Why, sir, I am as happy as the day is long." He uttered words to this effect as we walked through the courts of the building towards his room, which in truth I found neat and comfortable, with a brisk fire crackling on the hearth; a little tea-table laid out, a Bible and spectacles by the side of it, and over the mantel-piece a drawing of his grandson by Clive.**

Of course I came to him on the very next day, when my good friend entered more at length into the reasons why he had assumed the Poor Brother's gown; and I cannot say but that I acquiesced in his reasons, and admired that noble humility and contentedness of which he gave me an example.

| *Order of the Bath.* Bestowed only for distinguished military service.

** *Clive.* Colonel Newcome's only son and child.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

1795.

1881.

George III.,

George IV.,

Victoria.

WORKS.

My Irish Journey in 1849.

History of the French Revolution.

Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell.

Latter-Day Pamphlets.

History of Frederick II., Called the Great.

Biographies.

Montesquieu.

Montaigne.

Nelson.

The Pitts.

Translations.

Goethe's Wilhelm Meister.

Life of Schiller.

Sartor Resartus.

Chartism.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

Past and Present.

Life of John Sterling.

Essays and Reviews.

“My father’s education was altogether of the worst and most limited,” said Carlyle, in speaking of his father, James Carlyle. “I believe he was never more than three months at any school. What he learned there showed what he might have learned. He was religious with the consent of his whole faculties. Rude and uncultured as he otherwise was, it made him and kept him ‘in all points a man.’ His heart seemed as if walled in; he had not the free means to unbosom himself. My mother (Margaret Aitken) had owned to me that she could not understand him; that her affection and admiration of him was obstructed. It seemed as if an atmosphere of fear repelled us from him. I was ever more or less awed and chilled before him. My heart and tongue played freely only with my mother. He had an air of deepest gravity, even sternness. Yet he could laugh with his whole throat and his whole heart. I have often seen him weep too; his voice

would thicken and his lips curve while reading the Bible. Once, and I think only once, I saw him in a passion of tears. It was when my mother's fever threatened the extinction of her reason. We were all of us nigh desperate and ourselves mad. He burst at last into quite a torrent of grief, cried piteously and threw himself on the floor, moaning. I wondered, and had no words, no tears. It was as if a rock of granite had melted and was thawing into water.

“He was very kind and I loved him. He wrote to me duly and affectionately while I was at college. James Bell, one of our wise men, had told him, ‘Educate a boy, and he will grow up to despise his ignorant parents.’ My father once told me this, and added, ‘Thou hast not done so; God be thanked for it.’ His tolerance for me, his trust in me was great. When I declined going into the church, (though his heart was set upon it) he respected my scruples, and patiently let me have my way. The last time I saw him was about the first of August. He was very kind, and prouder of me than ever. He said, on hearing me express something he admired, ‘Man, it’s nothing but the eye of Omniscience to see thee, and thou with such a gift to speak.’

“With him a whole three score and ten years of the past has doubly died from me. His life is as a tale that has been told. Perhaps my father is even now near me, with me. Perhaps, if it so please God, we shall in some higher state of being meet one another, recognize one another. In the world of relatives may the Great Father again bring us together in perfect holiness and perfect love.”

This curtailed sketch of James Carlyle, the father of

our "Sage of Chelsea," will throw some light upon the home influences of the son. His mother was a gentle, loving, trustful woman; "a woman," Carlyle says, "to me of the fairest descent (that of the pious, the just and wise)." She was a faithful helpmeet to his father, toiling unweariedly at his side, and "the best of mothers." Thomas was the eldest child and inherited even more of the father's than the mother's qualities of mind and heart. He was an irritable child, and as early as his second year, in a fit of passion, threw a stool at his brother John's head. His mother taught him his letters; his father arithmetic through long division, and was very proud of him when his Uncle Frank acknowledged him a better arithmetician than himself. After this he was sent to Annan Academy, then to college. In 1826 he married Jane Baillie Welsh. She was six years younger than he and extremely pretty, with a graceful and beautifully formed figure, upright and supple, very witty, and indeed was so fascinating that everybody fell in love with her. A relative said that every man who spoke with her for five minutes felt impelled to make her an offer of marriage. "It is probable," Miss Jewsbury said, "that if flirting was a capital crime, Jane Welsh would have been in danger of being hanged many times over." Edward Irving had been one of her teachers, and an attachment had been formed between them, but she heard that he was entangled in an engagement with some one else, and insisted that it was dishonorable on his part to break it. It is uncertain where she met Carlyle, probably Irving introduced her. It is evident from the first she recognized him as a man of genius. He had been in love with Margaret Gordon, and failed to marry her on account of her family position. The

world thought Jane Welsh was making a dreadfully bad match when she married Carlyle. They saw only the outside of the man, but she had faith in her own insight.

When first married they lived in a small house in Edinburgh. She had never been accustomed to house-keeping of any kind, and as Mr. Carlyle was a dyspeptic he was obliged to be very careful about his diet. She learned to make brown bread and suet pudding for him. They soon moved to Craigenputtock, a lonely farmhouse belonging to her mother. Here she lived in solitude, cheerfully and willingly for six years. Mr. Carlyle was very much engrossed in his work and gave himself up to it entirely.* We owe as much to her as to him. If she had not devoted her life to him, he could not have worked. If she had let the care for money weigh on him, he could not have given his best strength to his work. She had to live beside him in silence, that the world might profit by his full strength. At times he was so ill-natured and cross that he complained if his neighbors' dogs barked, or their roosters crowed, and she, patient woman, would make every effort to silence them.

She lived long enough to see his work completed and to have him recognized in full for what he was and for what he had done. He did not seem to appreciate the love this noble woman was giving until too late, and he longed after she was dead and gone to have only five minutes of time in which to tell her how much he loved and honored her. Alas! too late! Her health failed rapidly, but she was so bright and cheerful with it all, that even then he did not realize how near the end was. She suffered violently with neuralgia which soon attacked some ganglion near the spine and killed her suddenly.

* He was so absent-minded that he took his wife to the theatre one night, came home without her, and went to bed before he realized that he had forgotten her.

She was returning from a dinner at Forster's and on the way home a carriage ran over her pet dog. She sprang from the carriage to see what injuries he had received, then taking him into her arms got into the carriage again. The coachman asked if the dog was hurt, but receiving no reply supposed she did not hear him. Turning later he saw her position had never changed, so becoming alarmed, stopped the carriage and found her dead. Carlyle never dreamed how much light would go out of his life with her.

"She never knew fully, nor could I show her in my heavy laden, miserable life, how much I had at all times regarded, loved and admired her. Ah me! No telling her now." Poor Carlyle! Much abused man; himself ever his worst enemy.

Mr. Thomson, of Virginia, called one night and told Mrs. Carlyle there was little doubt but that they would hang Jefferson Davis. She became very much excited and was anxious to have her husband write a pamphlet in his defense. Carlyle did not do it, however, for fear of doing more harm than good.

The last years of his life, before and after Mrs. Carlyle's death, were spent at Chelsea. Here he died in 1881. Now and then he would go to Haddington to visit the Cathedral, where his loved companion was buried.

"He comes here lonesome and alone," the old gravedigger said to Mr. Swinton. "His niece keeps him company to the gate, but he leaves her there. The last time he was here I got a sight of him, and he was bowed down under his white hairs, and he took his way up by that ruined old Cathedral, and round there and in here by the gateway, and he tottered up here to this spot;

and," softly spake the grave-digger and paused. "he stood here a while in the grass, and then he kneeled down and stayed on his knees at the grave; then he bent over and I saw him kiss the ground, aye he kissed it again and again, and he kept kneeling, and it was a long time before he tottered out of the Cathedral and wandered where his niece stood waiting for him."

The first work of Carlyle's, to attract attention, was the *Translations of Goethe's Wilhelm Meister*, then his *Life of Schiller*, his *Sartor Resartus*, in which Blumine was the fair and amiable Margaret Gordon, his first love. In 1837 appeared *The French Revolution*; while this was in preparation his *Lectures on German Literature* appeared, also *Heroes and Hero Worship, Past and Present*, etc. Then came the *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*.

His *Frederick the Great* was written while at Chelsea. His wife was very proud of this work, and lived long enough to enjoy the honor accorded him for it. What better can we say of Carlyle than to quote Hattie Griswold's words, "Not a hero, not a monster, as some have claimed, but a faulty man, with the defects of his qualities described by a woman faulty like himself." A constitutional growler with a warm heart, withal, and infinite capacities for tenderness; selfish it may be, but inexorably just; cold to all the outside world, but warm hearted and generous and magnificently loyal to his family throughout all his distinguished career. No trace of snobbery or false shame in him. Not liking the reformers of his own day, but almost defying the reformers of the past, and himself making it his mission from earliest youth to hoary age, to reform the world in his own particular Carlylean way; fiercely assaulting much that passed for religion, but being always deeply and truly

religious at heart. What a vast contradictory Titan he seems in it all! If a lovely wind-flower, fresh and fragrant as the breath of morning was crushed in the arms of this god of thunder, what shall we say? Shall we reject the god of thunder who gave us the "Heroes," and the "Cromwell" and the "Frederick," and wish that he might have been a gentle poet singing to a lute; or shall we thank God for him, even as he was, though we give a tear to the wind-flower?"

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Who was the Black Prince? Why so called?*
2. *Who was Richard Cœur de Lion? Why so called?*
3. *What two sovereigns were called "Defenders of the Faith"?*

PAST AND PRESENT—HAPPY.

The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about was, "happiness enough to get his work done." Not "I can't eat!" but "I can't work!" that was the burden of all wise complaining among men. It is, after all, the one unhappiness of a man. That he cannot work; that he cannot get his destiny as a man fulfilled. Behold the day is passing swiftly over, our life is passing swiftly over; and the night cometh wherein no man can work. The night once come, our happiness, our unhappiness—it is all abolished; vanished, clean gone; a thing that has been: "not of the slightest consequence" whether we were happy as eueptic Curtis, as the fattest pig of Epicurus, or unhappy as Job with potsherds, as musical Byron with Glours and sensibilities of the heart, as the unmusical meatjack with hard labour and rust! But our work—behold, that is not abolished, that has not vanished; our work, behold it remains, or the want of it remains; endless Times and Eternities, remain: and that is now the sole question with us forevermore! Brief, brawling Day, with its noisy phantasms, its poor, paper-crowns and tinsel-gilt is gone; and divine, everlasting Night, with her star-diadems, with her silences and her veracities, is come! What hast thou done, anyhow? Happiness: unhappiness: all that was but the wages thou hadst: thou hast spent all that in sustaining thyself hitherward: not a coin of it remains with thee, it is all spent, eaten: and now thy work, where is thy work? Swift, out with it, let us see thy work! Of a truth, if a man were not a poor hungry dastard, and even much of a blockhead withal, he would cease criticising his victuals to such extent, and criticise himself rather, what he does with his victuals!

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

1815.

1882.

Victoria.

WORKS.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| The West Indies. | Lotta Schmidt. |
| North America. | He Knew He was Right. |
| Hunting Sketches. | Ralph the Heir. |
| Traveling Sketches. | Sir Harry Hotspur. |
| Australia and New Zealand | The Struggles of Brown, Jones and |
| South Africa. | Robinson. |
| Thackeray. | The Eustace Diamonds. |
| Autobiography. | The Golden Lion. |
| The Macdermotts of Dallycloran. | Harry Heathcote. |
| The Kelleys and the O'Kelleys. | The Way We Live Now. |
| La Vendee. | The Prime Minister. |
| The Warden. | The American Senator. |
| Barchester Towers. | Is He Popenjay? |
| The Three Clerks. | John Caldigate. |
| Doctor Thorne. | Duke's Children. |
| The Bertrams. | Doctor Wortle's School. |
| Castle Richmond. | The Fixed Period. |
| Framley Parsonage. | Marion Fay. |
| Orley Farm. | Mr. Scarborough's Family. |
| Tales of all Countries. | An Eye for an Eye. |
| Rachel Ray. | Cousin Henry. |
| Can You Forgive Her? | The Children. |
| The Small House at Allington. | Ayala's Angel. |
| Miss Mackensie. | Why Frau Frohman raised her |
| The Belton Estate. | Prices. |
| The Last Chronicle of Barset. | Kept in the Dark. |
| The Claverings. | An Old Man's Love. |

Anthony Trollope was born in Russell Square, London, in 1815. His father was a barrister by profession ; his mother was that Mrs. Trollope, who at the mature age of fifty began a literary career by writing a book about the Americans. His boyhood was one long struggle with poverty, shyness, awkwardness, and unhappiness. Thirteen years were spent alternately at Harrow, Sunbury and Winchester. During that period he never

knew a lesson and never had a friend. From these schools he carried away no practical knowledge except that modicum of Latin and Greek, which had oozed through his skin in all these years. At the age of nineteen he received a clerkship in the general post office department, for which he acknowledged he was at first poorly prepared. This was prior to the days of competitive examinations. Here he was always on the point of being dismissed, and after eight years of irregular service they were glad to send him as assistant surveyor's clerk to the west of Ireland. In London he had led a poor life, was hopelessly in debt, was continually on the point of reforming—but never did—and often wished himself dead. In Ireland things were better with him; the life was freer, the salary larger; best of all, his work well done. Here too, he met with Rose Heseltine, the lady who, two years later, became his wife.

In Ireland, too, his first three novels were written, the first of that abundant progeny he penned in after years. When his first efforts failed, he began to ask himself whether novel writing was, after all, his proper line? "The idea," he adds, "that I was the unfortunate owner of unappreciated genius never troubled me. I did not look at the books after they were published, feeling sure they had been damned with just reason." Still he held on to his pen, and dipped it once again in the turbid waters of inky lane. He tried comedy; also a failure; then followed a series of letters on Ireland, written for Foster. For these he was too timid to demand pay of that great man. All this time he was kept busy with his official work.

At the cathedral town of Salisbury he conceived the story of *The Warden*, from whence sprang that series of

tales of which Barchester, with the bishops, deans and arch-deacons, formed the center. At this period he confesses no one presumably could write about clergymen with less reason than himself. With none had he been intimate; yet his arch-deacon was declared to be life-like by those readers who now began to see evidence of genius in the new writer, who for ten years had been struggling on neglected and unnoticed by the public. Trollope declares the arch-deacon to be the result of his moral consciousness and convictions of what such a character ought to be. These words were brought out by Longman.

At this period, he had not only found out that he had a story to tell, but in addition, how to tell it. Henceforth he began to paint portraits. He lived with his characters from day to day. His success was assured. The work of his first ten years brought him fifty-five pounds; that of the next twenty, forty thousand pounds. He had not been mistaken in his line, and he persevered. His motto was: "Nulla dies sine linea." His profession became his trade. Nor did he under-estimate the truth, "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

"Take away from English authors their copy-right, and you would very soon take from England her authors."

"Brains that are unbought will never serve the public."

"It is a mistake to think that a man is a better man because he despises money."

"Tennyson, Macaulay, Carlyle, none of these great men neglected the pecuniary results of their labors."

Nor does he undervalue fame; "the charm of reputation, that last infirmity of noble minds." To be known as something, to be Anthony Trollope, if to be no more, is to be much."

In summing up the number of Trollope's published works, mostly three volume novels, one is amazed that one man could accomplish so much even in the course

of a long literary career. A few words explain all. He did his work at all hours and under all circumstances; at home and abroad, on shore, at sea, whether traveling on the train or tossing on the ocean steamer, what he had engaged to write, he wrote.

The Bertrams was begun in Egypt; *The West Indies* whilst traversing those islands; *Lady Anna* on board a steamer *en route* to Melbourne; *The Vicar of Bullhampton* was penciled in Washington; *He Knew He was Right*, finished in that city.

Another secret of Trollope's fecundity was, that he reduced his labors to a system. "I allotted myself so many pages a week. Nothing," he adds, "is so potent as a law that may not be disobeyed. I have known no anxiety as to copy. There are those who would be ashamed to subject themselves to such a task master, and who think that the *man* who works with his imagination should allow himself to wait until his imagination moves him." Sound doctrine this. What might not irregular genius accomplish, were a habit of industry added to inspiration? His experience as a literary man is summed up in these words: "There is perhaps no career of life so charming as that of a successful man of letters. He is subject to no bonds such as those which bind other men. The author wants no capital, and runs no risk; when once he is afloat the publisher finds all that. But it is in the consideration that he enjoys that the author finds his richest reward."

Again, "There are many who would laugh at the idea of a novelist teaching either virtue or nobility—those, for instance, who regard the reading of novels as a sin, and those who think it to be simply an idle pastime. They look upon the teller of stories as among

the tribe of those who pander to the pleasures of a wicked world." He adds, "I have regarded my art from so different a point of view, that I have ever thought of myself as a preacher of sermons."

This conviction he carried out in a list of over forty volumes—the crop of a long, laborious life,—not including a considerable amount of editorial work, his official duties, and an inveterate fondness for riding to the field.

After thirty-three years of official service, during which time he had been sent in postal matters to Egypt, the West Indies and America, he resigned this service, and led henceforth a life divided between literary work and relaxation. In his autobiography he has an excellent chapter on novels, and the art of writing them, which, carefully perused, might benefit many a tyro, who, with eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, sits down, pen in hand, at a vacant desk, and waits for the flame of inspiration to descend upon him. Just here he throws out several pertinent suggestions. To begin with, "As people will read fiction," he holds, "what is offered to them must be of good quality." Next, the would-be delineator of fiction must have a story to tell, and he must know how to tell it. Then the language in which he clothes his fiction must be good. He may have all other gifts, but they will avail him nothing, unless he puts forth his work in pleasant words. There should be no episodes—every sentence, every word should bend to the telling of the story. The dialogues to be natural, should be short.

Thackeray, he places in the front rank of English novelists. "Among all our novelists, his style is the purest, as to my ear it is also the most harmonious.

The reader without labor knows what he means and all that he means."

Trollope, himself, belonged to the school of ante-sensational writers. Hawthorne, the brilliant romancer of New England, wrote of Trollope:

"It is odd enough that my own individual taste is for quite another class of works than those which I, myself, am able to write. If I were to meet with such books as mine, by another writer, I don't believe I should be able to get through them. Have you ever read the novels of Anthony Trollope? They precisely suit my taste; solid and substantial, written in the strength of beef, and through the inspiration of ale, and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business, and not suspecting they were being made a show of."

According to his own statement, Anthony Trollope was the most voluminous of English writers. "I have published more than twice as many as Carlyle; more than Voltaire, including his letters." He had a great passion for carrying the same characters on into succeeding volumes. One instance may illustrate this penchant of the author who actually seemed to live with his personages in daily life: On one occasion, at the Athenæum Club, he observed two clerical gentlemen, each with a magazine in his hand, reading; and from their conversation saw that they were reading some portion of one of his novels. They soon began to abuse what they were reading.

"Here," said one, "is that arch-deacon whom we have had in every novel he has written."

"And," said the other, "whom he has talked about

till everybody is tired of him. If I could not invent new characters I would not write novels at all."

Then they fell upon Mrs. Proudie, one of Trollope's special favorites. "It was impossible for me not to hear their words. I got up, and standing between them, acknowledged myself to be the culprit. 'As to Mrs. Proudie,' I said, 'I will go home and kill her before the week is over,' and so I did."

Diligence and perseverance won for him that rank which he now holds—the most honest and realistic of English novel-writers during the two decades which have just passed away.—*Copied from "The Electra."*

HISTORY REVIEW.

Name : Victoria's children and whom they married.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

(Currer Bell.)

1816.

1855.

George IV.

William IV.

Victoria.

WORKS.

The Professor.

Jane Eyre.

Shirley.

Villette.

Far away amid the Yorkshire hills in the North of England lies the remote village of Haworth. At the top of the long, narrow village street stands the Haworth church, and directly facing it—only separated by the intervening graveyard—the parsonage. Here lived the Rev. Patrick Brontë, incumbent of the living; and hither came in her fourth year, the celebrated daughter, Charlotte Brontë.

The mother was an invalid, the father eccentric, the children frail, delicate little creatures, whose mental powers seemed always to have been in advance of their physical developments. After their mother's death, when Charlotte was in her fifth year, an aunt came to take charge of the helpless little household, for there were six children, the eldest under nine.

Miss Branwell early impressed her trim, orderly ways upon the minds of her young nieces—habits which they maintained always even in those latter days when the name of Currer Bell had sent a thrill throughout all England.

At a tender age, Charlotte, with her two older sisters, was sent to a boarding-school for ministers' daughters, in the North of England, where the diet was low, the

rules stringent, and whence Elizabeth and Maria were brought home to die. This school, with its glaring defects, and misguided treatment of the young girls intrusted to its charities, was destined to be reproduced many years later, in words of fiery zeal by the younger sister Charlotte. But Elizabeth and Maria slept in their early graves. Who that has read *Jane Eyre* can forget Lowood, and the Rev. Mr. Brocklehurst? The three remaining sisters, Charlotte, Emily, and Annie Brontë, became known in literature later on as Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell.

The little Brontës lived far removed from the bustle of the great world, but they took an active interest in the events of the day, and were inveterate little Tories when "the grand duke" was the hero and Napoleon the terror of the British Isles. Their amusements were grave, and they early engaged in writing plays, short stories, poems and articles for magazines, etc. In these efforts their brother Branwell took a leading part. He was a young man of great promise, but destitute of that rectitude which directed his sisters' lives, and thus "his light went out in darkness."

When children, their sole recreation was a walk over the purple moors which stretched away beyond the gray parsonage. Annie the youngest was gentle and docile; Emily, strong and impetuous; Charlotte, earnest and faithful. All had high ideas of life and duty. But, as the daughters of a poor clergyman, an uncertain future lay before them; a limited education, a life as nursery-governess, or school teachers; in short, a narrow horizon. Charlotte was small, plain-featured, and shy; all were retiring in their dispositions. When a girl, she spent two years at school with a Miss Wooler, where she

studied well, and made life-long friendships. At first they tried governessing on small wages. Charlotte's employer overwhelmed her with yards upon yards of fine sewing, by way of supplement to her meagre accomplishments. But these expedients proved too trying to their sensitive constitutions, and all were happy only when nestled in the dear home nest.

Then a home school was talked of, and Charlotte and Emily passed over to Brussels to improve their knowledge of French and music, that the experiment might be properly attempted. But, though time and money were spent on this scheme, applications sent forth, and circulars scattered, it, too, fell through. Not a single pupil ever entered at the old Haworth parsonage. Nothing daunted, the three brave spirits took counsel together, and each resolved on a literary venture. Their first effort in verse was a failure, so far as the public was concerned. At the same time each sister was engaged in writing a prose tale. The modest, quiet story of *The Professor* was the beginning of "Currer Bell's after success in the flower-crowned walks of literature"; for, though refused by her publishers, they were so far impressed with its merits as to suggest that a three-volume tale would be accepted. This suggestion brought forth *Jane Eyre*. That wonderful creation was begun in a strange city, whither she had gone with her aged father to consult an oculist in regard to his threatened blindness.

Jane Eyre took the reading world by storm. The strongly marked characters, the strong, virile language, the originality of conception, the truthfully expressed thoughts, sent a thrill through the heart of all England and America! A new star, steady, luminous, full-orbed, had risen upon the literary horizon — and "Who is it?"

and whence?" was questioned on every side. It was supposed to be the creation of a man; no one dreamed that *Jane Eyre* had originated in the mind of the quietest little woman in all England; that Rochester had been portrayed by a clergyman's daughter who had scarcely seen any men in her life; or that she, further, had had the temerity to draw a heroine in a plain, ugly little governess—the outcome of orphanage and a charity school! The book advanced in favor, and Currer Bell soon found herself famous; but no one ever took fame more quietly.

Very touching is that scene between father and daughter, following the publication of *Jane Eyre*:

"Papa, I've been writing a book."

"Have you, my dear?"

"Yes, and I want you to read it."

"But it will try my eyes so."

"But it is not in manuscript, it is printed."

"My dear, you've never thought of the expense it will be."

She reassures him, gives him a review or two to read, and giving him a copy of the book, leaves the room. When he joined the little group at tea, he said, "Girls, do you know that Charlotte has been writing a book, and it is much better than likely?"

The two who had paced back and forth through the flagged living-room the preceding winter when *Wuthering Heights*, *Agnes Grey* and *The Professor* were all in conception, could not plead ignorance upon this point. But alas! the younger sisters drooped and fell upon the threshold of success. Within nine months Charlotte was destined to close their eyes, and to see three of the household band carried to their last resting-place in

Haworth Church! Henceforth, father and daughter sat alone in the silent house.

In his autobiography, Trollope writes:

“Charlotte Brontë was surely a marvelous woman. If it could be right to judge the work of a novelist from one small portion of one novel, and to say of the author that he is to be accounted as strong as he shows himself to be in his strongest morsels of work, I should be inclined to put Miss Brontë very high, indeed. I know of no interest more thrilling than that which she has been able to throw into the characters of Rochester and the governess, in the second volume of *Jane Eyre*. She lived with those characters, and felt every fibre of the heart, the longings of the one and the sufferings of the other.

“Jane Eyre, and Esmond, and Adam Bede will be in the hands of our grandchildren when Pickwick, and Pelham and Harry Lorrequer are forgotten; because the men and women depicted are human in their aspirations, human in their sympathies, and human in their actions.”

She wrote slowly, carefully, conscientiously, with a “singular felicity in the choice of words.”

Mrs. Gaskell says, “She would wait patiently until the right term presented itself to her. It might be provincial, it might be derived from the Latin; so that it accurately represented her idea, she did not mind whence it came; but this case makes her style present the finish of a piece of mosaic.” She could not always write at will, but was compelled to wait, at times, until the mood came.

She left behind her only three works by which her name is remembered, but she builded wisely. Thirty years have passed since that March morning when the

tidings went forth, "Currer Bell is no more," but she still lives in the hearts of all who appreciate strong, pure English and racy delineation of individual character. *Jane Eyre* has become a classic; it will be read thirty years hence. We know of no modern novel that can be compared to it—of no living novelist whose thoughts find expression in such terse, vivid, emphatic, earnest English. George Eliot comes close up to her, but in imaginative faculty, in pure, unadulterated inspiration Currer Bell soared away beyond her sometimes greater sister.

In his review of contemporary literature Justin McCarthy observes: "Charlotte Brontë was genius and ignorance. George Eliot is genius and culture." The fire of Charlotte Brontë was something extraordinary; her words seemed literally to flow forth; it was as if coals of fire had been laid upon her lips.

After *Shirley* came out, Miss Brontë could no longer hide her identity with Currer Bell. The scenes depicted in *Shirley*, the Luddite riots, the people—all betrayed her! A clever Yorkshire man divulged the secret. He was convinced that the book was written by some one in Haworth, and that that "some one" could be nobody save Miss Brontë.

Villette, her last novel, is a striking delineation of her sojourn at Brussels, first as a pupil, and later on as an English teacher in "Pensionnat" of M. and Madame Heger. Here she carries her English maiden, Lucy Snowe, and gives us an accurate insight into the heavy Belgian character. * * *

With *Villette* came Miss Brontë's marriage to the Rev. Edward Nicholls in the summer of 1854. The patient, earnest worker in the path of duty, in the field of liter-

ature was to taste, only taste, as it were, the sweets of wedded love, the sanctity of wedded life, for she lived only a few months after her marriage.*

She had three lovers before Mr. Nicholls declared his love for her. One was the brother of her best friend Ellen Nussey; she did not love him, but once the temptation came "to marry Harry so that Ellen could live with them", but not loving him she was wise enough to reject this idea. Then her next lover was a young Irish clergyman, fresh from Dublin University. He had called to see Charlotte's father, and she met him, laughed and talked pleasantly with him, and a few days later was surprised by receiving a proposal of marriage from him. "Well," said she, "I have heard of love at first sight, but this beats all!" The next offer was from Mr. James Taylor, one of her publishers. He had called to see her to arrange about the publication of *Shirley*. He lost no time in falling in love with her. Her father approved of him, and she tried to consider the offer with all seriousness, but finally he was rejected, and he left immediately for India in order to recover.

While *Jane Eyre* is intensely interesting, the moral tone is not what it should be. Charlote Brontë did not wish to be known as the author, and was indignant with Thackeray who, at the close of one of his lectures introduced her to his mother as "Jane Eyre." Every one present turned to look at the little woman, who was evidently very angry, and Thackeray was forced to call the next day to make his apologies.

* Copied from *Electra*.

EMILY BRONTË AND HER DOG "KEEPER."

From her, many traits in Shirley's character were taken : her way of sitting on the rug reading, with her arm around her rough bull-dog's neck ; her calling to a strange dog, running past with hanging head and lolling tongue, to give it a merciful draught of water, its maddened snap at her, her nobly stern presence of mind, going right into the kitchen, and taking up one of Tabby's (the old servant in the parsonage) red hot Italian irons to sear the bitten place, and telling no one, till the danger was well-nigh over, for fear of the terrors that might beset their weaker minds. All this looked upon as a well invented fiction in *Shirley*, was written down by Charlotte with streaming eyes ; it was the literal account of what Emily had done. The same tawny bull dog (with his 'strangled' whistle) called 'Tarter' in *Shirley*, was 'Keeper' in Haworth parsonage—a gift to Emily. With the gift came a warning. Keeper was faithful to the depths of his nature as long as he was with friends ; but he who struck him with a stick or whip roused the relentless nature of the brute, who flew at his throat forthwith, and held him there till one or the other was at the point of death. Now Keeper's household fault was this : he loved to steal upstairs, and stretch his square tawny limbs on the comfortable beds, covered over with white, delicate counterpanes. But the cleanliness of the parsonage arrangements was perfect, and Emily declared that if he was found again transgressing, she, herself, in defiance of warning and his well known ferocity of nature, would beat him so severely that he would never offend again. In the gathering dusk of the evening, Tabby came to tell Emily that Keeper was lying on the best bed in drowsy voluptuousness. Charlotte saw Emily's whitening face and set mouth, but dared not interfere ; no one dared when Emily's eyes glowed in that manner out of the paleness of her face, and when her lips were so compressed into stone. She went up stairs, and Tabby and Charlotte stood in the gloomy passage below. Down stairs came Emily, dragging after her the unwilling Keeper, his hind-legs in a heavy attitude of resistance, held by the 'scuff of his neck,' but growling low and savagely all of the time. The watchers would fain have spoken, but durst not, for fear of taking off Emily's attention, and causing her to avert her head a moment from the enraged brute. She let him go, planted in a dark corner at the bottom of the stairs ; no time was there to fetch stick or rod, for fear of the strangling clutch at her throat—her bare, clenched fist struck against his red, fierce eyes, before he had time to make his spring, and in the language of the turf, she 'punished' till his eyes were swelled up, and the half-blind, stupefied beast was led to his accustomed lair to have his swollen head fomented and cared for by the very Emily herself. The generous dog owed her no grudge : he loved her dearly ever after ; he walked first among the mourners at her funeral ; he slept moaning for nights at the door of her empty room ; and never, so to speak, rejoiced, dog-fashion after her death.

DEATH OF EMILY AND ANNE BRONTË.

Never in all her life, had she (Emily) lingered over any task that lay before her, and she did not linger now. She sank rapidly. She made haste to leave us. Yet, while physically she perished, mentally she grew stronger than we had yet known her. Day by day, when I saw with what a front she met suffering, I looked on her with an anguish of wonder and love. I have seen nothing like it ; but indeed I have never seen her parallel in anything. Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone. The awful point was, that while

full of truth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh, from the trembling hand, the unnerved limbs, the faded eyes, the same service was exacted as they had rendered in health. To stand by and witness this, and not dare to remonstrate, was a pain no words can render. Two cruel months of hope and fear passed painfully by, and the day came at last when the terrors and pains of death were to be undergone by this treasure, which had grown dearer and dearer to our hearts as it wasted before our eyes. Towards the decline of that day, we had nothing of Emily but her mortal remains as consumption left them. She died December 19, 1848 (in her thirtieth year). We thought this enough; but were utterly and presumptuously wrong. She was not buried ere Anne fell ill; she had not been committed to the grave a fortnight before we received distinct intimation that it was necessary to prepare our minds to see the younger sister go after the elder. Accordingly, she followed in the same path with a slower step, and with a patience that equaled the other's fortitude. She was religious, and it was by leaning on those Christian doctrines in which she firmly believed that she found support through her most painful journey. I witnessed their efficacy in her latest hour and greatest trial, and must bear my testimony to the calm triumph with which they brought her through. She died May 28, 1849 (aged twenty-nine).

SYDNEY SMITH.

1771.

1845.

George IV.,

William IV.,

Victoria.

WORKS.

Irish Bulls.
Counsel for Prisoners.
Chimney Sweepers.
Letters of Peter Plymley.
History of Ethics.
Education.

Articles in Edinburgh Review.
Prison Discipline.
Game Laws.
Transportation to Botany Bay.
Toleration.
Methodism.

"He is universally admitted to have been a great reasoner, and the greatest master of ridicule that has appeared among us since Swift."—*Macaulay*.

"Sydney Smith is, in his way, inimitable, and as a conversational wit beats all the men I have ever met."—*T. Moore*.

"What a fine, genial, many-sided life did Sydney Smith lead at his Yorkshire parish. I should have liked to have found in it more traces of the clergyman, but perhaps the biographer thought best not to parade them. And in the regard of facing all difficulties with a cheerful heart, and nobly resolving to be useful and helpful in little matters as well as big, I think that life was as good a sermon as ever was preached from a pulpit. Give me the man who can turn his hand to all things, and who is not ashamed to confess that he can do so; who can preach a sermon, nail a paling, prune a fruit tree, make a water wheel, or a kite for his little boy, write an article for *Fraser*, or a leader for the *Times* or the *Spectator*." Such is the picture of Sidney Smith as taken from "*Recreations of a Country Parson*."

His mother was noted for her charm of manners and goodness of heart. She attracted all who knew her by

the kindness of her nature, and the sparkling vivacity of thought and expression which lit up her lively speech. Much of that peculiar fascination which Sydney Smith exerted over so many of his contemporaries can be distinctly traced to the rare qualities of mind and heart which met in the refined and sensitive nature of his mother.

His father was a capricious, eccentric humorist, who, it is said, married a beautiful wife, Maria Olier, left her at the church door and sailed for America. In the course of time he returned and became the father of Sydney and Bobus, besides other sons not so famous. These children were encouraged by their father to be "argumentative and disputatious," "a most intolerable and overbearing set of boys." He deemed it wise to send each to a different school. Sydney was sent to Winchester. Here he was subjected to all sorts of hardships and abuse, but could never succeed in extracting any pity or consideration from his father. Even when an old man he would kindle into indignant eloquence when recounting his experiences at this school. Bobus was sent to Eton and fared better. From Winchester Sydney went to New College, Oxford, where he left no tradition. It was only by accident that he chose the church for his profession. He was put into a priest's office to earn his bread, for his father could not afford to educate more than one son to the bar, and Bobus had already chosen that profession.

He was first made curate at Nether Avon. A squire of the parish, Hicks-Beach, took a great fancy to him, and insisted that he should accompany his son to the University at Weimar. The young tutor and his pupil started but were stopped at Edinburgh on account of

the war then stirring Germany. They remained in Edinburgh five years, and there it was he met Lord Jeffrey, and proposed to set up a Review. This Review was the well-known Edinburgh Review. He was made editor, and remained in Edinburgh long enough to bring out the first number. The motto proposed was, "We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal," but this was too near the truth to be funny, so they changed it to "The judge is condemned when the guilty is acquitted."

He married in Edinburgh, then went to London and became at once a popular preacher and lecturer.

He afterwards secured the living of Foston, in Yorkshire. In his humorous way he said, "When I began to thump the cushions of my pulpit, on first coming to Foston, as is my wont when I preach, the accumulated dust of a hundred and fifty years made such a cloud that for some minutes I lost sight of my congregation."

Most great humorists have been melancholy men, like Molière, but Sydney Smith was not only a jester in books and in society, but his wonderfully high spirits were almost constantly with him at his home which he filled with happiness and laughter.

About three years before his death he wrote the following description of himself: "I am seventy-four years old; and, being a canon of St. Paul's in London, and rector of a parish in the country, my time is equally divided between town and country. I am living amidst the best society in the metropolis; am at ease in my circumstances; in tolerable health; a mild Whig; a tolerating churchman; and much given to talking, laughing and noise. I dine with the rich in London, and physic the poor in the country; passing from the saucers of Dives to the sores of Lazarus. I am upon the

whole a happy man; have found the world an entertaining world; and am heartily thankful to Providence for the part allotted me in it."

Cleveland says that undoubtedly Sydney Smith's chief characteristic is his wit, still we must not overlook the higher grounds from which his true character is estimated. He supported the Catholic claims and they were conceded; he assailed the game laws and they were modified; he became the advocate of the chimney-sweeps and their miseries were alleviated; he contended against the provisions of the Church Reform Bill and they were amended; he procured defense by counsel for the prisoner at the bar; he was on the whole an upright and benevolent man, and a disinterested politician; he had opportunities for improving his fortune which were rejected; he lived with unostentatious respectability and died without having accumulated wealth.

There are many, many anecdotes told of Sydney Smith illustrative of his wit.

He was riding in a stage coach once and overheard a gentleman discussing him. As they passed York he pointed out the window to Smith's house saying, "A very clever man, but a deucedly odd fellow lives there, Sydney Smith, I believe." Smith said for fear the man would proceed to say he had murdered his grandmother, which he would be obliged to resent, he thought best to let him know who he was, so he said, "An odd fellow he may be, and I dare say he is, but odd as he is, he is very much at your service." The poor man looked as though he wished the carriage to swallow him—he was so distressed.

Sydney Smith hated dogs, and when a lady asked a

motto for her favorite lap-dog he replied, "Out damned spot" seemed to him most appropriate.

In a speech delivered at Taunton he ridiculed the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform. "I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm at Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was aroused, Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle; but she should not have meddled with a tempest."

In hearing that a young Scotchman was about to marry a very fat widow double his age, he exclaimed; "Marry her! marry her! One man marry her! There is enough of her to furnish wives for the whole parish! It is monstrous! You might people a colony with her, or give an assembly with her! or perhaps take a morning's walk around her, provided there were frequent resting places, and you were in good health! I once was rash enough to try walking around her before breakfast myself, but only got half-way, and gave it up exhausted! You might read the Riot Act and disperse

her! In short, you might do anything with her but marry her!"

He said Daniel Webster always reminded him of a steam engine in trousers.

Again he said, he was firmly convinced of the Apostolic succession, for Bishop —— was so like Judas; and when Landseer, the great animal painter, asked to paint his picture, he said, "And is thy servant a dog that thou shouldst ask this thing?"*

When he was on his death bed he heard that some one had swallowed a bottle of ink, and his friends were uneasy about him. "Tell him to swallow a quire of blotting-paper," said the wit.

Never did Sydney Smith shine brighter than at his own fireside. He was not only the friend but the play-fellow of his children, and nothing delighted him as much as a merry romp through the house with the little ones shouting at his heels. He encouraged his children to talk freely to him and to make him their confidant. He was never too busy to smooth the difficulties out of a puzzled child's brain. He never allowed any duty to interfere with the children's hour, and he would sit in the twilight with them on his knee, or at his feet, and delight them with laughable adventures, or conjure up before their delighted little minds the brave little men and women who frolic to their heart's content in the "shadowy glades of Fairyland." No wonder then that little Saba exclaimed, "Why, Mamma, I'll tell you what's the matter, Papa's away. A family doesn't prosper without a papa."

His children were named Saba, Emily, Douglas and

* A little girl reading the Bible would insist upon pronouncing patriarchs partridges, whereupon Smith exclaimed, "This is the first time I ever knew any one to make game of the patriarchs."

Windham. He maintained that parents who were compelled to inflict such a name as Smith upon their offspring should, by way of compensation, give them a Christian name that was less common-place. Saba was taken from the Bible, "Saba shall bring gifts." His good-will to children extended beyond the limits of his own household. Wherever he went he had a pleasant smile and a kind word for the little ones, and as he passed the cottage doors they would hasten from the doors to greet him, pulling at his coat tails, and clamoring for the sweets he invariably gave them.

His wit was irresistible. He would keep all about him convulsed with laughter. Frequently the servants would be compelled to leave the room until they could control their faces. There was more in the way he said a thing than in the thing itself. His physician advised him to take a walk on an empty stomach. He innocently asked "On whose?" Again, on a warm, sultry, summer's day, he remarked, "I would like to take off my flesh and sit in my bones."

He was very fond of riding. He named his favorite horse "Calamity," because he was constantly parting company with him. He once threw him into a neighboring parish and Smith said he was devoutly thankful it was not into a neighboring planet. His family coach was called "The Immortal," because, as he said, "it grew younger and younger each year."

One of Sydney Smith's last literary efforts was to petition the House of Congress at Washington, to institute some measure for the restoration of American credit, and for the payment of debts incurred and repudiated by several of the states. This made him exceedingly unpopular with Americans.

On Saturday evening, February 22, 1845, life's work honorably accomplished, he entered into his rest. He was buried at Kensal Green cemetery. Only a marble slab, much weather-beaten, marks his burial place. No monument in St. Paul's, nor one in Westminster Abbey recognizes the work of not only this man of genius, but a man who was a courageous friend of the people, and who was always ready, in spite of obloquy and reproach, to employ his gifts in the interest of the neglected, the desolate and the oppressed.

It must not be supposed that Sidney Smith's life was all fun and levity. He could be serious enough when he so wished. After his marriage to Miss Pybus, an English lady of good family, he moved to London and there became known as a preacher, lecturer and social lion. His wit in conversation became proverbial, and a remarkable thing about it was that those against whom the wit was aimed laughed as heartily as the others. He was the best of company; but when he entered the pulpit there was nothing eccentric or sensational in his sermons, and his success was so great that no standing room was left when he conducted the morning services. As a lecturer on moral philosophy he was equally successful, and the London world crowded to Albemarle Street to hear him. There is no calculating to what eminence he might have attained had the Whigs remained in power, for he lost in preferments when they lost their supremacy.

It is from the Memoir, written by his daughter, Lady Holland, that we learn so much of the charming wit of his table talk.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

1778.

1829.

George IV.,

William IV.,

Victoria.

WORKS.

LECTURES.

Elements of Agricultural Chemistry.
On Some Chemical Agents of Electricity.
Chemical Philosophy.

Salmonia.
The Last Days of a Philosopher.
Consolations.
Elements of Agricultural Chemistry.

ESSAYS.

On the Nature of Heat and Light.
An Account of Some Galvanic Combinations.
On Astringent Vegetables, and Their Operation in Tanning.
An Account of Some Analytic Experiments on Wavellite.
On the Methods of Analyzing Stones Containing a Fixed Alkali.

On Some Combinations of Phosphorus.
Observations on the Formation of Mists over Lakes and Rivers.
On Electro Magnetism.
Philosophical Transactions.
Remarks on the Electricity of a Torpedo.
On Heat, Light and Respiration.

Sir Humphrey Davy, one of the greatest chemists of his own or of any age, was a native of Cornwall. His father was a carver of wood, and there is little to record of the home-life of his son Humphrey. We know that he was a very remarkable boy, possessing a retentive memory, and great facility in versification and wonderful skill in story-telling. His early education was obtained at Penzance, and then at the grammar school of Truro. Mr. John Loukin, who had adopted his mother, insisted that Humphrey must live with him; so when only nine years of age he left his father's roof and became an inmate of that home. When he was sixteen years old his father died, and he was after this apprenticed twice. During his apprenticeship he spent all leisure moments in a systematic course of self-education.

He early exhibited an inclination for devising experiments, and turned his attention to chemistry. He read Lavoisier's and Nicholson's treatise on this subject. He performed his experiments in the garret and his unexpected explosions caused Mr. Loukin to exclaim in alarm, "This boy Humphrey is incorrigible; he will blow us all into the air; was there ever so idle a dog?"

His first scientific discovery was the existence of silica in the epidermis of the stems of reeds, corn and grass, and the next was the intoxicating effects of nitrous oxide when respired. These discoveries brought him before the scientific world, and when only twenty-four he was made Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution.

His ungainly figure and peculiar manner prejudiced many against Davy. He was excessively timid too, and being conscious of this, and attempting to hide it by an air of indifference, he appeared haughty at times and received the reputation of assuming a consciousness of superiority over others.

He had a sanguine and irritable temperament. He devoted himself to his work with enthusiasm and firmness of purpose. He had an imaginative mind, and Coleridge used to say, "I go to Davy's lectures to increase my stock of metaphors."

There are many discoveries which added to his fame between 1802 and 1815, but none brought him the notoriety that the safety lamp did. This was the most valuable present ever given by science to humanity. It proved of inestimable value to the miner; indeed it has been acknowledged as a boon to humanity, and the world has tried in some slight measure, it is true, to acknowledge it. He was presented with a beautifully

inscribed service of plate by the coal owners of Newcastle. He was made a baronet by the government, and he received the Rumford medal.

It is mortifying to think that this great man should have so far succumbed to the flatteries of a fashionable world as to marry for wealth and position. He met in 1812 a rich Scotch widow, Mrs. Appreece, heiress to the estate of Charles Kerr of Kelso, and married her. It was during this year he lost the use of one of his eyes by an explosion of chloride of nitrogen. This forced him to suspend his investigation. He spent sometime in travel, in visiting France and Italy. At Paris he was made a member of the Imperial Institute. He was a noted angler and had been from a little boy—having taken his first lesson in the gutters of the city. His health began to decline rapidly in 1826, and he tried to become interested in his old sport, but found he was threatened with apoplexy and paralysis. He resigned his position as President of the Royal Society, and devoted himself to literature. He had decided poetic powers in his youth, and had these been cultivated he would no doubt have been as eminent in literature as he is in science. About this period of his life he wrote his *Salmonia or Days of Fly-Fishing* and his *Consolations*. From the latter work we find that on religious subjects he was decidedly sceptical. This book is written in dialogue style—a conversation between a liberal, a Roman Catholic and a patrician. He went to Rome and it was there his stroke of paralysis warned him of approaching death. His wife and mother hastened to him, and he was taken to Geneva where he died. He was buried just outside the city walls in the burying

ground there. The Genevese government honored him with a public funeral.

So widely spread was the reputation that he had acquired for himself that he was made a member of almost every scientific institution in the world.

He bequeathed his safety lamp to the public, and when expostulated with, he said, "More wealth can not increase my fame or happiness. It might put four horses to my carriage, but what would it avail me to have it said, 'Sir Humphrey drives his carriage and four?'"

Coleridge said, "Had not Davy been the first chemist, he probably would have been the first poet of his age," and his poem *The Tempest* is most excellent.

The tempest has darken'd the face of the skies,
The winds whistle wildly across the waste plain,
The fiends of the whirlwind terrific arise,
And mingle the clouds with the white foaming main.

All dark is the night and all gloomy the shore,
Save when the red lightnings the ether divide;
Then follows the thunder with loud-sounding roar,
And echoes in concert the billowy tide.

But though now all is murky and shaded with gloom,
Hope, the soother, soft whispers the tempest shall cease;
Then nature again in her beauty shall bloom,
And enamor'd embrace the fair, sweet-smiling peace.

* * * * *

If the tempests of nature so soon sink to rest:
If her once faded beauties so soon glow again;
Shall man be forever by tempests oppress'd—
By the tempests of passion, of sorrow, and pain?

Ah, no! for his passions and sorrows shall cease,
When the troublesome fever of life shall be o'er;
In the night of the grave he shall slumber in peace,
And passion and sorrow shall vex him no more.

And shall not this night, and its long dismal gloom,
Like the night of the tempest again pass away?
Yes, the dust of the earth in bright beauty shall bloom,
And rise to the morning of heavenly day.

ANNA JAMESON.

1796.

1860.

Victoria.

WORKS.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------|
| The Diary of an Ennuyée. | Handbook to the Public Galleries of Art. |
| Loves of the Poets. | Companion to Private Galleries of Art. |
| Celebrated Female Sovereigns, Characteristics of Women. | Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters. |
| Beauties of the Court of Charles II. | Memoirs and Essays on Art, Literature and Social Morals. |
| Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad. | Sacred and Legendary Art. |
| Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada. | Legends of the Monastic Orders. |
| Rubens, His Life and Genius. | Legends of the Madonna. |
| Pictures of the Social Life of Germany. | Common-place Book of Thoughts. |
| The History of our Lord, as Exemplified in Works of Art. | Sisters of Charity. |
| | The Commonplace of Labor. |

Anna Murphy, the daughter of an Irish artist of real ability, was born in Dublin, in 1796. She married Robert Jameson, a London barrister, and after living with him four years in England and in Canada, separated from him and devoted herself to art literature.

When Mrs. Jameson was seven years old, she was put to study the Persian language. She was too young to really prize the instruction, but years afterwards when she stumbled upon a Persian grammar and found she was able to read a fable in it, her joy knew no bounds. The fable made a lasting impression on her mind, and encouraged her to renew her Persian studies.

The fable that so impressed her may have the same effect upon others; it is: "Jesus arrived one evening

at the gates of a certain city, and He sent His disciples forward to prepare supper, while He Himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets unto the market place. And He saw at the corner of the market some people gathered together looking at an object on the ground, and He drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog with a halter around his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt; and a viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing, never met the eyes of man. And those who stood by looked on with eyes of abhorrence. 'Faugh,' said one, stopping his nose; 'it pollutes the air.' 'How long,' said another, 'shall this foul beast offend our sight?' 'Look at his torn hide,' said a third, 'one could not even cut a sole out of it.' 'And his ears,' said a fourth, 'all dragged and bleeding.' 'No doubt,' said a fifth, 'he has been hanged for thieving!' And Jesus heard them, and looking down compassionately on the dead creature, He said: 'Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth!' Then the people turned towards Him with amazement, and said among themselves, 'Who is this? This must be Jesus of Nazareth, for only He could find something to pity and approve, even in a dead dog,' and being ashamed, they bowed their heads before Him, and went each on his way."

We learn a lesson from this fable which would be well for us all to remember, as did Mrs. Jameson—the lesson that it is so easy for us to say satirical things, and we are prone to do it, and that it is so noble to say kind and merciful things—and it is only God-like to do it.

As a writer on art Mrs. Jameson ranks next to Rus-

kin. To an intense love of the beautiful, she adds a fine discriminating taste. Her essay on *Woman's Mission and Woman's Position* takes a plain, practical, common-sense view of a theme about which so much nonsense has been written and spoken. Indeed, all her works aim "to bring the flowers of art and genius to glorify our common household lives, and render them more sweet by the beatification.

Her *Characteristics of Women, Moral, Poetical and Historical* are designed to illustrate the female characters of Shakespeare. The book is more than interesting, it is really fascinating. If you take it up you will find it very hard to lay it down; indeed, you cannot until you finish it. "The secret of this excellence of Mrs. Jameson's we take to be the fact that it is a woman, a very woman, who undertakes the task; none so well able to approve or condemn, as one who being of a like nature, has in herself had the same feelings excited in her own heart during her life,—who as lover, wife, mother, and friend, has in turn acted all these parts in real history, and has not gone to other commentators for her criticisms."

She tells us that it was an accident that made her an author. How happy the accident! Her aim in writing, she says, "is not to expose folly and scorn fools, but to make others wiser and happier; to soften the heart by images and examples of generous affections; to show how the human soul is disciplined and perfected by suffering; to prove how much possible good may exist in things evil and perverted; how much hope there is for those who despair, how much comfort for those whom a heartless world has taught to condemn

both others and themselves, and to put barriers to the mocking, leveling spirit of the day."

The Nineteenth century certainly owes a debt of gratitude to this charming and instructive writer.

She published a paper on the works and genius of Washington Alston, which appeared in her work *Essays on Art, Literature and Social Morals*. Her *Legends of the Madonnas* kept her busy for many years, for she undertook to trace the progress of sacred art through its various phases, to explain the symbolical form in which the old masters were accustomed to clothe their ideas, and to indicate the purity and beauty of their conceptions. In this work are included her etchings from the original pictures, illustrating her subject, thus making this work one of the most valuable contributions to the history of art.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *How many sovereigns in Norman line?*
2. *How many sovereigns in Plantagenet?*
3. *How many sovereigns in Lancastrian?*
4. *How many sovereigns in York?*
5. *How many sovereigns in Tudor?*
6. *How many sovereigns in Stuart?*
7. *How many sovereigns in Brunswick?*

CHARLES DARWIN, F. R. S.

1809.

1882.

Victoria.

WORKS.

The Voyage of a Naturalist.
Journal of Researches.
The Structure and Distribution of
Coral Reefs.
Geological Observations on South
America.
Monograph of the Cirripedia.
The Origin of Species.
Fertilization of Orchids.
Variations of Plants and Animals
under Domestication.

The Descent of Man.
Expression of the Emotions in Man
and Animals.
Insectivorous Plants.
Climbing Plants.
The Effects of Cross and Self-Fertil-
ization.
Different Forms of Flowers and
Plants of the Same Species.
The Power of Movement in Plants.
The Formation of Vegetable Mould.

Charles Darwin, the naturalist, was the grandson of Dr. Erasmus Darwin, the philosopher and poet. He was born at Shrewsbury in 1809, and began his education at the grammar school of his native place. Then he was sent to the universities at Edinburgh and Cambridge. In 1832 he was allowed to go on a voyage with Captain Fitzroy to survey South America, and to circumnavigate the globe. He traveled five years, and this gave him great opportunity to study the nature of plants and animals. He gave to the world many books which showed him to be a man of wide research and keen observation, but none created the stir in Europe, or we may say in the world, as did his *Descent of Man*.

In this he undertook to prove by evolution our progenitors were apes, and that by ascending series we have passed through all the diversified forms from the fish up—man being the culminating point. This theory was quite revolting to human pride, and so irreconcilable

ble with the record of revelation and geology that it caused wide controversy. While men were willing to admit that the theory of evolution might be applied to plants and animals, and God's word not be questioned, they were not willing to have it apply to man who was formed after God's own image.

The plants and animals were *made* in six days, or ages it might have been,—but man was *formed* in God's likeness, and He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became at once a living soul. There is a mental difference between man and animal—a gulf that separates them. Prof. Max Müller says this barrier is language and it can never be crossed.

“We see the lowest of savages,—men whose language is said to be no better than the clucking of hens or the twittering of birds, and who have been declared in many respects lower than even the animals, possess this one specific characteristic that, if you take one of their babies, and bring it up in England, it will learn to speak as well as any English child, while no amount of education will elicit any attempt at language from the highest animal, whether biped or quadruped. Man speaks and no brute has ever uttered a word.”

This seems a complete answer to the Darwinian theory when applied to man.

When James D. Hague visited Mr. Darwin in 1878, he was charmed with the man and his family. He discussed with him his *Descent of Man*, and found that he felt flattered that it had been received as favorably as it had. “Twenty years ago,” he said, “you know it would never have been tolerated.” Hague replied, “Punch thinks the men can stand it, but the women won't.” “Ah!” said Mr. Darwin, “has Punch taken

me up?" He then rose to get a copy of "The Hornet," which had his head on a gorilla's body. Darwin showed it to his guest, and seemed as much amused over it as any one. He said, "The head is cleverly done, but the gorilla is very bad; it has too much chest; a gorilla could never be like that."

The family at this time consisted of Mrs. Darwin, two sons, George and Francis, and a daughter. Mrs. Darwin was a first cousin of her husband. His health was quite feeble and she watched over him with the tenderest solicitude, lest he should be overtaxed by visitors. Their home was at Kent, a large, spacious house, square in form and plain in style, but very home-like.

Darwin was systematic in all his habits and had regular hours for rising, retiring, eating, walking, reading and being read to. He used snuff, a custom very fashionable in his day, but he always kept his snuff jar in the hall, so that the trouble to get it would keep him from taking it too often.

Mr. Sarcey, the clever Frenchman, gives us a very interesting account of the great scientist. He called to see him, expecting to meet a broken-down old man. He was surprised to find him "as straight as a dart, and as robust as an oak." He looked hale and hearty enough to live a hundred years longer, although then in his seventies.

He spoke of his old age, and said, "It is a pity to leave the world while there are so many things to be done. As I advance in the study of nature, I discover vaster horizons and I feel that I shall not have time to reach them." His ambition was to complete his works that he had begun, *The Life of Dr. Erasmus Darwin*, his grandfather, and a work on *Vegetable Life*.

Darwin received many high honors before his death, such as the Prussian order, *Pour le Mérite*, and degrees from Leyden and Cambridge. He was a member also of the French Academy. He died in 1882, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He died as he had lived, with a heart overflowing with sympathy and tenderness. He said, "I feel no remorse from having committed any great sin, but have often and often regretted that I have not done more direct good to my fellow creatures."

In his home life he was singularly blessed. In his relationship to his wife he was always tender and sympathetic. In the latter years of his life she never left him for a night, and she planned her days so that his resting-time might be shared with her. She shielded him from every possible annoyance, and never allowed him to be overtired. He was the idol of his children, and often suffered them to make raids into his study if they needed strings, pins, scissors or sticking-plaster—these and all necessities they knew for a certainty could be found there. He cared for all their interests and pursuits, and lived their lives with them in a way that few fathers do. An instance of his tender heart is shown when Mrs. Darwin wished him to punish a dog for some wrong-doing. He took the animal tenderly in his arms and carried her out of doors, patting her gently all the way. "Why, Charles," said his wife, "she doesn't even feel that." "Well, my dear," was his reply, "I can not do more."

He liked Americans and numbered many friends among them.

REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

1819.

1875.

Victoria.

WORKS.

Village Sermons.
The Saint's Tragedy.

Alton Locke.

Yeast, a Problem.

Application of Associative Principles and Methods to Agriculture.

Phaethon, or Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers.

Hypatia.

Westward, Ho!

Andromeda and Other Poems.

Miscellanies.

The Water Babies.

Hereward, the Last of the English.

The Hermits.

How and Why.

At Last; a Christmas in West Indies.

Health and Education.

Glances.

Two Years ago.

"A righteous man, who loved God and truth above all things."

Charles Kingsley, the son of a gentleman of culture and refinement, a good linguist and artist, and of a lady "full of poetry and enthusiasm," was born in June, 1819. It is said he was a precocious child, that his thirst for knowledge was remarkable and that his poems and sermons date from four years of age.

Until he was about eleven years old his father ministered to the parish at Barnach, but then removed to the Rectory of St. Luke's at Chelsea. Here his preaching claimed the attention of all, and it was a common event when the herring fleets were ready to start, for the tender-hearted mar., not alone, but accompanied by wife and children, to hold a parting service on the quay, when both men and women joined in singing with deep earnestness and pathos, the 121st psalm. No wonder that the memory of such scenes produced in after years *The Song of the Three Fishers*.

When he was twelve years of age his parents began

to consider whether or not to send him to a public school. Dr. Arnold was then at Rugby, but owing to a difference of political and religious views decision was against him, a decision which Kingsley greatly regretted in after years.

From one of his teachers, at this time, we learn that he was noted for "a vehement spirit," an adventurous courage, love of truth, quick and tender sympathy; that, as a rule, he was not popular, his mind being on a higher level than that of those around him, and that, though strong and active at games, he never made "a score at cricket;" that he was keenly sensitive to ridicule, but in his heart there was no place for resentment; that for botany and geology he had an absolute enthusiasm, but for languages and mathematics no great liking.

In 1836 his father removed to London, and Kingsley entered King's College; the parting from the friends of the old home, the interruption to his botanical and geological pursuits, the ceaseless parish work in which the family was constantly engaged, all bore hard upon the young man's spirit, and their effect was clearly seen upon his mind. Upon leaving King's College and entering Magdalene, he gained the first scholarship in the May examinations and selected as his prize an edition of Plato, in eleven volumes. About a year later religious doubts began to trouble him, doubts which were so intense that he nearly gave up all for lost, and had almost decided to emigrate to America and live as a wild hunter; but a change was coming, a change which is recorded in a note written in his diary, June, 1841, from which we quote: "Before the sleeping earth and the sleepless stars and sea I have devoted myself to God; a vow (if He gives me the faith I pray for) never to be recalled." Soon

after this he decided on the church, as his profession instead of the law, and at the age of twenty-three settled at Eversley, his home for thirty-three years, and here, in a few years, he brought his wife. Both took a deep interest in their flock and for their advancement clubs for the poor, a shoe club, a coal club and several others were formed. We can realize the field of labor before them, for at the beginning there was not a grown up man or woman among the laboring class that could read or write, and as for religious instruction they had none. Other livings were offered Kingsley, but he refused to leave these, his people.

In 1848 he accepted the Professorship of English Literature and Composition at Queen's College, of which an intimate friend was then president, and thus he was called to lecture in London once a week. His acquaintances at this time included many noted men, but to none was he more strongly attached than to Mr. Thomas Hughes. During the excitement among the Chartists of this time "he had a hard battle to go through with his own heart and with those friends who deprecated the line he took," and who advised him to withdraw from this sympathy with the people which was likely to spoil his prospects in life. How intense his purpose was we learn from this extract from a letter to his wife written at this crisis: "My path is clear and I will follow in it." But hard work and anxiety brought on ill-health and for months he could do *nothing*. The expenses of this illness and his inability to meet them caused him to seek some additional means by which to defray them, and he decided to fit pupils for college or for orders in the Church; but the pupils did not come, for a strong prejudice was against him, and

fully a year was spent in waiting before any one responded. Little by little health returned, and again he was back in Eversley and in the full tide of parish work—but the season proved unhealthy, a low fever broke out and constant work and anxiety fell to his lot. All were panic-stricken; nurses could scarcely be secured, and it was he who was with his people at all hours. On one occasion he sat up all night with a bad case, the mother of a large family, that he might give every half hour the medicine on which life depended. And again his own health failed and he was obliged to seek complete rest and quiet and idleness.

In 1850 *Alton Locke* was completed, but there was great difficulty in finding a publisher. The firm who had published two of his preceding works refused to undertake it, and it was through the kindness of Mr. Carlyle that the author was introduced to the publisher who consented to venture it. It came out in August of that year and was severely criticised; yet it is considered, by some, the finest of his writings.

In the summer of 1851 a course of sermons especially for working men, who were present at the Great Exhibition, was arranged for in London, and Kingsley was invited to take part; at considerable inconvenience to himself he consented, and took as his text Luke iv., 18–21; the sermon was powerful, and was listened to earnestly, but at its close, just as he was about to pronounce the blessing, the incumbent rose in the reading desk and stated that, although he approved of much that had been said, yet he felt it a duty to state that he thought much of it dangerous and untrue. Kingsley bowed his head and with great solemnity came from the pulpit and passed into the vestry; soon many gathered around him,

anxious to express sympathy. The morning paper contained an article relating to it, full of inaccuracies, and this was immediately followed by a letter from the Bishop, forbidding him to preach in London. Kingsley replied courteously, only asking him to suspend judgment until he should read the sermon in manuscript. Many letters of sympathy came to him, and a proposal was presented to start an independent church. After reading the sermon, the Bishop requested an interview with Kingsley, and the result of their meeting was, that the prohibition was removed and in a fortnight Kingsley was permitted to preach.

One of his many correspondents during this period was the Swedish novelist, Frederika Bremer. She came to England to the Great Exhibition, but also with the special desire and object to see Charles Kingsley. After she left Eversley she sent him *Frithiof's Saga* with this inscription: "To the Viking of the New Age, Charles Kingsley, this story of the Vikings of the Old, from a daughter of the Vikings, his friend and admirer, Frederika Bremer."

Beautiful accounts of his home life are given. Punishment was almost an unknown word there, and corporal punishment was never allowed. Certain broad, distinct laws of conduct were laid down. "It is difficult enough to keep the Ten Commandments," he said, "without making an eleventh."

The griefs of children were to him most piteous. "A child over a broken toy is a sight I cannot bear." Home was to his family so real a thing that it seemed, in a way, as if it must be eternal. No wonder that a child brought up in such a home said, on hearing of his father's death: "I feel as if a huge ship had broken up, piece by

piece, plank by plank, and we, children, were left clinging to one strong spar alone, God!" "Ah, how many shoals and quicksands of life he piloted me through by his wonderful love, knowledge and endurance; that great father of ours, the dust of whose feet we are not worthy to kiss."

One incident will show the unselfishness of the man. In 1857 news came of the Indian mutiny, which greatly distressed him; friends realizing how depressed and over-worked he was, urged him to accompany them in attending the Exhibition at Manchester, but, though with his great love for art the sight of the beautiful collection of pictures would have been a source of great pleasure to him, yet he would not leave a poor, sick man who was depending on his daily visits. His love for animals was remarkable, and he so trained his children that they loved to handle gently, all living things, toads, frogs, etc. On one occasion his guests at breakfast were surprised when his little girl came running up to the window with a repulsive looking worm in her hand, exclaiming: "Oh! daddy look at this *delightful* worm." For only one insect did he feel an aversion that he never could overcome; that was the common house spider.

In 1873 he, in company with his daughter, sailed for New York, and at Sandy Hook, before they had set foot on our soil, he received a welcome which continued with no exception during the six months he spent here and in Canada. His meetings with Longfellow, Asa Grey, Bryant, Dr. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, Charles Sumner, James T. Fields, and a host of others, were seasons of keen delight to him.

On one occasion, in Philadelphia, he lectured to an audience of 4,000, the aisles and steps of the opera

house being crowded by people who stood during the entire time.

On his return from America he found much sickness in his parish, and his great joy at being with his beloved poor again made him labor too zealously for his strength, which had been impaired by an illness in Colorado. The last sermon preached by him in Westminster Abbey was on Christ weeping over Jerusalem. A fearful storm was raging over the city at the time and the Abbey seemed almost to shake with the wind. On his return he seemed greatly overcome, and, on going to his room, said to his wife: "And now my work is done, thank God, and I finished with your text."

Only a few more weeks remained to this devoted servant of God. Serious illness was sent to him which he bore with resignation and calmness. Much of the time he was kept under the influence of opiates to quiet the cough and keep back the hemorrhage, and his dreams were always of his travels in the West Indies, the Rocky Mountains and California. The scenes there he described again and again to his devoted nurse.

He was ready to go. His life, for years, had been hid with Christ in God. The end came quietly, the time of which twenty years before he had spoken: "God forgive me if I am wrong, but I look forward to it with an intense and reverent curiosity."

In the churchyard of Eversley a white marble cross, with his favorite passion flower, bears the words of his choice, the story of his life: "Amavimus, Amamus, Amabimus," and above them, encircling the cross, "God is Love."

For months scarcely a day passed without strangers visiting the grave; little children would reverently kneel

to look at the beautiful wreaths on it, and the Gipsies never went by the gate without stopping to step in and stand by it, and sometimes to adorn it with flowers, for in their hearts they believed "He went to heaven on the prayers of the Gipsies."

E. J. WATT.

HISTORY REVIEW.

Name the Plantagenets and Tudors.

THE THREE FISHERS.

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,—
 Out into the west as the sun went down;
 Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
 And the children stood watching them out of the town,
 For men must work and women must weep;
 And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
 Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
 And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
 And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
 And the rack it came rolling up, ragged and brown;
 But men must work, and women must weep,
 Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
 And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
 And the women are watching and wringing their hands,
 For those who will never come back to the town;
 For men must work, and women must weep,—
 And the sooner its over, the sooner to sleep,—
 And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

THE SANDS O' DEE.

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 Across the sands O' Dee!"
 The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
 And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
 And o'er and o'er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see;
 The blinding mist came down and hid the land:
 And never home came she.

"O, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair,—
 A tress o' golden hair,
 O' drowned maiden's hair,—
 Above the nets at sea?
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
 Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,—
 The cruel, crawling foam,
 The cruel, hungry foam,—
 To her grave beside the sea;
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
 Across the sands O' Dee.

NINTH ERA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

1832-1880.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES, 1784-1862. The Welsh Harper, Leo, The Gipsy, Fugitive pieces, Brian Boroihme, Caius Gracchus, Virginius, William Tell, The Beggar of Bethnal Green, The Hunchback, The Wife, Love, The Rock of Rome, The Idol Demolished by its Own Priest.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, 1794-1854. Life of Scott, (his father-in-law), Valerius, Reginald, Dalton, Spanish Ballads.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES, 1817-1878. Biographical History of Philosophy, The Spanish Drama, Life of Maximilian, Robespierre, Life and Works of Goethe, Sea Side Studies, Actors and Acting, Problems of Life and Mind, The Physical Basis of Mind, Physiology of Common Life, etc.

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST.

David Macbeth Moir, Thomas Aird, Hon. Mrs. Norton, William E. Aytoun, Philip Bailey, Sydney Dobell, Alexander Smith, Sir Thomas Talfour, Sir Henry Taylor, Sir Archibald Allison, George Grote, Bishop Thirlwall, Sir Francis Palgrave, John Forster, David Masson, Henry Thomas Buckle, Sarah Ellis, Arthur Helps, Frederick Marryat, William Carleton, George P. R. James, Douglas Jerrold, Harrison Ainsworth, Charles Lever, Samuel Warren, James Hanay, Elizabeth Gaskell, Sir David Brewster, Archbishop Whately, Sir William Hamilton, Sir Robert Murchison, William Whewell, Mary Somerville, Hugh Miller, John Stuart Mill, Thomas Chalmers, Isaac Taylor, Henry Rogers, John W. Donaldson, Samuel Lang, David Livingston, Austen Layard, Richard Ford, George Borrow, Alexander Kinglake, Sir Emerson Tennent, Caroline Southey, William Thorn, Bryan Procter, Henry Hart Milman, John Clare, Hartley Coleridge, Haynes Bayle, William Motherwell, Alaric Alexander Watts, John Edmund Reade, Winthrop Mackworth Praed, Richard Henry Horne, Charles Swain, Thomas Kibble Hervey, Thomas Ragg, Richard Moncton Milnes, Charles Mackay, Robert Nicoll, Frances Brown, Eliza Cook, Coventry Patmore, Gerald Massey, William Bennett, Dennis Florence McCarthy, William Allingham, Isa Craig, (Mrs. Knox), Bessie Parker, Mary Hume, Adelaide Proctor, Shirley Brooks. Mark Lemon, Henry Mayhew.

MONTHLY REVIEW.

1. Who married a Captain in the army?
2. What authoress published her poems at fourteen?
3. Why did Captain Hemans go to Italy?
4. Who wrote *Vespers of Palermo*?
5. Who literally wrote himself to death?
6. Whose home was Abbotsford?
7. Who was Margaret Belcher?
8. Whose dog was Maida?
9. Why was Scott compelled to write so steadily?
10. What were the names of Scott's children?
11. Whom did his daughters marry?
12. Name some of the curiosities seen in Scott's library.
13. Who was Anne Rutherford?
14. What English authoress paid Scott a visit?
15. What was her chief power in writing?
16. Describe her personal character.
17. Whom did Scott credit with giving him the idea of writing *Waverley*?
18. Who wrote stories for little children?
19. What authoress was thought to have taken poison?
20. Who was L. E. L.?
21. Who was Mr. Maclean?
22. Who was Mr. Jerdan?
23. Give instances of Macaulay's wonderful memory.
24. Give instances illustrating his precocity.
25. What noted authoress made him a present of a book?
26. What author was called "Box"?
27. How did he acquire that name?
28. Upon what does Macaulay's fame rest?
29. What author made playmates of his children?
30. Who was Mary Hogarth?
31. Why was Dickens unhappy in his married life?
32. Give an account of Dickens' visit to America.
33. What author started life in a blacking establishment?
34. Who was Jane Welsh?
35. Who was Edward Irving?
36. What author was boorish in his manners?
37. Who scolded his wife if the dogs barked or roosters crowed?
38. How did Dickens find out so much about low English life?
39. Who wrote *Dombey and Son*?
40. Who wrote *The French Revolution*?
41. Who wrote *Sartor Resartus*?
42. Describe the character of Carlyle's wife?
43. Whose home was Gad's Hill?
44. Whose home was Chelsea?
45. Who wrote a novel about her boarding-school experience?
46. Who was Currer Bell?
47. Who wrote *Pendennis*?
48. Who was called the "hater of humanity"?
49. Who was the "cynic of literature"?

50. What authors came to this country to deliver a series of lectures?
51. Who wrote Snob Papers?
52. Who wrote Pickwick Papers?
53. Who wrote Westward Ho?
54. In what respect is "Shirley" a picture from real life?
55. Why is "Jane Eyre" a dangerous book?
56. Who was noted for his witty sayings?
57. Who was "Calamity"?
58. Who left his wife at the church door the day of his marriage?
59. Who named his daughter Saba, and where did he find the name?
60. Whose servants were frequently so convulsed with laughter they had to leave the room?
61. Who became an author by accident?
62. Who by his experiments alarmed his parents?
63. Who was called "an idle dog"?
64. Who tried to prove that we were descended from the apes?
65. Who wrote the Fortunes of Nigel?
66. Who was Scott's son-in-law?
67. Who was a Persian scholar?
68. Relate the Persian fable.
69. Who wrote Hypatia?
70. On whose tomb are the words, "Amavimus, Amamus, Amabimus"?
71. Whose grave did the gypsies dress?
72. What great man was afraid of a spider?
73. Who said, "Language is the barrier between man and brute"?
74. Who wrote "The Sands O' Dee"?
75. Who was prohibited from preaching?

PLUS QUESTIONS.

1. *What celebrated English author wore earrings?*
2. *Who built Windsor Castle?*
3. *When was the battle of Spurs? Why so called?*
4. *What is the difference between an heir apparent and an heir presumptive?*
5. *Who said, "I cannot wear a crown of gold when my Savior wore a crown of thorns"?*
6. *During whose reigns were the English and Scottish crowns united?*
7. *Who was called the Female Shakespeare?*
8. *When was the first newspaper published in England?*
9. *When did the accession to the English throne begin with the eldest son?*
10. *Who was the first English king ever born on English soil?*





THE LAKE POETS.

To know the Lake Poets one must know the Lake District. The three writers who gave to this Lake School its name—WORDSWORTH, SOUTHEY and COLERIDGE—had their homes in this beautiful country. There not only the air seems purer, the sun to shine brighter, the birds to sing sweeter, but nature herself seems to exult in giving to those who visit that region a feeling of very joy in living. The scenery and atmosphere are calculated to bring out all the poetry of one's nature. It may be said that these poets truly revolutionized the whole system of British poetry. Poets had before this paganized everything, and there was a stilted and unreal method of expression that these lovers of nature abandoned, and wrote of things as they saw them and loved them. No longer was the sun called *Phoebus*, or the moon *Luna*, or the stars *Stellar Orbs*; no longer were the Muses addressed, "Descend ye Nine," but everything became natural;

"A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

At first they were laughed at, of course, because they dared to condescend to such simple themes, but it was not long before they had more admirers than scoffers.

The little circle soon extended, and De Quincey, Christopher North, Hartley Coleridge, Charles and Mary Lamb, and others came to join them. Later Dr. Thomas Arnold had there a beautiful home called Fox How, and Ruskin preferred to come there for rest; Harriet Martineau lived near Ambleside, and Mrs. Hemans spent one summer at Dove Cottage in Grasmere.

So, as was said before, to know the Lake Poets one must visit the places where they lived, for no words can describe the beauty of this district.

Possibly the tourist will first visit Keswick, situated so delightfully on Lake Derwentwater, and after seeing Greta Hall, closely associated with Southey, Coleridge and Lovell, overlooking the Greta River flowing so gently at the foot of the hill, will hurry on to the churchyard where Southey lies buried by the side of his second wife, who was Miss Caroline Bowles. In the church is seen a monument to him, with his head resting upon a beautiful white marble pillow, and near by his family pew is still pointed out. Then a row upon the lake must be taken, passing where Ruskin's favorite seat is shown, marked by a slab of stone. In the afternoon a drive must be taken around Lake Derwentwater by Lodore Fall, so graphically described by Southey. One must not expect always to find this a rushing stream of water falling over high rocks, and "rattling and battling," "pouring and roaring," "grumbling, rumbling and tumbling," as the poem says, for if it is visited in the dry season there is only a small stream of water which comes down in a very gentle way, and is disappointing to the visitor. On this drive one catches a fine view of Skiddaw, and the Borrowdale Mountains;

then the old Druidical circle, thirty-eight stones, the largest seven feet high, possibly next to Stonehenge the best preserved in England, must not be omitted.

The following day should be spent in coaching through the Lake country (provided the weather is fine), seeing the places associated with Wordsworth, De Quincey and Hartley Coleridge. In this drive Grasmere must be visited, where Wordsworth lived so long with his beloved sister Dorothy, in the Dove's Nest, now called Dove Cottage, which is open to visitors. There he lived, too, after marriage, and there in the village churchyard he is buried with his loved ones.

In 1813 he moved to Rydal Mount, where he spent thirty-seven years of his life, and many memorials are still preserved there, but the owner of the property will not allow them to be shown to tourists. The drive will take one near Rydal Falls, between Nab Scar and Loughrigg Fell, passing Nab Cottage, where Hartley Coleridge lived and died. Rydal Water is a very small lake, but further on is the beautiful Grasmere Lake, about one mile long and one-half mile broad. From Grasmere, passing Girsdale Tarn, on the road to Ambleside one must stop to see Ira Force, a waterfall where the incident occurred that is described in Wordsworth's *Somnambulist*. Ambleside is historic ground and every point of interest seems to start from Salutation Inn as a center. Carriage excursions are taken from there to Coniston Lake, near which is Ruskin's home, Brantwood, to Dungeon Gill, Coleworth Force, Shelwith Bridge, Rothay Bridge and other places mentioned in the *Excursion*.

After once seeing this beautiful country, one can well enter into the spirit of the poetry written by those who lived there, and can understand better why they wrote in this simple style. As Collier says, "Bending a reverent ear to the mysterious harmonies of nature, to the ceaseless song of praise that rises from every blade of grass and every dewdrop, that warbles in the fluting of every lark, and sweeps to heaven in every wave of air, they found in their own deep hearts a musical echo of that song, and shaping into words the swelling of their inward faith, they spoke to the world, in a way to which the world was little used, about things in which the world saw no poetic beauty."

Wordsworth, it is true, was laughed at very much at first because he went to an almost ridiculous extreme of simplicity, but he finally triumphed. No simile finer than this can be found:

"I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intently; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for murmuring from within,
Were heard sonorous cadences, whereby,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea;
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1770.

1850.

George III., George IV., William IV., Victoria.

WORKS.

Descriptive Sketches.

Evening Walk.

The Borderers.

Lyrical Ballads.

The Idiot Boy.

The Waggoner.

The Excursion.

The Recluse.

The White Doe of Rylstone.

Peter Bell.

Sonnets on the River Duddon.

Ecclesiastical Sketches.

Yarrow Revisited.

Laodamia.

Vernal Ode.

Ode to Lycoris.

Lines on Tintern Abbey.

Intimations on Immortality.

Vaudracour and Julia.

The Prelude and Growth of my Own
Mind.

Dion.

"Him who uttered nothing base."—*Tennyson*.

"He sees all things in himself."—*Hazlitt*.

"Whatever the world may think of me and my poetry is now of little consequence; but one thing is a comfort of my old age, that none of my works written since the days of early youth, contain a line which I should wish to blot out because it panders to the baser passions of our nature. This is a comfort to me; I can do no mischief by my works when I am gone."—*Wordsworth*.

Wordsworth may rightfully be termed the founder of the lake school. His home was Rydal Mount, in a beautiful little village of the same name, not far from Grasmere, and only a mile and a quarter from Ambleside. The cottage stands on a wooded slope of Nab Scar, and is almost hidden by a profusion of roses and ivy. In front shines the silver waters of Rydal Lake, and to the left are Loughrigg Fells. The poet removed thither in 1813, and at that time his family consisted of himself, his wife, two children, and his only sister, Dorothy. Cumberland was the birth-place of the poet, and there he received his early education; then he went to St. John's Cambridge, and, when graduated, commenced at once his literary

labors. At thirty-three he married Miss Mary Hutchinson, an old playmate of his sister. His marriage to her was very happy, and she made him an excellent wife. She was in no sense a dreamer, or even inclined to the poetical, but her intellect developed rapidly by contact with her husband, and her tastes soon were moulded to his. She learned to admire the beautiful scenery surrounding their home, and said the worst thing in living in the lake district was that it made her unwilling to die. She had a cheery, sunny nature, very unselfish, and was greatly beloved by all her friends and neighbors. She took the keenest, tenderest care of her husband's sister, who for many years was a helpless charge upon his hands, as her health had been ruined and her reason dethroned by trying to accompany her brother on his long and tiresome walks among the lakes and mountains. She had been known to walk as many as forty miles a day. She could not, of course, endure the strain, and the adoring sister failed not only to be a companion to the idolized brother, but became a care and a burden to him.

* A lovely group of children filled the Wordsworth home, many of whom died in childhood. In speaking of his children, we must not forget little Kate Wordsworth, the special pet and favorite of De Quincey. From his "Reminiscences" we learn how he loved the child. She was only three years old when she died. The nurse had allowed her to eat some raw turnips, which brought on convulsions, from the effects of which she never recovered, for it left her side paralyzed. De Quincey says, "Early in June, by a letter from Miss Wordsworth, her aunt, I learned the terrific news (for so it was to me) that she had died suddenly. She had gone to bed in good health, was found speechless at midnight, and died in the

early dawn. Never was there so fierce a convulsion of grief as mastered my faculties on receiving that heart-shattering news. I hastily returned to Grasmere, stretched myself every night, for more than two months running, upon her little grave; in fact often passed the night there. This was not any parade of grief, but mere intensity of sick, frantic yearning after neighborhood to my darling."

One daughter and two sons lived as loving companions for their parents. Then Dora, the daughter, died. She had married Mr. Quillinan, but continued to live in the Lake country near her father. Wordsworth was inconsolable at her loss, and wept day and night for weeks after her death; the mother was braver and tried to cheer him in his gloom, but he refused to be comforted, and never recovered from the shock of her death. He only lived a few years longer. Just before he died his wife said, "William, you are going to see Dora." He did not answer then, but some hours afterwards on hearing the curtain move, he asked, "Is that Dora?" He died in the eighty-first year of his age, a broken-hearted father. Mrs. Wordsworth survived him, dying in her ninetieth year. She was totally blind and deaf for several years before her death, but she was bright and cheerful to the very last.

Wordsworth is being more and more appreciated as time passes on. At first he was deemed an idiot for writing in such simple language, but the prejudices are gradually giving way, and he is fast taking the rank he should hold among true poets. He had many peculiarities, and has been accused of penuriousness, conceit and slovenliness. In regard to the first accusation much can be said in extenuation, for he always gave liberally to the poor and needy, and it is a well-known fact that

Coleridge and his son Hartley made long and frequent visits to his home, bringing their families with them, and they were always welcome guests. As to the second charge we must confess the accusations true. He was conceited, undoubtedly. He read no poems but his own and freely confessed no others were worth the reading. His slovenliness was exaggerated, although he did cut the leaves of a new book with a greasy knife picked from the table, and we know Coleridge said of him, "I'd rather see a bear in a tulip garden than Wordsworth in my library"; yet in spite of this William Jordan describes him as a well-dressed gentleman, and protests there was little warrant for the accusations brought against him for careless dress.

One of the pleasantest impressions we get of Wordsworth is taken from Field's "Yesterday with Authors": "It was true Lake county weather when I knocked at Wordsworth's cottage door, three years before he died, and found myself shaking hands with the poet at the threshold. His daughter Dora had been dead only a few months, and the sorrow that had so recently fallen upon the house was still dominant there. I thought there was something prophet-like in the tones of his voice, as well as in his whole appearance, and there was a noble tranquility about him that almost awed one, at first, into silence. As the day was cold and wet, he proposed we should sit down together in the only room in the house where there was a fire, and he led the way to what seemed a common sitting-room or dining-room. It was a plain apartment, the rafters visible, and no attempt at decoration noticeable. Mrs. Wordsworth sat knitting at the fireside, and she rose with a sweet expression of courtesy and welcome as we entered the

apartment. As I had just left Paris, which was in a state of commotion, Wordsworth was eager in his inquiries about the state of things on the other side of the Channel. As our talk ran in the direction of French revolutions he soon became eloquent and vehement, as one can easily image on such a theme. There was a deep and solemn meaning in all he had to say about France, which I recall now with added interest. The subject deeply moved him of course, and he sat looking into the fire, discoursing in a low monotone, sometimes quite forgetful that he was not alone and soliloquizing. I noticed that Mrs. Wordsworth listened as if she were hearing him speak for the first time in her life, and the work on which she was engaged lay idle in her lap, while she watched intently every movement of her husband's face. I also was absorbed in the man and in his speech. I thought of the long years he had lived in communion with nature in that lonely but lovely region. The story of his life was familiar to me, and I sat as if under the influence of a spell. Soon he turned and plied me with questions about the prominent men in Paris whom I had recently seen and heard in the Chamber of Deputies.

By and by, we fell into talk about those who had been his friends and neighbors among the hills in former years. 'And so,' he said, 'you read Charles Lamb in America?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'and *love* him, too.' 'Do you hear that, Mary?' he eagerly inquired, turning round to Mrs. Wordsworth. 'Yes, William, and no wonder, for he was one to be loved everywhere,' she quickly answered.

Then he spoke of Hazlitt, whom he ranked very high as a prose writer; and he asked of Inman, the

American artist, who had painted his portrait, having been sent on a special mission to Rydal by Professor Henry Reed, of Philadelphia. The painter's daughter, who accompanied her father, made a marked impression on Wordsworth, and both he and his wife joined in the question, 'Are all the girls in America as pretty as she?' I thought it an honor Mary Inman might well be proud of to be complimented by the old bard.

Now and then I stole a glance at the gentle lady, the poet's wife, as she sat knitting silently by the fireside. This, then, was the Mary whom in 1802 he had brought home to be his loving companion through so many years. I could not help remembering too, as we all sat there together, that when children they had practiced reading and spelling under the same old dame at Penrith, and that they had always been lovers. There sat the woman, now gray-haired and bent, to whom the poet had addressed those undying poems: *She was a Phantom of Delight, Let other Bards of Angels Sing, Yes, Thou Art Fair, and O, Dearer Far than Life and Light are Dear.* I recall too, the *Lines Written after Thirty-six Years of Wedded Life*, commemorating her whose

'Morn into noon did pass, and noon into eve,
And the old day was welcome as the young,
As welcome, and as beautiful,—in sooth
More beautiful, as being a thing more holy.'

When she raised her eyes to his, which I noticed she did frequently, they seemed overflowing with tenderness.

When I rose to go, for I felt that I must not intrude longer on one for whom I had such reverence, Wordsworth said, 'I must show you my library, and some tributes that have been sent to me from friends of my

verse.' His son John now came in, and we all proceeded to a large room in front of the house containing his books. As we moved about the apartment Mrs. Wordsworth quietly followed us, and listened as eagerly as I did to everything her husband had to say. Her spare little figure flitted about noiselessly, pausing as we paused, and always walking slowly behind us as we went from object to object in the room. John Wordsworth, too, seemed deeply interested to watch and listen to his father.

When I parted with Wordsworth at the foot of Rydal Hill, he gave me messages to Rogers and other friends of his whom I would meet in London. As we were shaking hands I said to him, 'How glad your many readers in America would be to see you on our side of the water!' 'Ah,' he replied, 'I shall never see your country—that is impossible now; but (laying his hand on his son's shoulder) John shall go, please God, some day.'

I watched the aged man as he went slowly up the hill, and saw him disappear through the little gate that led to his cottage door. The ode on 'Intimations of Immortality' kept sounding in my brain as I came down the road long after he had left me."

The poet lies buried in Grasmere church-yard, beside his much-loved sister and child, and 'doubtless the sweet bells jangled are in tune again.'

HISTORY REVIEW.

Review Sovereigns from Egbert to Victoria.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

1772.

1834.

George III.,

George IV.,

William IV.

WORKS.

Juvenile Poems.
Fall of Robespierre.
Ode on the Departing Year.
Fears in Solitude.
France, an Ode.
Frost at Midnight.
Treatise on Method.
The Ancient Mariner.
Remorse, a Tragedy.
Genevieve.

Christabel.
Zapoyla.
The Statesman's Manual.
A Lay Sermon.
A Second Lay Sermon.
Biographia Literaria.
Aids to Reflection.
Kubla Khan.
Introduction to Encyclopædia Metropolitana.

"The rapt one of the god-like forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature."

— *Wordsworth.*

"A noble wreck in ruinous perfection."—*Byron.*

"Coleridge's appearance when I first saw him was that of a man prematurely old. His most salient peculiarities seemed to consist in a fine musical voice, with a charming cadence, and with an indisposition to let any one talk but himself."—*Thomas Powell.*

One of the queerest geniuses that appears in literature is Coleridge, "The Dreamer." He says that owing to the enmity and ill treatment of a nurse, he became as a child fretful, peevish and unhappy. He was hated as he grew older by his companions; was driven from the play-ground as a tell-tale, and tormented because he took no part in their boyish sports. This treatment caused him in turn to dream and mope, to become fretful and passionate. When he was three years old he could read his Bible; when six he devoured *Arabian Nights* and *Robinson Crusoe*, and at ten he entered Christ's Hospital and won the first scholarship. While there Dr.

Bowyer flogged him unmercifully, having taken a spite against him on account of his being such an "ugly fellow." In 1791 he entered Jesus College, but got into debt and was expelled. Then he enlisted in the army under the assumed name of Comberback. When he applied at the quarters of the regiment, the General looking at him very hard, inquired, "What's your name?" "Comberback," was the answer. "What do you come here for, sir?" "For what most other persons come for, to be made a soldier," Coleridge replied. "Do you think you can run a Frenchman through the body!" asked the General. "I do not know, as I have never tried," he quickly retorted, "but I'll let a Frenchman run me through the body before I'll run away." "That will do," said the General. "Put this fellow into ranks." His friends discovered him and brought him back to Cambridge, after being a soldier only four months. On leaving college without a degree, he met Southey, and together they planned the Pantisocracy, which was a model republic to be located on the banks of the Susquehanna. But, as neither he nor Southey had money enough to pay their passage to America, the project was abandoned.

In 1795 he married Miss Sarah Fricker, a sister of Southey's wife, and during the first three years of his married life he lived near Wordsworth, and formed an attachment for that poet which lasted as long as he lived. He suffered with severe neuralgia, probably induced by the dampness incident to the lake district. This neuralgia first caused him to take opium, and thus he laid the foundation for a habit which held him in a vice-like grip until released by death. He made a desperate struggle to free himself, but finding by the power of his own will

he could do nothing, he placed himself in the house of an eminent physician, Mr. Gilman, to be treated, and there he died in 1834.

Coleridge was a power in his day. "The wonderful charm of his conversation, the spell of his enthusiasm influenced the opinions of all the younger men of his day who were worth the influencing."

No man probably ever thought more, or more intensely, than Coleridge, yet he was a dreamer, vague and visionary. Lamb tells an anecdote about him, which, while greatly exaggerated, gives us an idea of his absorption in any subject upon which his mind was dwelling. The story runs that one day Lamb, on his way to fill an appointment, passed Coleridge, then brimful of his scheme about the republic. Seeing Lamb, he seized him by the button of his coat, pulled him under the shade of some shrubbery, shut his eyes and began pouring into his ears his plan about his Pantisocracy. Lamb became impatient as the hour for his appointment drew near. He saw there was no probability of Coleridge dismissing him for some hours, so he quietly cut off the button which was being firmly held by Coleridge, and slipped away. Three hours afterwards he returned, and Coleridge was standing in the same place, holding fast the button, speaking uninterruptedly, having never missed his friend.

"Coleridge has been successful in four departments of literature; as a poet, although fragmentary, he is noted for his fancy and beautiful imagery; as a critic, although careless, he was the leader of the eighteenth century; as a philosopher, although unscientific, he is praised by Mr. Mill, who thinks his philosophy one of moral goodness and true insight; as a theologian,

although mythical, he made perhaps the most definite and sustained effort of his life." It was Coleridge who made Wordsworth what he was, and he also was one of the first to admire Shakespeare and cause him to be appreciated by his countrymen.

He was in early life a Unitarian minister, but after his probation sermon he never preached again. Later in life, however, he acknowledged a belief in the Trinity. Lamb was very fond of Coleridge, and enjoyed him more than any of his other friends. Together they published a volume of poems. Coleridge once asked him if he had ever heard him preach. "I have never heard you do anything else," Lamb replied. On another occasion Lamb wrote to Coleridge asking him for two valuable books he had borrowed, saying that the eye teeth of his library had been knocked out, and although he (Lamb) had borrowed them himself, still they were much too valuable to think of doing without. Coleridge's reply to him was very characteristic, "You should consider yourself extremely fortunate to have lost only the eye teeth of your library, for I know of friends who have lost the molars and the bicuspid." .

In personal appearance he was peculiar looking. "He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked that Coleridge never knew which side of the garden walk would suit him better, but shifted in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both. His voice, usually soft and low, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and sing-song; he spoke as if preaching—you would say preaching earnestly and also hopelessly, the weightiest things."

His reputation rests chiefly upon his *Ancient Mariner*.

This was written when he was probably under the influence of opium, and for weirdness has no parallel in the English tongue. The first part of *Christabel* is thought his most beautiful poetry. His translation of *Wallenstein*, although considered the finest translation in the English language, was never fully appreciated and fell dead from the press. His *Literary Remains* were not published until after his death, nor was his *Table Talk*.

HISTORY REVIEW.

Name an important event in the reign of each of the Brunswick sovereigns.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

It is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?
The bridegroom's doors are open wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set,—
Mayst hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand:
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray beard loon!"—
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye,—
The wedding guest stood still;
He listens like a three years' child;
The mariner hath his will.

The wedding guest sat on a stone,—
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner:

* * * * *

(The ancient mariner, having recklessly slain an albatross, "the bird of good omen," has brought a curse upon himself and the whole ship's company.)

"Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,—
 'Twas sad as sad could be:
 And we did speak only to break
 The silence of the sea.

All in a hot and copper sky
 The bloody sun at noon,
 Right up above the mast did stand,
 No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
 We stuck,—nor breath nor motion;
 As idle as a painted ship
 Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,
 And all the boards did shrink:
 Water, water everywhere,
 Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
 That ever this should be!
 Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
 Upon the slimy sea!

About, about, in reel and rout,
 The death fires danced at night;
 The water, like a witch's oils,
 Burnt green, and blue, and white.

* * * * *

And every tongue, through utter drought,
 Was withered at the root;
 We could not speak, no more than if
 We had been choked with soot.

Ah! 'well a day!' what evil looks
 Had I from old and young!
 Instead of the cross, the albatross
 About my neck was hung.

* * * * *

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
 Alone on a wide, wide sea!
 And never a saint took pity on
 My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!
 And they all dead did lie;
 And a thousand, thousand slimy things
 Lived on,—and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
 And drew my eyes away;
 I looked upon the rotting deck,
 And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven and tried to pray,
 But or ever a prayer had gushed
 A wicked whisper came, and made
 My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
 And the balls like pulses beat ;
 For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
 Lay like a load on my weary eye,
 And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,—
 Nor rot nor reek did they;
 The look with which they looked on me
 Had never passed away.

* * * * *

(In his loneliness he yearneth towards the journeying moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward).

Beyond the shadow of the ship
 I watched the water-snakes :
 They moved in tracks of shining white;
 And when they reared, the elfish light
 Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
 I watched their rich attire,—
 Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
 They coiled and swam ; and every track
 Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
 Their beauty might declare ;
 A spring of love gushed from my heart,
 And I blessed them unaware,—
 Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
 And I blessed them unaware.
 The self-same moment I could pray ;
 And from my neck so free
 The albatross fell off, and sank
 Like lead into the sea.

* * * * *

And now this spell was snapt ; once more
 I viewed the ocean green,
 And looked far forth, yet little saw
 Of what had else been seen,—

Like one that on a lonesome road
 Doth walk in fear and dread,
 And having once turned round, walks on,
 And turns no more his head ;
 Because he knows a frightful fiend
 Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made;
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring,—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too;
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze,—
On me alone it blew.

* * * * *

(And the ancient mariner beholdeth his native country)

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilots cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The pilots and the pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast;
Dear Lord in heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third,—I heard his voice;
It is the hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood;
He'll shrive my soul,—he'll wash away
The albatross's blood.

* * * * *

O wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea,
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O, sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,—
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell! farewell! but this I tell
To thee thou wedding-guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well!
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
 All things both great and small ;
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all."

The mariner, whose eye is bright,
 Whose beard with age is hoar,
 Is gone. And now the wedding-guest
 Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
 And is of sense forlorn ;
 A sadder and a wiser man
 He rose the morrow morn.

EPIGRAMS

"Sly Beelzebub took all occasions,
 To try Job's constancy and patience.
 He took his honor, took his health ;
 He took his children, took his wealth,
 His servants, oxen, horses, cows—
 But cunning Satan did not take his spouse,"

But Heaven that brings out good from evil,
 And loves to disappoint the devil,
 Had predetermined to restore
 Two-fold all he had before
 His servants, horses, oxen, cows—
 Short-sighted devil not to take his spouse."

Swans sing before they die,—'t were no bad thing
 Did certain persons die before they sing.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

1774.

1843.

George III., George IV., William IV., Victoria.

WORKS.

Wat Tyler.
Joan of Arc.
Letters from Spain and Portugal.
Thalaba the Destroyer.
Metrical Tales.
Madoc.
The Curse of Kehama.
Roderick the Last of the Goths.
Carmen Triumphale.
The Old Woman of Berkeley.

The Vision of Judgment.
All for Love.
Lord William.
Mary the Maid of the Inn.
The Devil's Thoughts.
Commonplace Book.
The Pilgrim of Compostella.
The Well of St. Keyne.
Selection from Letters.

"This man is a born critic; he would tear the Sermon on the Mount to pieces."—*Talleyrand*.

"An Arab steed bearing the load of a pack-horse—this was Southey; and he bore his load steadily, gracefully, almost proudly; bore it long and well; then suddenly quivered, and fell beside the way."—*E. Dowden*.

"Robert Southey, in every respect, was an admirable man, but he was not a genius, and I think he owes his happy life and pleasant remembrances after death to his life-long virtues. His polar star was duty, and by that he steered his life."—*Thomas Powell*.

Robert Southey is a writer who is said to have written more books than Scott ever wrote, and to have burned up in ten years, between the age of twenty and thirty, more than he ever published during his entire life. Each day and hour had its separate task; and his mornings was the time devoted to literature. His library was his world, "his wife," as Coleridge used to call it, and within this he was content to live, for his books were his loved companions. How sad then to think of the last three years of his life spent among his books, a hopeless idiot! Southey was the son of a linen draper, of Bristol, and his mother's brother, Rev. Herbert Hill, educated him. He sent him to Westminster School from which he was

expelled for writing an article against flogging, and then he was sent to Oxford. It was there that he met Coleridge and Lovell, and together they formed a scheme for establishing a republic in America. Not one of this trio had any money, so Southey determined to publish a volume of poems in order to defray the expenses. The scheme failed and the three poets finally settled under one roof, having married sisters, the Misses Fricker, of Bristol.

Southey's place, Gretna Hall, at Keswick, was the home they selected, and there Lovell very soon died, leaving his widow and a son for Southey to support; and Coleridge dreaming his life away thought little of the practical part of life, and really seemed to think it unpoetical to have thoughts of such common things as bread and butter, and would have left his family for his brother-in-law to support too, if the Wedgewoods of Staffordshire had not settled upon him a small income for life, which made him independent of the "bread and butter question."

Southey and Wordsworth had for each other a mutual esteem, but they did not admire each other's writings at all. De Quincey determined to have them become better acquainted, so he procured an invitation from Southey to have Wordsworth make him a visit. They met as neighbors and had too much good sense to quarrel; then in after years many circumstances combined to bring them into more intimate terms of friendship—agreement in politics, and sorrows in domestic circles. Southey was as much wrapped up in love for his little Herbert, as Wordsworth had been in his Dora. God saw fit to take both idols from their parents. In youth Southey had been a sceptic, but before this loss came upon him he

had acknowledged a belief in the Christian religion, and knew how to bear with submission the stroke of God's providence. After the death of his first wife he had married a Miss Caroline Bowles, herself a poetess of some note, but her married life was short and very unhappy, for already Southey was beginning to die at the top as poor Swift had done before him, and for three long years she nursed him through this imbecile stage.

Southey is not an attractive writer. His poetry seems made too much to order, so many lines written in a contracted time; his verse composed according to a predetermined rule. His *Life of Nelson* is the best known of all his works. He chose unusual subjects for his poems, and that may be one reason for their unpopularity. *The Curse of Kehama* is considered his finest.

When Pye died in 1813, Southey received the Laureateship that had been offered to Scott. In 1821, Oxford conferred on him the degree of L.L. D., and in 1835, Sir Robert Peel, who had already offered him a baronetcy, granted him a pension of £300.

At last in 1843 his overwrought mind found rest, and he died and was buried at Keswick, in the little churchyard there. A monument has been erected to his memory in the church. It is a marble figure of the poet, his head resting upon his beloved books. The old sexton will lovingly dwell upon Southey's noble qualities as he talks with you, and will add, "I know whereof I speak, for my daughter served many years at Gretna Hall, and a better man than Mr. Southey never lived."

HISTORY REVIEW.

Review all the leading events in the reigns of the Georges, William IV., and Victoria.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

"In the parish of St. Neots Cornwall, is a well arched over with the robes of four kinds of trees,—withy, elm, oak, and ash,—and dedicated to St. Keyne. The reported virtue of the water is this, that, whether husband or wife first drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby."—*Fuller*.

A well there is in the West country,
And a clearer one never was seen ;
There is not a wife in the West country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Drops to the water below.

A traveler came to the well of St. Keyne ;
Pleasant it was to his eye,
For from cock-crow he had been traveling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank,
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the neighboring town
At the well to fill his pail,
On the well-side he rested it,
And bade the stranger hail.

"Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he,
"For and if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has your good woman, if one you have,
In Cornwall ever been ?
For and if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drunk of the well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"
The stranger he made reply ;
"But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you answer me why."

"St. Keyne," quoth the countryman, "many a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angel summoned her
She laid on the water a spell.

"If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man henceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

"But if the wife should drink of it first,
 Heaven help the husband then!"
 The stranger stooped to the well of St. Keyne,
 And drank of the waters again.

"You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes?"
 He to the countryman said.
 But the countryman smiled as the stranger spake
 And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hastened as soon as the wedding was done,
 And left my wife in the porch.
 But I' faith, she had been wiser than me,
 For she took a bottle to church."

THE CATARACT AT LODORE.

"How does the water
 Come down at Lodore?"
 My little boy asked me
 Thus, once on a time;
 And moreover he tasked me
 To tell him in rhyme.
 Anon at the word,
 There first came one daughter,
 And then came another,
 To second and third
 The request of their brother,
 And to hear how the water
 Comes down at Lodore,
 With its rush and its roar,
 As many a time
 They had seen it before.
 So I told them in rhyme,
 For of rhymes I had store;
 And 'twas in my vocation
 For their recreation
 That so I should sing;
 Because I was Laureate
 To them and the King.
 From its sources which well
 In the tarn on the fell,
 From its fountains
 In the mountains
 Its rills and its gills;
 Through moss and through brake,
 It runs and it creeps
 For a while, till it sleeps
 In its own little lake.
 And thence at departing,
 Awakening and starting,
 It runs through the reeds,

And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-scurry.

Here it comes sparkling:
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till, in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among;
Rising and leaping.
Sinking and creeping.
Swelling and sweeping.
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringling.
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Around and around
With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting.
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding.
And shocking and rocking.
And darting and parting.
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going.

And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And gurgling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning;

And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and tolling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motion forever and ever are blending
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,—
And this is the way the water comes down at Lodore.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

1775-1835.

1765-1847.

George IV.,

William IV.,

Victoria.

Farewell to Tobacco.

Essays on Elia.

Last Essays of Elia.

Tales from Shakespeare (Charles and Mary Lamb.)

Miss Leicester's School, (Charles and Mary Lamb.)

Rosamond Gray.

Annual Anthology.

John Woodvil.

Mr. A. (A farce.)

Specimens of English Dramatists.

On Garrick and Acting.

Essays on Hogarth.

"Oh! he was good if e'er a good man lived."—*Wordsworth*.

"Lamb never gave pain to any human being."—*Barry Cornwall*.

"If there is a tender and touching story in all the annals of genius, it is surely the life history of Charles Lamb. Search where we will there is nothing to equal the pathos of this gentle and lovable life. Nowhere else can we find a record of such deep devotion, such heroic endurance, such uncomplaining suffering, such geniality and cheerfulness under such unbearable burdens. The world admires many of its men of letters,—it loves Charles Lamb. Save Carlyle's, no voice among all his literary brethren has ever said a bitter or unkind word of the gentle humorist. And when we compare the lives of the two men, how brightly glows the page whereon is written the record of Lamb's untiring and unselfish love, exacting nothing for himself, but giving with such lavish prodigality, compared to the pages given to the account of the selfish and exacting life which Carlyle lived with the woman who was his wife, and whom he really loved, but over whom he tyrannized in so petty a manner!

They were very humble people, the Lambs,—poor and obscure, and unfortunate to a degree. No pretensions to gentility had ever been in the family, but an acceptance of their commonplace lot, with little striving for higher things. There was something more, too, than poverty and obscurity and vulgarity in their antecedents; a fearful curse was in the family, the heritage of almost every generation,—the curse of madness. What the contemplation of this terrible inheritance must have been to a youth like Charles Lamb, gifted with the fatal sensibility of genius, and endowed with that imagination which can conceive of a horror before it falls, we can form some sort of conception, but probably a very vague and inadequate one indeed.

The family were very poor, living in humble lodgings. The father was in his dotage, the mother was a paralytic, and Charles with his pen, and his sister Mary with her needle, worked to support the family. They both overworked themselves fearfully, and lived in apprehension of the doom which hung over them. They were very fondly attached to each other, and the only pleasure they had in their cheerless youth was their intercourse. They were both gifted, and of gentle and kind disposition, and their affection for each other was more sympathetic and filled with a deeper insight into each other's characters and feelings than is common between brothers and sisters. In little intervals between their varied labors they wrote and read to each other many things which would have a rare value in these days had they been preserved; and this, with wandering together through the streets in the evenings and looking at the outside of the theatres, seems to have constituted their only youthful pleasure. At the age of twenty-one

Charles showed symptoms of the family curse, and his sister herself almost lost her reason in unavailing sorrow over his condition. So young, so gifted, and threatened with such dread disaster,—his loving Mary could not have it so! She even rebelled against Heaven in the extreme of her agony, and called upon God to relieve them both from such an ill-fated life. But all her prayers and tears and rebellious risings up against destiny did not avail, and Charles was placed in a mad-house, where he passed a portion of the year 1796. In one of his lucid intervals he wrote a sonnet, *Mary to thee, my sister, and my friend*, which is a touching and tender tribute to her love. The attack in his case was of short duration, and it never recurred, which, considering all the sorrows and all the irregularities of his life, seems remarkable. He had not been long in a condition to be responsible when the tragedy took place which cast its blight upon his life. In September of the year 1796 Mary Lamb, worn down to a state of extreme nervous misery by attention to needlework all day, and by watching with her mother at night, broke into uncontrollable insanity, and seizing a knife from the table spread for dinner, stabbed her mother to the heart. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of lunacy. Charles writes to Coleridge:

‘With me the former things have passed away, and I have something more to do than to feel God Almighty has us well in his keeping.’

The horror of the event made so deep an impression upon his mind that he thought he never fully recovered from it. For many, many years it hung over him like a pall, casting a sort of despairing darkness over all that might have been bright in life. Think of that tender

and sensitive soul in the awful solitude of the nights which followed the tragedy; the sister he loved so well removed from him to an asylum; the mother sleeping in her unhonored grave; the father worse than dead, in almost driveling idiocy, to be cared for at his hands; the awful doom of the family ever hanging over his own head, — what depths of passionate sorrow must he have waded through in those bitter hours, what unavailing tears he must have shed, what rebellious thoughts may there not have been in his heart!

But he kept a cheerful front, and went about his daily toil, as he needs must, with as little outward show of pain as possible.

Mary soon grew better, and he exerted himself to have her released from confinement. He succeeded in doing so by entering into a solemn agreement to make her his charge for life, and to watch over her that she should do no harm. When she was returned to him he was almost happy again, in spite of the shadow caused by the memory of what had happened, as well as by the uncertainty of the future. He had but one hundred pounds a year from his clerkship, and there was a maiden aunt as well as the father to be cared for.

His father had to be amused by cribbage; and many were the weary hours that Charles would sit playing with him, to the neglect of his correspondence, his friends, the thousand and one private interests which filled up his little leisure. Sometimes he would try to be let off, but the old man would say reproachfully, 'If you won't play with me, you might as well not come home at all;' and the dutiful son set out afresh. There is a sort of heroism in this which only those people can appreciate who really value their time. These people will give all

else cheerfully,—money, strength, the heart's deep devotion,—but they give very grudgingly their precious moments; they feel as though they were being robbed in every hour thus lost.

Think of the delicious essays which might have been written in those misspent hours, in those days when Elia was at his best, before the sorrowful touches of Time had been left upon his genius; think of the exquisite letters his friends might have received, and which would have enriched all the coming time; think of the inimitable drolleries which would have sent a smile over the face of the world; think of the little pathetic touches he would have given in sketches of characteristic humor, all with the freshness of his dawn upon them,—and mourn, O world of letters, for your loss! But think of the old man,—he, for whom the light had gone out in darkness; over whose brain the cobwebs had been woven; who had not even a friend in all the universe of God; think of the old man who had only this one thing,—cards,—and pause a moment before you say that the gentle Elia did not well. Finally, the old man, too, went his way, and there were only Charles and Mary left. He had long since given up the hope of there being a third in their sad life-drama, although there had been one to whom his heart was given, and whose presence had been with him always, even in his days of madness,—sweet Alice W., as he always called her, but of whom the world has lost all trace save this, that she was Charles Lamb's early and only love, and that he treasured her memory until all were gone, 'the old familiar faces.' Long after she was married to another. Lamb used to be seen at evening pacing up and down in front of her house,

hoping to catch a glimpse of her through the windows. But after he had taken Mary to be his charge, it was impossible to think of marriage. He could not ask another to share his sad vigils with the afflicted sister, nor hope that another would look upon her with his eyes; so he buried his romance out of sight, and never turned to that phase of a man's life again. At twenty-one, one does not easily give up the thoughts of love, or the hopes of home without wife and children,—and Charles had his struggle, as any strong man would have had; but he conquered himself once again and went bravely on. Day by day he toiled at the India House, never losing time, never taking a vacation, ever at his post till he was fifty years old, when he came home forever.

During those thirty years of steady toil, he went through many sad experiences with Mary; but he must earn their daily bread, and he never left his post. Many were the nights he spent in anxious watchings with her, for she had periodical returns of her insanity during all this time. Many were the days when he ran in hot haste the moment he was released, to see that she was still safe; even many hand-to-hand encounters he had with her in her dangerous hours,—but no murmur ever escaped his lips at all this. When she became very bad he took her back to the asylum, and she remained sometimes for weeks, sometimes for months, but he always eagerly reclaimed her the moment she was better. He took her with him on little journeys,—a straight jacket always safely packed in her portmanteau by herself,—and once she went mad while they were traveling in the diligence and far from home.

The sister was quite worthy of his devotion. Pos-

sessed of genius somewhat akin to that of her brother, she also handled a delicate pen, and but for her misfortune would have been well known in the world of books. She was in complete sympathy with her brother, in heart as well as mind, and the record of their lives is one of the most beautiful pictures of brotherly and sisterly affection in all literature.

His hospitality was unbounded, and the evenings at his home have become as well known in literature as the grand evenings at Holland House.

His friends were the first literary men of that day,—Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, Barry Cornwall,—all giants of that day and generation, and he was loved by all.

That he smoked much and drank hard, even for that day, may be true. He abased himself in awful shame over it many a time in life, and suffered in his own person all the fearful retribution which such habits bring in their train. It is sad to think that he should have died before his sister. He had often prayed that this might not be. But he provided for her tenderly, and gave her to the care of his friends."—*Home Life of Authors*.

The English government allowed Mary Lamb the same pension that would have been granted had she been the widow of Charles Lamb.

The brother and sister wrote several books together; *Mrs. Leicester's School*, and *Tales from Shakespeare* are the most important.

James T. Fields says that when he was a little boy and heard the grown-up people talk enthusiastically about "Lamb's Tales," he would go out into the fields and watch the woolly flocks nibbling the grass and wonder how people cooked their stumpy appendages, for

eating is always uppermost in a boy's mind ; but when he grew older and learned what Lamb's Tales really were, he found them far more nutritious, and eminently worthy of all the praise he had ever heard bestowed upon them.

The *Essays of Elia* gave Lamb his reputation as a writer. He tried his hand on dramas but failed. On one occasion he and his sister were sitting in the pit when one of his plays were hissed and hooted from the stage—Lamb joined in, condemning it as much as any one else.

His letters are noted for droll humor, but they are unfortunately interspersed with oaths, which as much as they are to be condemned cannot be left out. He is sometimes irreverent, too, but we must fain be gentle with his frailties when we think of his loving and unselfish heart.

He died from a fall which wounded his face and produced erysipelas. For one year after his death Mary's mind was a blank. When she realized all, she would stroll out to his grave, and was always the quieter for these visits. She lived thirteen years longer and died when eighty-nine.

If ever you should go to Edmondton, in Middlesex, you must visit the grave of Charles and Mary Lamb. They lie together, and a tall, upright stone marks their resting place.

Was there ever such an instance of sisterly and brotherly affection ! Not even Antigone and her brothers, nor Wordsworth and his Dorothy, nor Macaulay and his Hannah, can be compared in their devotion to the unselfish love of Charles and Mary Lamb.

"Still they are faithful ; like two vessels launched
From the same beach one ocean to explore."

HISTORY REVIEW.

*State who started each of the lines of sovereigns on
England's throne.
Give the right of each.*

DISSERTATION ON ROAST FIG.

[INTRODUCTION.—The subjoined piece is an extract from one of the *Essays of Elia*, under which pseudonym Lamb contributed to the *London Magazine* this charming series of papers. Says Sir T. N. Talfourd: "They are carefully elaborated; yet never were works written in a higher defiance to the conventional pomp of style. A sly hit, a happy pun, a humorous combination, lets the light into the intricacies of the subject, and supplies the place of ponderous sentences."']

1. Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his *Mundane Mutations*, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term *Cho-fang*, literally the cook's holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following.

2. The swine-herd Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bobo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bobo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

3. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burned cottage—he had smelled that smell before; indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, and to cool them he applied them, in his booby fashion, to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before

him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling*! Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelled so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and, finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it, when becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? It is not enough that you have burned me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what? What have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! Do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats!"

4. The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig. Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and, fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father! only taste!—O Lord!"—with such like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

5. Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of the flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion, (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

6. Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burned down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against

the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, townfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

7. The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction; fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later—I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind.

8. Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object—that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

1786.

George IV.

1859.

William IV.

Victoria.

WORKS.

The Confessions of an Opium-Eater.

Suspiria de Profundis.

Lives of Shakespeare and Pope.

Logic of Political Economy.

Biographical Essays.

Miscellaneous Essays.

The Cæsars.

Literary Reminiscences.

Narrative and Miscellaneous Papers.

Essays on the Poets.

Historical and Critical Essays.

Autobiographical Sketches.

Essays on Philosophical Writers.

Letters to a Young Man.

Theological Essays and Papers.

The Note Book.

Memorials and Other Papers.

The Avenger and Other Papers.

From "Home Life of Authors" we obtain an entertaining sketch of Thomas de Quincey. He, too, was a "Lakeside Poet." He was born at Manchester, England, and his father, a merchant of large means, dying when he was quite young, left him a wealthy boy with few restraints. His early education was received at the Grammar School of Bath. There are other brothers and sisters, all peculiar and remarkable children, Thomas probably possessing more than his share of peculiarities. He was very precocious, extremely sensitive and excitable and given to dreams and visions.

The loss of a sister, to whom he was tenderly attached, gave him great sorrow, and it was a blow from which it took years to recover. At seventeen, he ran away from the school at which his guardian had placed him. An older brother had done so before him and had not been punished, because he had the excuse of having been brutally treated by his teachers. Thomas had no such excuse and therefore was not so easily forgiven by his guardian. He borrowed some money and went to

Wales. Here he wandered for a few weeks until all his money was exhausted, and then he went to London and suffered all the pangs of hunger and humiliation. For sixteen weeks he never knew what it was to have enough to eat. He had no home and seldom slept under a roof. He was a young man of independent fortune, and it is hard to conceive how he allowed himself to be brought to this state of abject poverty, when he had in this city wealthy and influential friends and relatives.

It could not have been from pride, for De Quincey had no pride. He never hesitated to accept favors from anyone, even perfect strangers. Finally he found an unoccupied house; or rather occupied by no one save a little girl of ten, as homeless and as poverty-stricken as himself. She had slept here alone for many nights and suffered greatly from fear of ghosts and rats. She hailed De Quincey's coming with delight, and when the weather was cold he would hold her in his arms to keep her warm. A bundle of law papers was their only pillow at night and an old cloak their only covering. He learned to love this little child, this companion of his wretchedness, and she loved him as her deliverer from ghosts and rats. Then there was another who was a companion of his in these days of anguish and want. A woman of the streets, named Ann, not as old as he was, who had been forced from sheer poverty to lead a life of shame. She was kind to him, and he always remembered her kindness, and was grateful to her as long as he lived.

At last the wanderer was discovered by his friends and placed at Oxford to complete his education. Exposure and want had diseased mind and body. He suf-

ferred intensely from neuralgia of the stomach ; and acquired the habit of taking opium to bring relief. He continued its use too long, and became its slave, and was never able to free himself completely from its bondage.

In 1816 he married Margaret Simpson, and lived in Wordsworth cottage at Grasmere. She lived twenty-one years as his wife and was truly his "Electra" to the end. Hard indeed must have been her lot through all these years of watching and waiting! Wonderful must have been her patience, her long-suffering, and her affection. The world has had only a glimpse of her sorrow and devotion. He soon saw that death was inevitable, if he did not discontinue the use of opium. He resolved to give it up, and thought the effort to do that would kill him, yet determined to make the trial. All study had to be abandoned, and for two years he read but one book; his mind seemed in a dormant state—his intellect dead. His wife had to attend to everything, the affairs of the household and all business matters. He describes the horrible state he was in: "I had the torments of a man passing out of one mode of existence into another. * * * I was buried for a thousand years in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed with cancerous kisses by crocodiles, and laid confounded with all unutterable slimy things, among reeds and Nilotic mud. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was compelled to live with him for centuries."

It is sad to think that after all his struggles he never fully freed himself from the spell of opium. Sixty-one

days is the longest record we have of his abstinence. Although he had weakened his digestion by this inordinate use of opium, yet he lived to be a man of seventy-four. His mind was weakened, and he was in no condition to attend to any practical matters. He had a horror of managing money matters of any kind, and would give away bank notes to get them out of his way. He was generous to a fault, as all opium eaters are, and would give to any friend who asked him. Poor Coleridge, who was always in need of money, went to him on one occasion to make known his wants, and De Quincey gave him three hundred pounds, and begged that he should take five hundred. He would invariably polish up all shillings and coins that came into his possession, and while scrupulously neat about some things, he was very careless about others. He would frequently go into the drawing-room, when company was there, with one stocking off or minus some other very important adjunct of dress. He was known to complain of Wordsworth's lack of neatness, and described his agony at seeing him cut the leaves of a new book with a greasy knife picked up from the supper table.

De Quincey was a charming talker and excellent company. He was full of fun, and would give vent to his wit in the drollest way. His manners were those of a high-bred courteous gentleman, and to his daughters, with whom he lived after his wife's death, he was always the perfection of chivalrous respect, as well as affection. He could never be depended on for keeping an engagement, and, it is said, if a friend invited him to dinner, he was forced to go for him.

We have little to say of his literary life. There is no telling what might have been accomplished had he not

acquired the fearful habit of opium eating. He had a mind capable of excelling in any department of literature, and yet, with the exception of his *Confessions of an Opium Eater* and his *Logic of Political Economy*, and one novel, he has furnished us with only magazine articles. These articles are either full of humor, or they are philosophical and critical, or distinguished for originality. Of their kind they are certainly remarkable specimens of English literature. All his works were first collected into volumes and published in America. The last years of his life were spent in Scotland. He left the lake district in 1819, and settled with his family at Lasswade, near Edinburgh, in 1869, having lived out more than the allotted time of "three-score years and ten."

HISTORY REVIEW.

- 1. Give all the causes that led to the Revolutionary War.**
 - 2. How many battles were fought?**
 - 3. Name prominent commanders on both sides.**
 - 4. How long did the war last, and what result?**
-

JOAN OF ARC.

Great was the throne of France, even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it. But well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for her; but, on the contrary, that she was for them—not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them. But well Joanna knew—early at Domremy she had read that bitter truth—that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her*; flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for *her*.

On the Wednesday after Trinity Sunday in 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, the Maid of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted before midday, guarded by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets, supported by hollow spaces in every

direction for the creation of air currents. "The pile struck terror", says M. Michelet, "by its height." * * * There would be a certainty of calumny arising against her—some people would impute to her a willingness to recant; no innocence could escape that. Now, had she really testified this willingness on the scaffold, it would have argued nothing at all but the weakness of a genial nature shrinking from the instant approach of torment. And those will often pity that weakness most who in their own person would yield to it least. Meantime, there never was a calumny uttered that drew less support from the recorded circumstances. It rests upon no positive testimony, and it has a weight of contradicting testimony to stem. * * * What else but her meek, saintly demeanor, won from the enemies that till now had believed her a witch, tears of rapturous admiration? "Ten thousand men," says M. Michelet himself, "ten thousand men wept; and of these ten thousand the majority were political enemies knitted together by cords of superstition." What else was it but her constancy, united with her angelic gentleness, that drove the fanatic English soldier—who had sworn to throw a faggot on her scaffold as his tribute of abhorrence, that did so, that fulfilled his vow—suddenly to turn away a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove rising upon wings to heaven from the ashes where she had stood? What else drove the executioner to kneel at every shrine for pardon to his share in the tragedy? And if all this were insufficient, then I cite the closing act of her life as valid on her behalf were all other testimonies against her. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose up in billowy columns. A Dominican monk was then standing almost at her side. Wrapped up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then—when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her—even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for him—the one friend that would not forsake her—and not for herself, bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave her to God. That girl, whose latest breath ascended in this sublime expression of self-oblivion, did not utter the word recant either with her lips or in her heart. No, she did not, though one should rise from the dead to swear it.

JOHN WILSON

(Christopher North.)

1785.

1854..

George III., George IV., William IV., Victoria..

WORKS.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay.

The Recreations of Christopher
North, (3 vols.)

Poetry.

Isle of Psalms.

Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life..
City of the Plague.

Who does not know the writer of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*? We call him Christopher North not Prof. Wilson..

“Not even Lamb—the quaint and merry companion, so full of quibs and puns, that laughter lingered with any company he graced with his pathetic little body and quizzical countenance—could rival Christopher North as a fountain of merriment and eternal good cheer. His humor was not quiet and subtle like Lamb’s, but broad, rich, bordering on farce, and of ‘imagination all compact.’ And Lamb could by no means rival him in splendor of description, vivacity of retort, energy of criticism, or in riotous and uproarious mirth.

Can we wonder that those who crowded the table where he sat, lingered on till daylight drove them from the board? or that no man who had had him for a boon companion could ever be satisfied with another? Can we wonder that the students who crowded his lecture-room after he became a professor thought every other lecturer commonplace and dull? Not that he gave them more information than others—perhaps he did not give them as much; but he excited and inspired them. He quickened their minds and awakened their dormant

faculties. Some of the white heat of his own enthusiasm he communicated to their colder natures, and they enjoyed the unusual warmth. Those who listened to those wonderful discourses can never be persuaded that eloquence did not die with Christopher North.

His eloquence gained little from his personal appearance, about which there was something savage, leonine, massive, but little that was refined or attractive in the usual sense of the word. Still his face was described by some as magnificent, and his gray, flashing eyes as being remarkably expressive. In his dress he was exceedingly slovenly, except upon state occasions. His professor's gown, as he stalked along the college terraces, flew in tattered strips behind him, his shirts were usually buttonless, and his hat like a reminiscence of a prehistoric age ; his yellow hair floated over his shoulders, in confusion worse confounded, and he wore immense unkempt whiskers hanging upon his breast.

At his heels followed always a wiry, sharp-eyed, shaggy devil of a terrier, dogging his steps as he went clashing up and down, now with one man beside him, now with another, and now quite alone, but always at a fast-rolling pace, with his head in the air, and his eyes as wide open as he could get them. A bright, clear-complexioned, mountain-looking fellow, he looks as if he had just come down from the Highlands, and had never taken pen in hand.

His carelessness of appearances extended to his rooms, which looked like small sections from the primeval chaos. The book shelves were of unpainted wood, knocked together in the rudest fashion, and the books were many of them tattered and without backs. A case containing foreign birds was used also as a ward-

robe, and all of his rare possessions in natural history were mixed up with this motley collection of books and papers,—these latter consisting of all sorts of scraps, of which no one else could have made anything. He always seemed to be able to find what he wanted, even in the worst confusion; but how he did it was a mystery to his friends. Here and there, in the interstices between books, were stuffed what appeared to be dingy, crumpled bits of paper, but they were in reality bank-notes, his class fees, which he never carried in his purse, but stuffed away wherever it seemed most convenient at the moment. He never, even in the coldest weather, had a fire in his room.

Kit North has frequently been represented as a glutton and a drunkard. He was neither, although he did perform some remarkable feats, both of eating and drinking, in his day. So fond was he of all sorts and kinds of out-of-the-way company that he was at one time in the habit of going at midnight to the Angel Inn, where many of the up and down London coaches met, and there of presiding at the passengers' supper, carving for them and inquiring all about their respective journeys, and astonishing them with his wit and pleasantry. The excitement of company quickened all his powers to their utmost tension, and the effect was attributed to wine.

He is said to have remained for three months in the back room of a Highland blacksmith, strolling daily about the hills, and performing some of his prodigious pedestrian feats, to the great surprise of the rustics. He is said, also, to have followed the lady, (Miss Jane Penny, of Liverpool), who became his wife, all over the lake country of Scotland, in the disguise of a waiter,

serving her at the table wherever the party happened to be, until the suspicions of her father were aroused by seeing the same waiter at every inn. Wilson then made himself known, declared his admiration for the lady, and finally became her accepted suitor. After their marriage, he took her with him all over the Highlands on foot, assuring her that only so could she become really acquainted with their beauties. No man perhaps, ever loved the Highlands as Christopher North loved them,—with the possible exception of Walter Scott,—and we can truly envy his young bride in being thus escorted through their deepest labyrinths, and introduced to their most delicate and hidden beauties. Here he introduced his beloved also to the cottages of the peasants and made her acquainted with the poetry of that life which has inspired some of the finest of modern literature. And these same peasants showed to their best advantage always, when Christopher was around. They loved him instinctively, although they knew him only as a sportsman, or in some cases, perhaps, as a naturalist. But his large heart always shone forth in his intercourse with the poor, and he seemed conscious of no superiority to them, meeting them always on the common ground of humanity and sympathizing in his hearty, genial way in all their joys and sorrows. They *took to him* just as dogs and children did. And his descriptions of their cramped and narrow lives, enlivened by his characteristic humor, are among the best pictures the world has cherished of Scottish rural life. He did not spare their vices, but gave many dramatic pictures of the darker sides of peasant life, with which he gained a close acquaintance during those long foot-journeys which he was so fond of making,

living really, what we would call the life of a tramp, for long periods. Sometimes he camped with gypsies for weeks, and at all times was intimate with the so-called lower classes. Tinkers, cairds, poachers, were his familiar roadside acquaintances, and he extracted great amusement from their peculiarities. Sometimes he had to win the respect of these worthies by knocking them down in the beginning of the acquaintance, but after that they usually stood by him to the end. He generally figured as the champion of the weak in these games of fisticuffs, but sometimes he managed things on his own account.

His home was Elleray, near Lake Windemere, that lovely lake district of England. Here he 'held sweet discourse' with Wordsworth, De Quincey, Southey and Coleridge, and the other noted writers of his day, and when weary of that 'colloquy divine' he would measure his strength with the wrestlers of Cumberland, who declared he was a 'vera bad 'un to lick.' He thus describes the large sycamore tree which overhung his mossy-roofed cottage at Elleray:

'Never in this well-wooded world, not even in the days of the Druids, could there have been such another tree. It would be easier to suppose two Shakespeares. Oh, sweetest and shadiest of sycamores, we love thee beyond all other trees!'

His love for the animal creation was very deep, and he would never submit to seeing any creature abused. He one day saw a man cruelly beating his horse, which was overloaded with coals and could not move. He remonstrated with the driver, who, exasperated at the interference, took up the whip in a threatening way, as if with intent to strike the professor. In an instant the well-nerved hand of Wilson, not new to these encoun-

ters, twisted the whip from the coarse fist of the driver, and walking up to the cart, he unfastened the team and hurled the whole weight of the coals into the street. He then took the horse and deposited it in the hands of the authorities, with injunctions to see that the beast was better treated in future.

He kept a lame sparrow for eleven years, caring for it with the tenderest solicitude. With all children he was a great favorite, and in his declining years his grandchildren were his daily playmates. In his old age he became almost helpless from paralysis, and he was cared for till death by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon (the other sister married James L. Ferrier), the mother of these favored ones. It is sad to think of it—the active, the alert, the fleet footed, the gay and rollicking sportsman, laid low and propped helpless upon pillows within walls, which he had always hated so sincerely.

He was almost the last of that band of strong men who cast lustre over the beginning of this century. Coleridge had gone before, and Wordsworth, Byron, and Campbell, Shelley, and Canney, and Peel, and Jeffrey, and Moore, and he lingered on in a solitude, made greater by that last stroke of calamity which deprived him of motion for a time—that was weary and heartbreaking to him, and over which the world sheds its sympathizing tears. He died at Edinburgh at the age of sixty-eight."—*Home Life of Authors*.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Who was reigning when the lake poets were writing?*
2. *Describe three leading events of this period.*
3. *How many Georges have ruled England?*
4. *Which was called "good"?*

THOMAS HOOD.

1799.

William IV.

1845.

Victoria.

WORKS.

Hero and Leander.

The Two Swans.

The Two Peacocks of Bedfont.

The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies.

What Can an Old Man do but Die?

The Death-Bed.

I Remember, I Remember.

Ruth.

Farewell, Life!

To Melancholy.

To the Moon.

Lament for the Decline of Chivalry.

The Haunted House.

The Dream of Eugene Aram.

The Lay of the Laborer.

The Bridge of Sighs.

Lycus, the Centaur.

Fair Inez.

It Was Not in the Winter.

Sigh on Sad Heart.

She's Up and Gone, the Graceless Girl.

Odes and Addresses.

Whims and Oddities.

The Tale of a Trumpet.

A Retrospective Review.

Ode to Rae Wilson, Esq.

Golden Legend of Miss Kilmansegg.

The Elm-Tree.

The Lady's Dream.

Song of the Shirt.

"A nightingale in the stormy dark."—*Welsh*.

"He added smiles not tears to human life."—*James T. Fields*.

"He was a genuine, though not a great poet."—*McCarthy*.

Let us be grateful to those beneficent authors who, in their works, have taught us to be cheerful—men who have written "Pickwick Papers," and "Punch Papers," and "Sparrowgrass Papers," and all other kinds of papers to make us laugh and be happy together. Such an author was Tom Hood, and the world is all the better because such men have lived in it. "Blessings on all who have contributed to the harmless laughter and simple amusement of mankind; who have aided and abetted in the cause of human love and charity—the "week-day preachers," as Thackeray calls them, who have done what they could to help a universal good will to man. How to make people happier is one of the noblest employments of man or woman kind; how to

be generous, and forgiving to frailty ; how to be helpful to the poor ; how to encourage the weak and the suffering ; how to be neighborly and considerate towards young persons, and very tenderly disposed towards the feelings of little children, who have a difficult time of it, poor things, for lack of sympathy, and are shoveled off to bed at eight o'clock, while every body else is having a good time down stairs. Now all these amenities of life Tom Hood came on a special mission to teach us in his cheerful life. He was a wit, a humorist, a satirist, but never a buffoon. Great artists in fun,—like Shakespeare and Dickens and Hood, are always masters of the revels, but are never mastered by them."

"During Hood's boyhood, he was the support of his mother and worked steadily to keep her comfortable. Every one who knew little Tom in those days loved him, he was so full of fun and unselfishness. When he was fifteen he fell into ill-health from overwork and was taken to Dundee for change of air, which air he did not enjoy, for writing home some descriptive verses of Dundee he says:

"It abounds so in smells, that a stranger supposes
The people are very deficient in noses."

As soon as he was old enough he had been apprenticed to an engraver, for he had a knack for drawing even in those early days, and like Hogarth could sketch a likeness on his thumb nail when occasion required it. When he was twenty he laid down the graver and took up the pen for a permanent instrument. He soon procured employment on the editorial staff of the "London Magazine," and his cleverness attracted the attention of Coleridge and Charles Lamb. Although Hood indulged habitually in comic writing, he always dressed in

full black and usually passed for a clergyman. His marriage with Miss Jane Reynolds was a very happy one, but he could not resist playing all sorts of pranks on his good-natured wife, who took everything in good part, as a sensible woman should do.

Ill-health followed Hood through life. He was a small, thin man, pale and worn. Although for twenty-five years Hood never experienced a perfectly well day, yet his good spirits never deserted him, and his most humorous productions were produced when disease was preying most heavily upon him. The doctor told him his heart was placed lower down than was usual, and it was from this fact that he was such a sufferer. "The more need for me to keep it up," he replied. He used often to say to his wife, "Never let us meet trouble half way, but let him have the whole walk for his pains."

While suffering from loss of blood and only kept alive by the doctor's utmost skill, he composed his famous poem, *Miss Kilmansegg*. His time for writing was when the house was quiet and everyone else was in bed, and long past midnight he could be heard laughing to himself as he jotted down his whimsical fancies. He was so thin that he suffered from cold in the heat of summer as much as in the dead of winter. One day he overheard his own children discussing him:

"Papa's a literary man," said Fanny.

"No, he's not," replied her brother.

"Well, what is he, then," cried Fanny.

"He's not a literary man," was the answer, "but he's an invalid."

As to his health, which he calls the weather of his body, he tells us himself, "It hails, it rains, it blows, it snows, at present, but it may clear up by and by."

Things may take a turn, as the pig said on the spit," and so his fortitude and fun never deserted him. He never repined nor uttered a complaint. From his boyhood it had been a hand-to-hand fight between him and death, and the great conqueror cut him down at last. He was only forty-six years old when he died, and yet he said to Dr. Elliott, "I feel old enough to be your grandfather." The month of May was an eventful one to him. "He was born in May, married in May, and was laid to rest among the pink and white blossoms of May."

Seven years after his death the English people contributed to raise the monument that stands above his grave.* The rich gave their guineas, the poor their shillings and pence. Beneath the image of the poet, which rests upon the structure, are carved the words, "He sang The Song of the Shirt."

Hood was indeed a boon to the literature of this century, for he had not only the language of genius, but the genius of language as well. He is as distinctive as a writer as Dickens and Tennyson. "He is no reproduction of anybody else. He is nobody's echo, nobody's mantle-bearer. He is Hood the Only, just as the Germans claim for Jean Paul that special distinction of individuality."

His critics could not understand his wit and humor, so they railed at him as a joker of jokes and a jester only. But he lived down all opposition, and became one of the most cordially-greeted authors of the day. Praise was lavished upon him, but he was never spoiled by it.

*The sewing women wished to raise the monument among themselves but failed.

Hood's fame as a writer rests principally upon the *Song of the Shirt* and *The Bridge of Sighs*. When the first named poem appeared in the Christmas number of *Punch*, his wife said to him, "Now, mind, Hood, mark my words, this will tell wonderfully! It is one of the best things you ever did!" And it was true, for no lyric ever written laid such hold upon the reading and listening world,—“for it drew tears from the eyes of princes, and was chanted to rude music by the ballet-mongers in the wretchedest streets.”

With all his reputation he was a literary hack, whose income varied as the amount of writing he could execute in a certain time. To such a man, however, the devotion of his family, and the love of his heroic, accomplished wife, were abundant compensation for his patient struggle in their behalf.

To the last moment, propped up in bed, bleeding from the lungs, almost in the agony of death, he labored equally in a serious and a sportive vein; but while thousands were laughing over his productions they gave no delight to the anxious circle at home.

“To read his pages is to laugh and weep by turns, to take on human charity, to regard the earth mournfully, yet to be thankful, as he was, for what sunshine falls upon it, and to accept manfully, as he did, each one's condition, however toilsome and suffering, under the changeless law that impels and governs all.”

HISTORY REVIEW.

Review Norman, Plantagenet, Lancastrian and York sovereigns.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

1. With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread,—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."
2. "Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work
Till the stars shine through the roof.
It's, O, to be a slave
Along with a barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!
3. "Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,—
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!
4. "Oh men with sisters dear!
Oh men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,—
Sewing at once with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!
5. "But why do I talk of death,—
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own,—
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!
6. "Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags,
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

7. "Work—work—work
 From weary chime to chime!
 Work—work—work
 As prisoners work for crime!
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Seam, and gusset, and band,—
 Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
 As well as the weary hand.
- 8 "Work—work—work
 In the dull December light!
 And work—work—work
 When the weather is warm and bright!
 While underneath the eaves
 The brooding swallows cling,
 As if to show me their sunny backs,
 And twit me with the Spring.
9. "O, but to breathe the breath
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,—
 With the sky above my head,
 And the grass beneath my feet!
 For only one short hour
 To feel as I used to feel,
 Before I knew the woes of want
 And the walk that costs a meal!
10. "O, but for one short hour,—
 A respite, however brief!
 No blessed leisure for love or hope,
 But only time for grief!
 A little weeping would ease my heart:
 But in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread!"
11. With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread,—
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
 Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
 She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath!
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death. | 2. Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair! |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

3. Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing!
4. Touch her not scornfully.
Think of her mournfully;
Gently and humanly,—
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.
5. Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.
6. Still, for all slips of hers,—
One of Eve's family,—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammy.
Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,—
Her fair auburn tresses,—
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?
7. Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still and a nearer one
Yet than all these?
8. Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
O, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.
9. Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed,—
Love by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.
10. Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and basement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.
11. The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!
12. In she plunged boldly,—
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it;
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then if you can!
13. Take her up tenderly
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly.
Young, and so fair!
14. Ere her limbs frigidly,
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!
Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.
15. Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast.
16. Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!



ELIZABETH
BARRETT BROWNING

BROWNING

ALFRED
TENNYSON

GEORGE ELIOT.

EDWARD GEORGE BURNES LYONS

33-111111
ASTOR. LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

William IV.

Victoria.

WORKS.

Essay on Mind and other Poems.

Prometheus Bound.

The Seraphim, and other Poems.

The Romaunt of the Page.

A Drama of Exile.

The Sonnets from the Portuguese.

Poems before Congress.

Last Poems.

A Vision of Poets.

Rhyme of the Duchess May.

Bertha in the Lane.

Cowper's Grave.

The Cry of the Children.

Casa Guidi Windows.

Aurora Leigh.

Mother and Poet.

“Really I do not see how Mr. Browning can suppose that he has an earthly wife. She is of the elfin race, and will flit away from him some day when he least thinks of it. She is a good and kind fairy.—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*”

“The most fragile of beings, yet essaying to reach the infinite; all ethereal, yet all human, the idol of her kindred, the most beloved of minstrels and of women.”—*Welsh.*

Even in this day when lives of public people and private people, important lives and lives of no importance, are given to the world before their graves are green, when nothing seems too trivial to tell, and nothing sacred enough to keep back; when desks are rifled of private notes and painful records; when the blue ribbon is snapped that kept inviolate the treasured love-letters, and all is spread before a vulgar, curious public, even in this day of indecent exposure, we know nothing more of Mrs. Browning than she herself, with her delicate, womanly shrinking from publicity, would have us know.

Sweet thrush among the leaves! Let us be glad that it is so, and hope that it will always be so; that no rude hand will unveil the sorrows that enriched her verses and our lives with their costly experience; or try to

bring her life-story any nearer than she has brought it in her poems.

But such facts of her history as were known to her friends, and her appearance and manner as they knew her, we may well seek to be acquainted with, for has she not made friends of us all?

The short memorials of her within my reach quarrel about the place and date of her birth; one says, "Elizabeth Barrett was born in London, 1809;" another, "born near Ledbury, Herefordshire, 1805;" while still another mentions Durham as her birthplace.* These inaccuracies do not specially concern us, and we go on to glean from the scanty records that she was educated in a most thorough and masculine way, more like the boys of Rugby and Eton and the Oxford and Cambridge students, than even the "college-girls" of our own advanced day.

But while her poetry shows such familiarity with the language and literature of many lands (especially the Greek), thus proving the intellectual discipline of her school days, it seems to betray, too, a sweet, close, and life-long intimacy with nature. You can not read *The Deserted Garden*, *The Romance of the Swan's Nest*, *Hector in the Garden*, or *The Lost Bower*, without being sure that whatever else she learned in childhood, her early and constant companions were fields and hills and woods and streams.

Elizabeth Barrett became an authoress at seventeen, according to one of our dates; at twenty-one according to the other. And what did she write? Not a love story in three volumes, nor an ode to the night-wind,

* A maker of "Birthday Books" in Boston, wrote to Browning to ask the date of his wife's birth. His reply was, "I really never had the curiosity to inquire."

but an *Essay on Mind*, and then a translation from Æschylus, of Prometheus Bound.

No wonder she was so small—"The smallest lady alive," as Robert Browning wrote, of one of his heroines, thinking perhaps of this wee wife. No wonder she was so small, with such an unreasonable weight of learning upon her little head.

It was some years after these first publications that Mary Russell Mitford met her, and took her into that sunny friendship which included so many other remarkable people. And later, Miss Mitford writes of Mrs. Browning and of the first impressions she had made upon her as enthusiastically as a girl might do: "She was certainly one of the most interesting persons I had ever seen; everybody who then saw her said the same, so that it is not merely the impression of my partiality or my enthusiasm. Of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large, tender eyes, richly fringed by dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam, and a look of such youthfulness that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend that this translatress of Prometheus, this authoress of the *Essay on Mind*, was old enough to be introduced into company."

Miss Mitford then tells, with a tender reticence, of the great sorrow that fell upon the young poetess, from which her sensitive spirit never fully recovered. On account of the delicate condition of her lungs, Miss Barrett went to Torquay, the most sheltered and salubrious spot in all England, accompanied by a party of kindred and friends. "One fine summer morning," says Miss Mitford, "her favorite brother, together with two other fine young men, his friends, embarked on

board a small sailing vessel for a trip of a few hours. Excellent sailors all, and familiar with the coast, they sent back the boatman, and undertook themselves the management of the little craft. Danger was not dreamt of by any one. After the catastrophe no one could divine the cause, but in a few minutes after their embarkation, and in sight of their very windows, the boat went down, and all who were in her perished. Even the bodies were never found."

It seemed as if the grief and horror which overwhelmed the poor invalid, who morbidly felt herself to be the cause of the tragedy, would prove more fatal than disease, for she was carried back to London in almost hopeless ill-health.

The biographers ascribe the preservation of her life to the passionate interest she felt in her studies, but the Christian reader of her poems knows it was something higher that brought her sustaining comfort in this hour of darkness.

* * * "Nay, none of these.
 Speak Thou, availing Christ, and fill this pause."
 "Speak to me low, my Saviour, low and sweet;
 From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low."
 "O, pusillanimous heart, be comforted!
 And, like a cheerful traveler, take the road,
 Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
 Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
 To meet the flints, at least it may be said,
 'Because the way is short, I thank Thee, God.'"
 "And my great Father, thinking fit to bruise,
 Discerns in speechless tears both prayer and praise."

Borne away from Torquay, where the sight and sound of the waves aggravated her anguish, she returned to London, "and began," Miss Mitford says, "the life which she continued for so many years, confined to one large and commodious, but darkened chamber, admitting only her own affectionate family and a few devoted

friends; reading almost every book worth reading, in almost every language, and giving herself, heart and soul, to that poetry of which she seemed born to be the priestess."

The story of Elizabeth Barrett's first meeting with the poet Robert Browning has been told, and contradicted, and told again; but it will find acceptance wherever young hearts beat high with sympathy and romance. One of the most popular of her poems, *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, contains a delicately-wrought compliment to Browning, whom it is said she had never met. You remember the poet-hero of the rhyme takes the fair Geraldine out to the sun-lit hillside, and reads aloud at her bidding Wordsworth or Tennyson,

"Or from Browning some 'Pomegranate,' which, if cut deep down the middle,
Shows a heart within, blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity."

Browning, the story runs, called to thank the writer of the verses for his compliment, not knowing that she never left her darkened chamber, and saw nobody but near friends. By the mistake of a new servant who admitted him, he was brought into Miss Barrett's presence, was not refused when he continued to seek admittance, and was soon a victorious lover.

But she tells her own love story in the most beautiful and touching manner in the forty-four love sonnets. The name, *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, is like the veil which saves the bride's feelings without hiding her blushes.

The married poets went at once to Florence, where Mrs. Browning regained such abundant health that she was able to speak to Miss Mitford "of long rambles, of losing herself in chestnut forests, and scrambling on mule back up the sources of extinct volcanoes." Yet

she could never have been anything but fragile-looking, for our novelist, Hawthorne, says, after meeting her in Florence, that he wonders how Browning can think he has an earthly wife; to him she seems an elf or fairy, that might take wing and flit at any time.

No wonder she loved Italy and crowned it with wreaths of patriotic verse, for life and love and happiness, wife-hood and mother-hood, bloomed for her there. One child only was given to her, the young Robert Browning, of whom we now hear promises of distinction in another line of art.

The praise of Mrs. Browning's genius came to her from many lands; not, as she pathetically says in *Aurora Leigh*, as to some who

" Sit still
On winter nights by solitary fires,
And hear the nations praising them far off; "

but as a sweet strain of music which floats through the open window of some happy home.

Yet, even in this down-lined nest, even in the sunlight of domestic bliss and of unmeasured success, there rested upon her the shadow of a great sorrow. Just what it was we do not know, I trust will not know, since she herself did not name it, ever concealed the cause of her anguish, though she could not hide the sting. It is enough to say as we pass this point in her story with averted eyes, that it came from the unyielding displeasure and coldness of a father whom she passionately loved.

Fifteen years of happy life were lengthened out to her, in the sweet climate of her adopted home, and then the delicately fashioned tabernacle gave way about the ardent soul, and left it free to put on immortality. Mrs.

Browning died in Florence, June 29th, 1861, "half an hour after daybreak," and just as the light of freedom was dawning upon her dear Italy.

Let us away with criticism for the present. Let the high romance, the pure-hearted passion, the eloquent patriotism, above all the deep piety—which breathe in her verse, have leave to stir us unhindered by questions of form or taste. The poet's work for young minds and hearts is to rouse elevating and inspiring impulses; the trained ear that is offended by the faulty rhyme and rhythm, so often found in the sweetest of poems, will come afterward.

Young readers may not at first find themselves interested in Mrs. Browning's long poems, *Aurora Leigh*, *Casa Guidi Windows*, etc., but after reading *Mother and Poet*, *Bertha in the Lane*, *A Child's Grave at Florence*, *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, *A Woman's Shortcomings*, *Only a Curl*, and others of like tone, they may perhaps agree with what an enthusiastic lover of Mrs. Browning said to me twenty-five years ago: "What a pity that Victoria, the woman sovereign of the age, did not make the woman poet of the age her Poetess Laureate!"—*E. P. P. Allan (Electra.)*

HISTORY REVIEW.

Name ten leading events in Victoria's reign.

MOTHER AND POET.

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
 And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
 Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast
 And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
 Let none look at me!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
 And good at my art, for a woman, men said;
 But this woman, this, who is agonized here,
 The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
 Forever instead.

What art can a woman be good at? O, vain!
 What art is she good at but hurting her breast
 With the milk teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain?
 Ah, boys, how you hurt! you were strong as you pressed,
 And I proud by that test.

What's art for a woman? To hold on her knee
 Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her throat
 Cling, strangle a little! to sew by degrees
 And 'broider the long-clothes and neat little coat;
 To dream and to dote.

To teach them—It stings there! I made them indeed
 Speak plain the word "country," I taught them, no doubt,
 That a country's a thing men should die for at need.
 I prated of liberty, rights and about
 The tyrant cast out.

And when their eyes flashed . . . O my beautiful eyes! . . .
 I exulted; nay let them go forth at the wheels
 Of the guns, and denied not.—But then the surprise,
 When one sits quite alone!—Then, one weeps, then one kneels!
 God! how the house feels!

—At first happy news came, in gay letters mailed
 With my kisses, of camp-life, and glory, and how
 They both loved me, and soon, coming home to be spoiled,
 In return would fan off every fly from my brow
 With their green laurel-bough.

Then was triumph at Turin: "Ancona was free."
 And some one came out of the cheers in the street
 With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.
 —My Guido was dead!—I fell down at his feet,
 While they cheered in the street.

I bore it:—friends soothed me: my grief looked sublime
 As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
 To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time
 When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained
 To the height he had gained.

And letters still came,—shorter, sadder, more strong,
 Writ now but in one hand: "I was not to faint.
 One loved me for two—would be with me ere long:
 And 'Viva Italia' he died for, our saint,
 Who forbids our complaint."

My Nanni would add "he was safe, and aware
 Of a presence that turned off the balls—was imprest

It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,
And how 'twas impossible, quite disposed,
To live on for the rest.

On which without pause up the telegraph line
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta—"Shot.
Tell his mother." Ah, ah, "his" "their" mother: not "mine."
No voice says "my mother" again to me. What!
You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with heaven,
They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
Through that Love and Sorrow which reconciled so
The above and below.

O Christ, of the seven wounds, who look'dst through the dark
To the face of thy mother, consider, I pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,
Whose sons not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,
And no last word to say!

Both boys dead! but that's out of nature. We all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.
'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall.
And when Italy's made, for what end is it done
If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?
When the fair, wicked queen sits no more at her sport
Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men,
When your guns at Cavalli with final retort
Have cut the game short,—

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
When your flag takes all heaven for its white, red and green,
When you have your country from mountain to sea,
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
(And I have my dead.)—

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,
And burn your lights faintly! My country is there,
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow,
My Italy's there,—with my brave civic pair,
To disfranchise despair!

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn.
But the birth pangs of nations will wring us at length
Into such wail as this!—and we sit on forlorn
When the man-child is born.

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the east.
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Both! both my boys!—If in keeping the feast
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at me!

EDWARD GEORGE LYTTON BULWER.

(Lord Lytton.)

1803.

1873.

Victoria.

WORKS.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------|
| Ismael, an Oriental Tale. (Poem.) | Alice or the Mysteries. |
| Weeds and Wild Flowers. (Poems.) | Athens. |
| O'Neill, or the Rebel. (Poem.) | Lella, or the Seige of Grenada. |
| Falkland. (First novel.) | Calderon the Courtier. |
| Pelham, or The Adventures of a Gentleman. | Night and Morning. |
| The Disowned. | Day and Night. |
| Devereux. | Lights and Shadows. |
| Paul Clifford. | Glimmer and Gloom. |
| The Siamese Twins. (Poem.) | Zanoni. |
| Milton. (Poem.) | Eva, the Ill-omened Marriage, and other Tales and Poems. |
| Eugene Aram. | The Last of the Barons. |
| Godolphin. | The New Simon. |
| The Student. | Lucretia, or the Children of Night. |
| England and the English. | A Word to the Public. |
| The Pilgrims of the Rhine. | The Caxtons. |
| The Last Days of Pompeii. | Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings. |
| Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes. | King Arthur, by the Author of the New Simon. |
| The Crisis. | A Strange Story. |
| Ernest Maltravers. | The Sea Captain. |
| Plays. { The Duchess of La Valliere. | Money. } Plays. |
| { The Lady of Lyons. | Not so Bad as We Seem. } |
| { Richelieu. | The Coming Race. |
| My Novel, or Varieties of English Life. | The Parisians. |
| What Will He Do with It? | Kenelm Chillingly. |
| Caxtoniana. | Pausanias, the Spartan. (Unfinish'd. |
| The Lost Tales of Miletus. | Life, Letters and Literary Remains. |
| Walpole; or, Every Man has His Price. | (Edited by his son.) |

"His style is vicious from excess of virtue. weak from repletion of strength. Every word is a point, every clause a beauty, the close of every sentence a climax."—*Gilfillan*.

"Bulwer, like Byron, is a distinguished dandy. Like him, too, he has been separated from his wife; like him, he is liberal in his politics. And while Byron, by way of doing penance, threw his jaded system into the Greek war, Bulwer has with better result leaped into a tub of cold water!"

"He is envied and abused for nothing, I believe, except for the superiority of his genius, and the brilliant literary success it commands. He is to his friends the most frank and noble creature in the world."—*Lady Blessington*.

Lord Lytton was the youngest son of General Bulwer of Hayden Hall, and Elizabeth Lytton, heiress of Knebworth. He was born on the 25th of May, 1803, in Norfolk, where his ancestors, for generations removed, had lived before, and where his great aunts had received instruction from Eugene Aram, the self-taught scholar, whose strange story of crime Bulwer himself so well told many years afterward.

The Bulwers were genial country gentlemen, warm-hearted and loving, but, alas, not always loving wisely or legitimately. The literary talent came from the Lyttons. Richard Lytton, his maternal grandfather, was noted for his learning and scholarship, while it is told of his wife that she had read but two books,—her Bible and Jane Shore. The number of unhappy marriages on both sides of the house which resulted in separations would be tragic, but for the many amusing episodes in each. Bulwer's mother was a very child in nature and looks, and used often to entertain her son with her old love affairs. She was very young when she met General Bulwer, and he was over forty. He had a bad temper and suffered from gout. She was nervous and delicate, and the love, if any, which she bore her husband soon turned to terror. He died when our Lord Lytton was a baby in arms. Here is the account he gives of his father's death as was told him when he was older. :

"He turned to the wall, and asked for some tea. My mother went to prepare it, and when she returned he was in a gentle sleep. She stole from the room softly, not to disturb him. But from that sleep he

never woke—within an hour from the time she left him he was no more. His favorite little spaniel which sat on his pillow would not quit his remains, and when they were placed out of sight in the coffin, it crept under the pall and died.

“Peace to thy dust, O my Father! Faults thou hadst, but those rather of temper than heart. If thou did'st fail to give happiness to the woman whom thou did'st love, many a man is guilty of a similar failure. Nor do I think thou wast aware of the unhappiness thou did'st occasion, but on the whole contented thyself, did'st want nothing but the delicate fact to perceive that in marriage content is not always reciprocal. For the rest thy courage was without question, and thine honor without stain.”

Bulwer, thus early orphaned, lived with only the two ladies for companions—his mother and grand-mother. His teachers were pedants, his schoolmates rough and unfeeling. His sensitive nature had a hard time of it. He learned little from his master, but gained his stock of information from his grand-father's library. At seventeen he fell madly in love, but the young lady's father protesting against his attentions to his daughter, she was forced into a marriage against her will, and Bulwer was left to mourn his unhappy lot. Then he fell in love with Lady Caroline Lamb. She was thirty or forty, much older than he was, but looked younger. She had a slight, rounded figure and a child-like way of wearing her pale golden hair in loose curls. She had large hazel eyes, good teeth and a pleasant laugh. Her conversation was charming, and Byron said she was the only woman he knew who never bored him. He “fell out with her” in a fit of jealousy and afterwards fell in

love with pretty Rosina Wheeler. His mother first called his attention to the singularly beautiful face, but when she learned that her father and mother had separated, she violently opposed her son's attentions; but in spite of his great love for his mother and his dislike of doing anything that would grieve her, he insisted upon marrying her. His income was cut off by his mother, so he was forced to begin writing for his bread. The close confinement told upon his health. Then the vulgar quarrels soon began which ended the marriage. His temperament was by nature sensitive and irritable. He had in his veins the mixed blood of the Bulwers and Lyttons, hot and turbulent, and at times perfectly uncontrollable. One instance is recorded where, in a fit of anger, he bit his wife's cheek until the blood flowed freely. "All the petty household worries were to his exasperated brain what frictions and jostlings are to highly inflamed flesh. His wife had little of his society. He was nearly always writing or making preparation for writing, and when they were together his nervous irritability vented itself at every unwelcome circumstance in complaints, or taunts, or fits of anger. To harsh words and unjust reproaches his wife returned meek replies. Any distress his conduct occasioned her she concealed from him. She was studious to please him, and endeavored to anticipate every want and wish. Her gentleness and forbearance increased his gratitude and devotion to her, and whenever he perceived that she was wounded he was full of remorse." Her children were taken from her and not allowed to be nursed at home. "Losing this satisfaction to her affections, unless she had company in the house she was lonely." Neither saw whither the divided life was tending. Then followed

the separation and a life-long quarrel. Bulwer never could tell the story, but Lady Lytton did. She seemed half maddened by her wrongs and repeated her side of the quarrel, and even issued pamphlets calling upon the women of England to take up her quarrel. This they never did, but, on the contrary, seemed to give their sympathies to the husband. His conduct throughout the quarrel "was remarkable for its quiet, indomitable patience and dignity." Let the veil drop over their blighted lives. We know nothing more than the son, Owen Meredith, anxious to cover the faults of both, has chosen to give us.

But in spite of all said against him Bulwer won his way, and gained a place in the first rank of English novelists.

Lady Blessington said that in Paris during the very heat of the Revolution, while the balls were striking the walls, she forgot all danger while reading *Falkland*, a tale of love and passion after Byron's style, and which should never have been published.

His mind was prolific and he seemed never to exhaust his thoughts. He said, "If I live for a million years, I could not exhaust a millionth part of my thoughts. I know that I must be immortal, if only because I think."

His *Pilgrims of the Rhine* is accurate and fanciful, and the fact that Bulwer wrote it before he ever saw the Rhine proves the power of imagination over mere description. His *Lady of Lyons* and *Richelieu*, are among the most popular plays now acted. He commenced to rhyme when only five or six years old, and his first volume of poems was published when he was seventeen, but these boyish rhymes were merely imitative. He was anxious to be a poet, but he never succeeded. He was more

ambitious to be a politician than a literary success. He obtained a seat in the House of Commons, and afterwards the honor of baronetcy was conferred upon him. His few parliamentary speeches were able and comprehensive.

There is a striking contrast in the works of his early life and those he wrote in later years. It is said he became heartily ashamed of the passion and immorality of the first, and tried to atone for this in the last. Among his later novels are *The Caxtons*, *My Novel* and *What Will He Do With It?* He worked himself free of the affectation and faults of his early manner, and displayed matured powers, with deeper and broader sympathies and a wiser philosophy of human life.

He died at Torquay, in 1873, and was interred at Westminster Abbey. He was seized with a violent pain in his head—inflammation of the ear—and died suddenly, after only three days' illness. His death was much regretted. He was at the head of English literature, unless we except Carlyle, and his works were popular all over Europe.

What sovereigns were on the throne of England when Bulwer, Bunyan, Butler, Baxter, Carlyle, Spenser, Milton and Jonson wrote?

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

1836.

1879.

Victoria.

WORKS.

Hymns.
Lyrics.
Little Pillows.
Morning Bells.
My King.

Blossoms of a Believer's Garden.
Kept for the Master's Use.
The Royal Invitation.
Royal Commandments.

“The ideal woman is one, who, to gentleness of manner and sweetness of natural disposition, adds the graces of intellectual culture, and the adornments of Christian faith and love,” and such a woman was Frances Ridley Havergal. Personal beauty and mental accomplishments impart a certain charm to women, but they cannot kindle that light which is the highest type of female loveliness and which can only be imparted by those graces possessed by a noble Christian woman.

Frances Ridley Havergal had the good fortune to be the child of Christian parents, and to have been born in a home of comfort, of refinement and of very tender affection. She was the daughter of William Henry Havergal, rector of Astley, and was the youngest of six children. She was remarkably pretty, bright and active during her infancy, then she grew into a fairy-like child, so mentally precocious as to be able to read correctly and to write in a round hand when only four years old; when five, she studied French and music; when seven, she spoke German, having learned it by hearing the professor teach her older sister; before she was nine, she wrote poetry almost perfect in rhyme and rhythm.

Yet Frances was not a studious, plodding child; it was natural for her to acquire knowledge. She lived a free, gladsome life, bright and merry in the home circle, wild as a boy in out-door sports,—her chief delight being climbing trees and scaling walls. When she was ten she left the country and became, as her father expressed it, “a caged lark” in a city rectory, and we can readily see how the child fretted against such restrictions, and must have pined for the old and gladsome life again.

When she was eleven she was called to drink the first cup of bitter earthly grief—the loss of a fond, gentle, loving mother. For a time she was so disconsolate that her father deemed it advisable to take her on a trip through Wales. This served to divert her mind, and she regained, in a measure, her animal spirits, though at times her grief was very great. She says, “A merry laugh or a sudden scamper led others to think I had not many sad thoughts, whereas not a minute before my little heart was heavy and sad.”

When thirteen years old she was sent to a young ladies' school, at Belmont, which was conducted by a Mrs. Leed, who was a Christian woman in every sense of the word. The spirit of the institution was religious, and while the pupils were taught to acquire secular knowledge they were also taught how much more important it was to “know God and His Son, Jesus Christ.” No one can estimate the good influences of this school, nor how far they were instrumental in giving us this model of Christian womanhood. Her father married when she was fifteen. This wife was also a noble Christian woman, rich in mind and heart, and proved a life-long friend to Frances.

After her father's marriage she went to school near

Worcester, and then at Dusseldorf. Here she diligently pursued her study of French, German, Italian, Greek and Hebrew. At Düsseldorf she stood first among one hundred and ten pupils. Her teachers thought her an unusually gifted pupil. Her school life terminated in 1853, but not her pursuit of knowledge. She taught for a while in a private family, but this period of her life is marked by no striking incident. She became a great Bible reader and knew by heart the whole of the Gospels, Epistles, Revelation, the Psalms, Isaiah and the minor prophets. She was a conscientious Christian, and was constantly reproaching herself for not doing her full duty. Her standard of action was very high. Things of which many would take no note she regarded as serious offenses. Yet, she was for all this a happy Christian, for her acquaintances would constantly say, "Frances looks so happy, she must have something which we have not."

The last nine years of her life were very sad. She lost her father and beloved step-mother, and became an invalid herself, suffering fearfully from a painful and mortal disease. When very near her end her physician said, "Good-bye, I shall not see you again." She asked, "Do you really think I am going?" When he said, "Yes, probably to-day," she smiled and exclaimed, "Beautiful; too good to be true. It is splendid to be so near the gates of heaven." She was thrown into fearful convulsions; when they ceased, she nestled down in the pillows, folded her hands on her breast and said, "There now, it is all over—blessed rest!"

Not so much for her literary attainments do we cherish Frances Havergal, but for her consecration to Christ and to human good. Had she lived a selfish life, seeking her

pleasure in dress, in amusements, in gay assemblies, in the delights of this life, to whom would her life have been a rich guerdon? To young women it is especially valuable as showing them that when a woman adds the adornments of elevated piety to the charm of her personal attractions and intellectual gifts, she not only attains the highest degree of human happiness for herself, but is instrumental of such boundless good to others. Multitudes now call her blessed.

Only forty-two years were permitted this noble woman in the preparatory school of life, but she spent that time in good works for the benefit of others.

In reading her poems we are reminded again and again of Cowper. What might have been her fate had her childhood been as dreary and desolate as his!

Her poetry falls into two divisions, *Hymns for the Church* and *Lyrics for the Soul*.

Two charming little books of hers that all should possess and daily use are *Little Pillows*, with comforting verses of scriptures expounded, to rest upon at night, and *Morning Bells*, with comments to ring in the ears all day.

How many hearts have found comfort in these little books! How many have been led to lead better lives by reading them! Of her it may truly be said, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

HISTORY REVIEW.

Name all sovereigns of the Norman, Plantagenet, and Brunswick lines and whom they married.

GEORGE ELIOT.

(Marian Evans.)

1820.

1880.

Victoria.

WORKS.

Scenes of Clerical Life.

Adam Bede.

The Mill on the Floss.

Silas Warner.

Romola.

Felix Holt.

Middlemarch.

Daniel Deronda.

The Impressions of Theophrastus
Such.

Poems.

The Spanish Gypsy.

Agatha.

The Legend of Jubal and Other
Poems.

"If George Eliot had contributed nothing but *Adam Bede* to modern literature, she would have supplied humor, philosophy and pathos enough to enrich the thinking world for a century."—*The Times*.

In intellectual capacity, George Eliot stands head and shoulders above any woman of this or any other century.

Marian Evans was born on the 22nd of November, 1820, at Griff, in Warwickshire, not far from Stratford-on-Avon; and it is a remarkable coincidence that the only woman whose genius has ever been seriously compared with that of Shakespeare, was born in the same region of England, and even in the same county. This is another instance of the power locality has over mind.

Her father, Robert Evans, was land agent and surveyor, and is still remembered as a man of rare worth of character, and during his lifetime his reputation for probity and trustworthiness was almost proverbial. He is the Caleb Garth of *Middlemarch*, and he frequently appears in other of his daughter's writings. Marian Evans lost her mother when quite a young girl, so she remembered little about her, and missed all her life that influence which would doubtless have made her a better woman.

Her parents were Church of England people, and many still living in the community recall the little girl who always came to church with them, sat in the high-backed pew, and listened to the sermon with such grave attention. The person who exercised the greatest influence upon her mind, when she was growing up, was an aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Evans, the Dinah Morris of *Adam Bede*. She was a tiny little woman, over sixty years of age, with small dark eyes, and hair a beautiful gray; a pretty woman she must have been in youth, but a person of strong excitability, and for that reason, often indiscreet in her zeal. She was a good woman, a Methodist preacher in fact, as Dinah was. Marian Evans was at this time an excellent Bible scholar and much concerned about her spiritual condition, and afterwards she became a Sunday-school teacher; but by the time she was sixteen years old her philosophical proclivities had become distinctly manifest, and when she was eighteen she was deep in German metaphysics. If this be true, it is unjust to lay the blame of her change in religious beliefs to Herbert Spencer's influence. They were only kindred minds that thought in common.

Marian's father determined to have her educated to the best of his ability. She was sent to a boarding-school in Coventry kept by Miss Franklin, and immediately she became a favorite with teachers and pupils. So popular was she in fact with her schoolmates that they quarreled as to who should walk with her, and the teachers were forced to settle the disputes by making it depend upon alphabetical succession. She learned everything with ease and was passionately fond of music and became a thoroughly accomplished pianist. She was always very sensitive about her looks. She was

intensely ugly. There was not a single feature of her face or figure that was pleasing, and yet so charming was she in conversation, and so lovely and unselfish in character that she was universally beloved. One of her attractions was a low, soft voice, and a peculiarly sweet and winning smile. It is not known how long she remained at this school of Miss Franklin's, but in 1841 we find her living alone with her father, all the brothers and sisters having married and moved away. She was a devoted daughter and an excellent housekeeper.

She was not content to be idle, and during these years she studied Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian, Hebrew and Russian. She kept up her music besides and became an excellent organist, taking lessons under the renowned Mr. Simm, of St. Michael's, at Coventry. When at school, Marian showed no special talent for writing, and it was not until she was settled at Foleshill that she developed any gift in this respect. She translated Strauss' "Leben Jesu," and so successful was she with it that Strauss himself complimented her upon her effort.* She tried other translations with like success.

Her father's death occurred in 1849, and she was persuaded to take a continental tour with her friends, the Brays. She stopped at Geneva for a year, and on her return to England made her home with them until Dr. Chapman persuaded her to go to London and assist him to edit the *Westminster Review*. She became an inmate of the Chapman home, and was treated there as a daughter. Their interests became her interest. Her stay there was an important epoch in her life, for there it was she met those who influenced her after life, Herbert Spencer and George Henry Lewes.

George Henry Lewes was a member of that brilliant

*It was undoubtedly the translation of this book that first upset her religious faith.

circle that met at Dr. Chapman's. He soon became Marian Evans' confidant and literary adviser. But for him she would never have written a novel. All her manuscripts passed through his hands before they were given to the public, and he at once became her critic and her inspiration.

His wife had eloped with a foreigner, but had returned to him and been forgiven. She eloped a second time, and the laws of England forbade a divorce because he had once received her after a similar offense. He could not marry another without a divorce and he rebelled against a law that forbade the marriage vow. He defied this law and received Marian Evans as his wife, and she was always called Mrs. Lewes by his friends.*

There seems to have been the most perfect community of tastes and sympathies between them, and the result was the rarest form of domestic happiness. She made a loving mother to the children of the first wife, and cheerfully helped in the support of the faithless one. She was conscious that in the eyes of the world she had erred greatly; her own conscience did not reproach her, for she felt that circumstances had forced her to take the step. She did not, like George Sand, advocate this mode of marriage, this defiance of God's and man's laws, for in writing to a friend she said, "If there is any one action or relation of my life which is, and always has been, profoundly serious, it is my relation to Mr. Lewes. I am ignorant of your precise views on this question, but apparently you attribute to me both feelings and opinions which are not mine. Light and easily broken ties are what I neither desire

* *Adam Bede* was inscribed. "To my dear husband, George Henry Lewes, I give this manuscript of a book which would never have been written but for the happiness which his love has conferred on me."

theoretically nor could live for practically. Women who are satisfied with such ties do not act as I have done. I am conscious there are many who pronounce my relation to Mr. Lewes immoral, and I am not uncharitable enough to condemn them. We are leading no life of self-indulgence except in being happy in each other's company. We are working hard to provide for others better than we provide for ourselves, and to fulfill every responsibility that lies upon us."

Mr. Lewes in a letter to a friend of his writes thus about her, "I owe Spencer another and deeper debt. It was through him that I learned to know my Marian,—to know her was to love her,—and since then my life has been a new birth. To her I owe all my prosperity, and all my happiness. God bless her."

We wish it were possible to pass over this period in George Eliot's life. We must condemn in unqualified terms the weakness of moral character that allowed her to defy God's law. It has been said by some in extenuation of her guilt, that Mrs. Lewes died and the marriage did take place at last, but there is no foundation for this statement, as Mrs. Lewes is still living in London.

George Eliot excluded herself from society, and refused all invitations to meet with literary people. She enjoyed the gatherings at her own house, and was appreciated by the learned men and women of her day. We can imagine how one with her keen sensibilities must have suffered. Besides this she had been afflicted for many years with ill health, and the record of all her sufferings was at times oppressive. We can't help wondering sometimes what sort of books she would have written had she been well and strong.

Finally Mr. Lewes died, and the desolation of her life

told strongly upon her health and spirits. There was only one entry in her diary that year, "Here I and sorrow sit." She saw no one, she wrote to no one, she had thoughts for no one but her dead. Then Mr. Cross, an old and valued friend, was allowed to come, and her gentle nature was glad to find a strong arm upon which to lean. He advised with her, and comforted her in many ways, but it was no less a great shock to all who knew her, when in less than a year and a half after Mrs. Lewis' death her marriage to Mr. Cross was announced. He was twenty years younger than she was, but there seemed to be a bond of mutual dependence and love between them. After a charming trip abroad, she returned to England, her health entirely restored, but in a few months a sudden attack of heart trouble carried her off without a warning.

No one can deny the moral tone of George Eliot's books, Felix Holt excepted. In regard to marriage the spirit of her writings convey an almost "sacramental conception of its binding sacredness." What a pity then that her own life should weaken the authority of the teachings implied in her books.

Her *Scenes of Clerical Life* first appeared in Blackwood's Magazine and it was to this she first signed herself George Eliot. The editor of the magazine, an astute critic, was himself deceived, and so were many others, but Dickens suspected the disguise from the first, and said he detected a woman's touch, for her female characters were far more perfect than her men's. She saw only the outside of the latter, while treating of her own sex, she seemed to know their very hearts.

Adam Bede, The Mill on the Floss, Silas Marner, Romola, Felix Holt, Middlemarch, Daniel Deronda, and

Theophrastus Such, soon followed. It is true there was an interval in her novel writing, when her attention was turned to poetry. She thought this of higher value than her prose, but it is not generally so considered. George Eliot, the poetess, would never have been known, while George Eliot, the novelist, has a reputation second to none.

The price received for her works was fabulous; for *Middlemarch* alone she had \$100,000. Yet she did not work for fame or fortune; she had means enough without; she worked purely for the love of art. Just as soon as one of her books was published she had the manuscript handsomely bound and placed in her library. She was noted for her charity and always lent a helping hand to those struggling in the literary walks of life.

A late visitor to George Eliot's grave thus describes an interview she had with the old gravedigger there:—

“Good morning, Mr. Gravedigger.”

“Mornin’,” was the reply.

“Will you please direct us to George Eliot's grave?”

“Never 'eard of 'im.”

“Why, we mean George Eliot, the great writer.”

He paused and leaned on his shovel as if to recall something.

“Did 'e live in 'ighgate, mum?”

“Why, my good man, George Eliot was a woman, not a man. She was a great literary character, but she wrote under a man's name. All the world knows George Eliot. She's buried here somewhere.”

“Very sorry, mum, but I never 'eard of 'er, and what's more, I don't think much of a gal what takes a man's name, nohow.”

A plain marble shaft erected to her memory stands

in Highgate Cemetery, London. The only words on the slab are these:

GEORGE ELIOT.
 "Of those immortal dead who live again in minds
 made better by their presence."

These words are taken from one of her own short poems.

HISTORY REVIEW.

Give in order all the decisive battles of English history and explain points contested.

WIT AND WISDOM OF GEORGE ELIOT.

"Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning; but give me the man who has pluck to fight when he's sure of losing.—*Janet's Repentance.*

"I like to read about Moses best, in the Old Testament. He carried a hard business well through, and died when other folks were going to reap the fruits; a man must have courage to look at his life so, and think what'll come of it after he's dead and gone. A good, solid bit o' work lasts; if it's only laying a floor down, somebody's the better for it being done well, besides the man as does it."—*Adam Bede.*

"I can't abide to see men throw away their tools in that way, the minute the clock begins to strike, as if they took no pleasure i' their work, and was afraid o' doing a stroke too much. . . . I hate to see a man's arms drop down as if he was shot, before the clock's fairly struck, just as if he'd never a bit o' pride and delight in his work. The very grindstone 'ull go on turning a bit after you loose it."—*Adam Bede.*

"Some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' the day, but because there's summat wrong i' their inside."—*Adam Bede.*

"If you could make a pudding wi' thinking o' the batter, it 'ud be easy getting a dinner."—*Adam Bede.*

"I'm not denying the women are foolish: God Almighty made 'em to match the men."

"I have nothing to say agin Craig, on'y it is a pity he could na be hatched o'er again an' hatched different."

"No man can be wise on an empty stomach."

"It's easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient."—*Adam Bede*.

"I couldn't live in peace if I put the shadow of a wilful sin between myself and God."—*The Mill on the Floss*.

"Your trouble's easy borne when everybody gives it a lift for you."—*Felix Holt*.

"One must be poor to know the luxury of giving."—*Middlemarch*.

"What do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult to each other."—*Middlemarch*.

"Our words have wings but fly not where we would."—*The Spanish Gypsy*.

"In every parting there is an image of death."—*Amos Barton*.

"O the anguish of that thought that we can never atone to our dead for the stinted affection we gave them, for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings, for the little reverence we showed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God had given us to know."—*Amos Barton*.

"Our dead are never dead to us until we have forgotten them; they can be injured by us, they can be wounded; they know all our penitence, all our aching sense that their place is empty, all the kisses we bestow on the smallest relic of their presence."—*Adam Bede*.

"It makes no difference—whether we live or die, we are in the presence of God."—*Adam Bede*.

EXTRACTS FROM GEORGE ELIOT'S LETTERS.

"On Friday we had Foxton, Wilson, and some other nice people, among others a Mr. Herbert Spencer, who has just brought out a large work on Social Statics which Lewes pronounces the best book he has seen on the subject."

"I went to the Opera Saturday with 'my excellent friend Herbert Spencer,' as Lewes calls him. We had agreed that we are not in love with each other, and that there is no reason why we should not have as much of each other's society as we like. He is a good, delightful creature, and I always feel better for being with him."

"My brightest spot next to my love for old friends is the deliciously calm new friendship that Herbert Spencer gives me. But for him my life would be desolate enough."

"People are very good to me, Mr. Lewes especially is kind and attentive—he is much better than he seems—a man of heart and conscience—wearing a mask of flippancy, but the wonder to me is how a man with such a scandalous story in his home can hold up his head in society."

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

(Earl of Beaconsfield.)

1804.

1881.

Victoria.

WORKS.

Vivian Grey.	Letters of Runnymede.
The Voyage of Papanilla.	Henrietta Temple.
The Young Duke.	Venetia.
Contarini Fleming.	Alcaros. (A tragedy.)
The Wondrous Tale of Alroy.	Coningby, or the New Generation.
The Rise of Iskander.	Sybil, or the two Nations.
Ixion in Heaven.	Tancred, or the New Crusade.
The Revolutionary Epic.	Lord George Bentinck.
The Crisis Examined.	Lothair.
Vindication of the English Constitution.	Endymion.

Benjamin Disraeli, the son of Isaac D'Israeli the author of "Curiosities of Literature," was born in London in 1804. His mother was Miss Lindo of wealthy descent. The son was privately educated and placed in a solicitor's office that he might gain some knowledge of business; but he preferred literature to law, and soon appeared as author of *Vivian Grey*. He traveled in Italy, Greece, Syria, Egypt, Nubia, and Turkey, spending a winter in Constantinople hunting up materials for his other works. He was anxious to secure a seat in Parliament but was unsuccessful in three efforts, although he finally obtained the long-coveted honor.

He married a widow, Mrs. Lewis, in 1839. She was sixteen years older, but the marriage was in every way a happy one. He had been very much in love with Miss Julia Daniels, and we can but rejoice that she did not return his affection, as Mrs. Lewis seemed

in every way so congenial to him, and inspired him with an ambition to succeed in everything. Miss Daniels was a cousin of his, a beautiful brunette. Her brother said she rejected Disraeli because of his recantation. Had they married he would never have been twice Prime Minister of England nor Earl of Beaconsfield. He once told his sister Sarah that he would never marry for love, because all men who did so either beat their wives or ran away from them. Mrs. Lewis was very, very rich, and it is said he frequently joked her by saying before company that he had married her for her money. Her invariable reply was, "Ah, but if you had to do it again you would do it for love!"

He often described her as a "perfect wife," ready to console him under disappointment or to enliven him in his darkest hours, and to rekindle hope when reduced to ashes.

He was never ashamed to acknowledge how much he owed to her. On one occasion, when speaking in public, he pointed to the gallery where she sat and said, "I owe to that woman all that I have ever accomplished." When she died, he said, "I have no longer a home." This great man preferred a grave in a quiet churchyard by the side of this loved wife to all the honors of Westminster Abbey.

Canon Farrar said he was anxious to call the attention of young men to the qualities which made Beaconsfield so memorable. He said, "Although I should be far from representing the character of Lord Beaconsfield as being in any sense an ideal character, or his career as an ideal career, yet, I think that it is a noble instinct which makes us desire to make men's virtues live in brass while we write their evil manners in water. However

serious may have been his faults, envy herself will, I think, admit that he had qualities which leave room for honest praise. Notice for instance the courage with which he stood by his own race. He never shrank from the name of Jew. He met with open scorn the sneers of those who scoffed at what he considered a distinction. He felt proud of a race that had given a prime minister to Pharoah four thousand years ago, a prime minister to Darius two thousand five hundred years ago, and a prime minister to England in the 19th century."

Many men of ignoble minds are ashamed to own their poor relations, but Disraeli throughout his entire career was never ashamed of his, nor did he blush to own brotherhood with them.

Again, we admire the reticence of his late years, and the almost unbroken silence and self-control with which during his premiership he endured a storm of obloquy. I think this power of remaining silent under attacks, arose from his superiority over transient popularity. He might have said with the great Lord Mansfield, "I will do my duty unawed. What have I to fear? The lies of calumny carry no terror to me. I wish popularity; but it is that popularity which follows, not which is run after. It is that popularity, which, sooner or later, never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means."

Again, it was the clearly defined individuality of Lord Beaconsfield which deepened the admiration of his contemporaries. We are all such echoes and reflections of one another, such slaves of general traditions, that it is a gain to national life when we find a man, who, amid the jostlings of opinions, will believe in himself, his own genius, his own determination; who knows that the

view of the multitude does but represent the opinion of the collective mediocrity, and dares to be in the right with two or three.

Again, there was nothing more remarkable than Lord Beaconsfield's strength of will. Young men may learn from him how invincible is the spirit which has the strength to say, "I will." He was undaunted by difficulties. Truly, if he had feared difficulties, he would not have died an acknowledged leader of men.

A Jew, the son of an author of limited means, without rank, without connections, without public school training, without university education, beginning life as an articled clerk, long hampered by debts, with no advantages of person, with no overwhelming power of oratory, with some disadvantages of manner, he yet determined to become the leader of the proudest aristocracy in the world.

By steady perseverance, by genius, by patience, by watchfulness, by daring, he burst through these obstacles and died an earl, a Knight of the Garter, a man who swayed cabinets and parliaments, the friend of his sovereign, and the favorite of his nation.

In opening life, his mistakes, his inconsistencies, his quarrels, were such as would have crushed any ordinary man. But he never quailed, though often he had to fight single-handed against a multitude of most formidable antagonists.

His first speech in the House of Commons was met with ridicule. He stopped in the middle of a sentence, lifted his hand, and cried above the tumult, "I have begun several times many things, and yet have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you *shall* hear me!"

A characteristic of this eminent man even from boyhood was to aim at nothing short of the highest.

“Let young men learn from him not to be easily daunted. The world comes round to him who knows how to wait.”

He was the first of his family to write his name Disraeli. He had a fondness for display which lasted through life. He delighted in expensive jewelry and glittering chains, which he wore twisted about his neck, His neckties were always of the brightest descriptions. He wore his hair in a very peculiar way, in long spiral ringlets and always parted in the middle. He dressed in the height of fashion.

Queen Victoria was very fond of the Earl of Beaconsfield and delighted to do him honor. When he first appeared in the House of Lords she insisted upon opening Parliament herself. It has been said that the Earl even aspired to the queen's hand, and but for Gladstone's interference, would have been successful in his suit.

Contarini Fleming, a Psychological Romance, is a very improbable story, but abounds in passages of fine imagination and description. The hero is Disraeli himself, revelling in scenes of future greatness, and by the brilliancy of his intellect and force of his will tramples down all opposition.

In 1870 appeared his *Lothair* which astonished the world on account of its weakness. His *Endymion* appeared just one year before his death.

HISTORY REVIEW.

Review the good acts of Victoria's reign.

WIT AND WISDOM OF THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

- "I believe absence is often a great element of charm."—*Endymion*.
- "It isn't calling your neighbors names that settles a question."—*Sybil*.
- "Departures should be sudden."—*Coningsby*.
- "Action may not always bring happiness; but there is no happiness without action."—*Lothair*.
- "Despair is the conclusion of fools."—*Sybil*.
- "There is no education like adversity."—*Endymion*.
- "Advice is not a popular thing to give."—*Lothair*.
- "Bookworms do not make Chancellors of State."—*Endymion*.
- "The church has no fear of just reasoners."—*Contarini Fleming*.
- "A pure conscience may defy city gossips."—*Tancred*.
- "Man is not the creature of circumstances, circumstances are the creatures of men."—*Vivian Grey*.
- "To be conscious you are ignorant, is a great step to knowledge."—*Vivian Grey*.
- "The day before marriage and the hour before death is when a man thinks least of his purse and most of his neighbor."—*Vivian Grey*.
- "Everything comes if a man will only wait."—*Tancred*.
- "Variety is the mother of enjoyment."—*Vivian Grey*.
- "Pearls are like girls they require so much attention."—*Lothair*.
- "Questions are always easy."—*Sybil*.
- "A frying egg will not wait for the King of Cordova."
- "The fool wonders, the wise man asks."
- "An obedient wife commands her husband."
- "What a wise physician was Æsculapius! Physic was his abhorrence. He was never known to prescribe a drug. When he visited Proserpine, he neither examined her tongue, nor felt her pulse, but gave her an account of a fancy ball, which he attended the last evening he passed on terra firma."—*The Infernal Marriage*.
- "A female friend, amiable, clever, and devoted, is a possession more valuable than parks and palaces; and, without such a muse, few men can succeed in life, none be content."—*Henrietta Temple*.
- "Talk to women as much as you can. This is the best school. This is the way to gain fluency, because you need not care what you say, and had better not be sensible."—*Contarini Fleming*.
- "When little is done, little is said. Silence is the mother of truth."—*Tancred*.
- "If any person differ from you, bow and turn the conversation. In society never think; always be on the watch or you will miss many opportunities and say many disagreeable things. Talk to women; talk to women as much as you can. This is the best school. This is the way to gain fluency."
- "Fear God; morning and night let nothing induce you ever to omit your prayers to Him. You will find that praying will make you happy. Obey your superiors; always treat your masters with respect. Ever speak the truth. So long as you adhere to this rule, you can never be involved in any serious misfortune. A deviation from truth is, in general, the foundation of all misery. Be kind to all of your companions, but be firm. Do not be laughed into doing what is wrong. Remember who you are and that it is your duty to excel. Think ever that you are born to perform great duties."—*Advice to a Boy Going to School*.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

1822.

1888.

Victoria.

WORKS.

Short Poems.	Sohrab and Rustum.
Buried Life.	Balder.
A Southern Night.	Cromwell.
Dover Beach.	The Strayed Revelers and other Poems.
A Wanderer is Man from His Birth.	St. Paul and Protestantism.
Rugby Chapel.	Culture and Anarchy.
Resignation.	Literature and Dogma.
East London.	Literature and Science.
The Better Part.	Empedocles on Ætna.
Lectures on Celtic Languages.	Merope.
Lectures on Translating Homer.	Tristram and Yseult.
Essays on Criticism.	Irish Essays.
Last Essays on Church and Religion.	Poems of Wordsworth.
An Essay on the Better Apprehension of the Bible.	Poetry of Byron.

Matthew Arnold, the son of the much loved Dr. Thomas Arnold, of Rugby fame, and of Mary Penrose, is frequently ranked next to Tennyson and Browning as a poet. "A poet at all points, armed cap-a-pie against criticism like Lord Tennyson, he was not; nor had his verse the boundless vitality, the fierce pulsation so characteristic of Browning. To those who cared for him at all, Mr. Arnold was the most useful poet of his day. He lived much nearer to us than poets of his distinction usually do. He lived neither above us nor away from us, consequently his verse tells and tingles. Beautiful, surpassingly beautiful some of his poetry is, but we seize upon the thought first and delight in the form afterwards. To open Mr. Arnold's poems is to escape a heated atmosphere, to get away from a loud-mouthed talking man into a shady retreat. It brings us the cool-

ness of falling water, the music of rustling trees. He is not a bulky poet—three volumes contain him. But hardly a page can be opened without the eye lighting on a verse which at one time or another has been either to you or to some one dear to you, an inspiration and comfort. There are finer sonnets in the English language, but few better sermons than his *East London* and *The Better Part*.

But it is not as a poet that we most value Matthew Arnold. His great power was as a critic, and his literary criticisms were at one time in great vogue. He has been called the “apostle of criticism.”

He did not live in London, but at Cobham, some distance south; however, he was frequently in London, and was one of the most popular writers who frequented there. His tall figure and characteristic face made him noticeable to every one, even when not recognized as Arnold the poet.

He distinguished himself by taking the Newdigate prize at Oxford on his poem, *Cromwell*. He was ten years a professor of poetry at Oxford, and then became private secretary to Lord Lansdowne; but he gave up this post to be married in 1851. His wife was Miss Wrightman, and her lovely character made the marriage in every way a happy one. “You should know my wife,” he once said, “she has all of my sweetness and none of my conceit.”

Soon after his marriage he became Inspector of Education, but in 1888 retired on a pension rendered for past services. It is supposed that the queen will continue the pension to his widow.

When Arnold came to America several years ago, he received a warm welcome and was gratified at the appre-

ciation shown of his lectures. His daughter married while in America and still lives here. On her father's return he wrote some very unflattering criticisms about us and our institutions. These criticisms were unlooked for and called forth indignant protestations. It is supposed the cause of his unfavorable opinion of Americans came from an increasing sympathy for Ireland and Gladstone's Home Rule Policy. He himself was a great liberal, but differed from Gladstone on the Irish question.

His later years were devoted to criticism almost entirely, and we nearly forget the poet when we think of *Literature and Dogma*.

When the news came of his death, many hearts were saddened, for no matter what his idiosyncrasies may have been, he was a scholar of very high rank, and well known to all the English-speaking world.

He was born at Laleham, in 1822, and died suddenly at Liverpool of heart disease. He had gone to meet his daughter who was coming from America to visit her old home. His property was small, as all of his gains had been squandered by a worthless son.

Laleham was a fit cradle for the poet. It is situated in picturesque beauty on the Thames. Here Arnold remained until he was six years old, then his father moved to Rugby. The life at Rugby was a contrast to that of Laleham—no dreaming contemplation there—all was the busy routine of the school for boys. From his father he inherited his poetic temperament, and his first effort in verse was when he wrote the poem for the prize scholarship at Baliol. This scholarship was hard to win and at no time was the honor contested for by a better and abler set of men. He lost the first

scholarship but won the Newdigate prize to which we have referred before.

Arnold was educated chiefly at Winchester, Rugby and Oxford. It is too early now to assign him a place in literature, but it will probably fall between Gray and Wordsworth.

The expression "the not ourselves which makes for righteousness" originated with him, and he defined religion as "morality touched with emotion." His well-known phrase "sweetness and light" was said not to have been original with him but to have been taken from Swift's "Battle of the Books."

In his earlier days he was much misunderstood. The Daily Telegraph called him "a prophet of the kid glove persuasion," and others said he was "a fine puss gentleman, all perfume," and quite unfit for the ordinary wear and tear of life. In reality, he was nothing of the kind.

He was a man of this life, and this world. A severe critic of this world he was, but finding himself in it, and not precisely knowing what was beyond it, like a brave and true-hearted man, he set himself to make the best of it. Its sights and sounds were all dear to him.

"When we come to know the private lives of the men of letters of this or rather the preceding generation, few will leave so pleasant an impression as Matthew Arnold; few will seem so livable with as he."

"We die as we do, not as we wish," but as we read Mr. Arnold's *Wish*, we feel that the manner of his death was much to his mind.

On a square plot of ground in Laleham churchyard he and his four children lie buried. A headstone of white marble has been placed over his grave bearing beneath a raised cross this inscription: "Matthew Ar-

nold, eldest son of the late Thomas Arnold, D. D., Head Master of Rugby School. Born December 24th, 1822. Died April 15th, 1888.

“There is sprung up a light for the righteous and joyful gladness for such as are true-hearted.”

HISTORY REVIEW.

Name the prominent men of letters in Victoria's reign.

DESIRE.

Thou, who dost dwell alone ;
 Thou, who dost know thine own ;
 Thou, to whom all are known,
 From the cradle to the grave,—
 Save, O, save !

From the world's temptations ;
 From tribulations ;
 From that fierce anguish
 Wherein we languish ;
 From that torpor deep
 Wherein we lie asleep,
 Heavy as death, cold as the grave,—
 Save, O, save !

When the soul, growing clearer,
 Sees God no nearer ;
 When the soul mounting higher,
 To God comes no nigher ;
 But the arch fiend, Pride
 Mounts at her side,
 Foiling her high emprise,
 Sealing her eagle eyes,
 And, when she fain would soar,
 Makes idols to adore ;
 Changing the pure emotion
 Of her high devotion,
 To a skin deep sense
 Of her own eloquence ;
 Strong to deceive, strong to enslave,—
 Save, O, save !

From the ingrained fashion
 Of this earthly nature
 That mars thy creature;
 From grief, that is but passion;
 From mirth, that is but feigning;
 From tears, that bring no healing;
 From wild and weak complaining,—
 Thine own strength revealing,
 Save, O, save!

From doubt, where all is double,
 Where wise men are not strong;
 Where comfort turns to trouble;
 Where just men suffer wrong,
 Where sorrow treads on joy;
 Where sweet things soonest cloy;
 Where faiths are built on dust;
 Where love is half mistrust,
 Hungry, and barren, and sharp as the sea;
 O, set us free.

O, let the false dream fly,
 Where our sick souls do lie,
 Tossing continually.
 O, where thy voice doth come,
 Let all doubts be dumb;
 Let all words be mild;
 All strife be reconciled;
 All pains beguiled.
 Light brings no blindness;
 Love no unkindness;
 Knowledge no ruin;
 Fear no undoing,
 From the cradle to the grave,—
 Save, O, save.

CHARLES READE.

1814.

1884.

Victoria.

WORKS.

Peg Woffington.

Christie Johnstone.

It is Never too Late to Mend.

White Lies.

Jack of all Trades.

A Terrible Temptation.

Rlediana.

Two Loves and a Life.

Masks and Faces.

The Course of True Love Never did
Run Smooth.

The Cloister and the Hearth, a Tale
of the Middle Ages.

Good Stories of Man and other Animals.

Multum in Parvo.

Love me Little, Love me Long.

Hard Cash.

Griffith Gaunt, or Jealousy.

Foul Play.

Put Yourself in His Place.

A Woman Hater.

Gold.

Drink.

The King's Rivals.

A Perilous Secret.

Robert Buchanan in Harper's Magazine; September, 1884, gives us the best sketch we have yet had of Charles Reade.

He was an Oxfordshire man, the youngest son of a squire of the same name. He was born in 1814 and graduated at Magdalen Hall, and was called to the bar in 1843. He was a brilliant lawyer and advocate, and invariably successful in conducting his own cases.

"His sweetness of disposition, his kindly frankness, his love of all that is sunny and innocent in human nature, his utter absence of literary arrogance, were qualities peculiar to him, and unique in a generation of shams and pretenses." Supremely veracious and sincere himself, he hated falsehood and insincerity in others, and that soft, brown eye of his was lynx-like in detecting a prig or a bore. It was easy enough to tell when he was bored; he bottled himself up, so to speak, and presented a countenance of serene yet dogged vacuity;

and he would sit thus for hours dumb as a mole, and deaf as a post. He would invariably thaw, however, before a pretty face. Under *that* charm all his ice melted, and he showed himself as he was—delightful, a gray-haired boy!

Miss Harriet Jay, a young girl in teens, published an anonymous novel, "The Queen of Connaught," and many attributed it to Charles Reade. Far from resenting the blunder, and quick to perceive the fruit of genuine and unique experience, Charles Reade evinced the greatest curiosity concerning the real author; and so it came about that an introduction took place at John Coleman's, and from that time forth the young authoress and the famous author were close friends. When her book was dramatized he took unusual interest in having it put upon the stage, and announced he had thought of dramatising it himself. "Dramatic writing was his hobby; he loved it with all his heart and soul; and he loved it none the less because he was again and again defeated in his efforts to attain success. It was George Eliot's ambition to be recognized as a poet; it was Charles Reade's to triumph as a dramatist. In neither case was the wish completely granted."

Naboth's Vineyard was the name of his home. Here he studied and wrote and entertained his friends. Dreary and mean as it looked from without, it was pleasant enough inside, the pleasantest room being his study or literary workshop. Here a stranger might have found a loosely clad and mild-mannered elderly gentleman with soft brown eyes, gray hair and placid smile, ever eager to help one with a grievance or ready to advise in any case with old-fashioned kindness and courtly grace. To a friend he was as simple and merry as a school boy.

He had a school boy's fondness, too, for cakes of all kinds, cocoanuts and sweet confections, and his loving housekeeper, Mrs. Seymour, would continually warn him "to leave those sweets alone or he would be ill." His idea of happiness was a feast of sugar plums.

Charles Reade lived and died a bachelor. Mrs. Seymour was his housekeeper for many years. She was a popular actress at the time he was writing plays. She and her husband took lodgers and Reade went to live with them. She was a little woman, bright-eyed, vivacious and altogether charming. In all literary matters she was his first adviser and final Court of Appeal, but like himself, she was very impulsive and occasionally wrong-headed. Finally, her husband died, leaving her a widow, her other lodgers left, and Charles Reade only remained. Their relations from first to last was one of pure and sacred friendship, and the world would be better for such friendships. Bright, intelligent, noble-minded and generous to a fault, Laura Seymour deserved every word of the passionate eulogy which Charles Reade composed upon her death and had engraved upon her tombstone. He never fully recovered from her death. He could talk of nothing, but her whom he had lost. His grief was piteous to witness. He found he could not remain in the same place, the associations were too painful. He removed to Shepherd's Bush, though he visited the old home every day and always spent some time in the quiet little churchyard where she lay buried. He tried to ease his over-burdened heart in charities done in her name. The gifts were always "From Laura Seymour and Charles Reade."

When his *Drink* was finished "Seymour" was too ill to see it first put upon the stage. This was Reade's

most successful play financially as otherwise, but it brought him no real joy because his adviser and companion could not enjoy it with him.

His personal habits were exceedingly eccentric. For instance, he had a mania for buying all sorts of things with the idea that they would *become* useful. He bought once a stuffed horse's head, thinking he might one day need it in his plays; at another time he bought some knives and forks, saying, "Seymour might need them in case she runs short." He was troubled with corns and wore enormous boots. He bought a basket full of boots after a pattern that struck his fancy. His gingham umbrella would have delighted Mrs. Gamp. His whims and oddities were a source of constant care to Mrs. Seymour, and she rallied him mercilessly about them.

Charles Reade, who was usually far too dead in earnest to condescend to a pun, is said to have made at least one lapse. Once Ouida asked him to suggest a name for her pet dog—"Name him Tonic," he replied instantly, "for it is sure to be a mixture of *bark, steal and whine*."

Over and above all was his natural piety, which bound his days each to each as with a chain of gold. He had an untroubled faith in an all-wise and all-merciful Father. He believed in science as all sane men do, but he clung to religion as all wise men must.

He wrote his own epitaph when he already felt the finger of death upon him.

Here Lie,
By the Side of His Beloved Friend,
The Mortal Remains of
CHARLES READE,
Dramatist, Novelist and Journalist.
His Last Words to Mankind
Are on this Stone.

"I hope for a resurrection, not from any power in nature, but from the will of the Lord God Omnipotent, who made nature and me. He created man out of nothing, which nature could not. He can restore man from the dust, which nature cannot.

"And I hope for holiness and happiness in a future life, not for anything I have said or done in this body, but from the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ.

"He has promised His intercession to all who seek it, and will not break His word; that intercession once granted, cannot be rejected, for He is God and His merits infinite; a man's sins are but human and finite.

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous, and he is the propitiation for our sins."

His literary life embraces a period of little more than thirty years. He thought no novelist could do good work until he was in his forties. When the cases of certain famous poets were cited he said, "Oh, it is different. Poetry requires neither knowledge nor experience, you know:—it is nonsense, pure and simple." Scott was his favorite poet, and he admired Dr. Johnson extravagantly.

In the winter of 1883, he went to Cannes, where he finished his last novel, *A Perilous Secret*. With the hand of death upon him, he struggled home, wrecked in mind and body, and then within a few days painlessly passed away, in the seventieth year of his age. Only a few mourners gathered at his grave; his godson Mr. Siston, who lived with him after Seymour's death, was there, and so was Coleman, his old friend, and a few others who really loved him.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. Name the prose writers since Queen Anne.
2. Name the poets of the same period.

DINAH MARIA MULOCH.

(Mrs. Craik.)

1826.

1887.

Victoria.

WORKS.

The Ogilvies.
Olive.
The Head of the Family.
Agatha's Husband.
John Halifax.
A Life for a Life.
Mistress and Maid.
Christian's Mistake.
A Noble Life.
Two Marriages.
The Woman's Kingdom.
Fair France.
Life and Remains of John Martin.
His Little Mother.
A Bran Lady.

Hannah.
The Laurel Bush.
Young Mrs. Jardine.
Avillion.
Nothing New
A Woman's Thoughts about Women.
Romantic Tales.
Domestic Stories.
Studies from Life.
The Unkind Word and other Stories.
Sermons out of Church.
Plain Speaking.
Concerning Men, and other Essays.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Alice Learmont, a Fairy Tale.
Rhoda's Lesson.
Cola Monti.
A Hero.
Bread upon the Waters.
Twenty Years Ago.
The Little Lame Prince.

The Little Lychetts.
Michael the Miner.
Our Year.
Little Sunshine's Holiday.
Adventures of a Brownie.
My Mother and I.

Miss Muloch's father was a clergyman, who died leaving a wife to rear Dinah and two little boys on a small annuity, which would have to cease with her life. While the children were still young the mother died, and their little income vanished. Miss Muloch was stricken with sorrow, but determined to do the best she could for her brothers, and with energy and perseverance set to work to earn a living.

She decided to write a story. She did so, and with fear

and trembling sent it to the publisher. He sent her five dollars for it. She was encouraged, and made everything bend in this direction in the pursuit of bread. By this means she earned sufficient to educate her brothers, to whom she was greatly attached. Unfortunately, as soon as the older brother had reached the age when he could relieve her of the charge of the younger, he fell desperately in love with a handsome brunette, married her and moved to South America. This was ingratitude, indeed; a poor return for all the aid and love that this toiling sister had bestowed upon him. The younger brother was honest, brave, affectionate and noble. He had good health and fine spirits, and she was very proud of him. When his education was completed, and she was looking forward to the time when her toil would grow lighter, the blow came. Some vessels were lying in port, one of the masts became loose, and he passing on business was struck, frightfully mutilated, carried into the cabin to die in the arms of that sister, who had so patiently loved and watched over and worked for him all those weary, weary years.

Desolate, without hope, she lay down to die too, for what had she now to live? But death does not always come to those who pray for release. She had work to do. The world had need of the broken-hearted, orphaned girl. She felt obliged to earn her daily bread, so grief-stricken she wrote on. Her pen had been dipped in tears, and aimlessly now, as it were, she wrote on, scarcely knowing what she put down, but the sorrowing woman soon awoke to find herself famous.

Her first novel, *The Ogilvies*, was very successful, and this was published when she was only twenty-three. *John Halifax, Gentleman*, her masterpiece, did not ap-

pear until 1857. Success helped to make life endurable, but still she was sad and desolate. In 1865 she met Captain George L. Craik, an officer in the English army. Although her junior by several years she married him, and the union proved in every way a happy and congenial one.

To read *Philip, My King*, one would suppose its author was certainly a mother, loving and beloved—but no baby finger ever patted her face, nor little curly head nestled in her bosom save that of the baby Dorothy—God-given. She came to them one night of storm. Mr. and Mrs. Craik during a lull in the storm heard the wailing of a child. They listened, and half in alarm with clasped hands they stole through the hall to the door, and there on the sill found a dear little baby in a basket. It was wrapped in fine India muslin, and a note pinned on the breast said it had good blood in its veins. So they named her Dorothy, “God’s gift,” and she became legally their adopted daughter, and has ever been since that time the light of the home and the joy and pride of their hearts. The Philip, the beautiful baby immortalized in the poem, is Philip Bourke Marston, the blind poet, who made a name for himself as an author before his early death.

Mrs. Craik was quite small, had soft, loving gray eyes and silvery gray hair. Her voice was low and gentle, and her manners pretty and natural. She always dressed in quiet colors, brown or steel, and very plainly. She was noted as a good neighbor, and was never so happy as when making others happy. Her home was built in the old Elizabethan style, and the wooden beams of the ceiling could be seen in every room. Over the fire-place

in the dining-room was carved the motto, "East or west, home is best."

Miss Muloch was greatly interested in all charities, but one particularly occupied her heart and hand; this was the Royal College for the Blind in London. She would send out invitations to the children to come to a strawberry party in the groves and hayfields around her house, and then she would make them delightfully nappy. Mr. Craik would meet them with carriages and wagons, for their home was ten or twelve miles from the station, and then the three, Mr. and Mrs. Craik and Dorothy, would try to crowd into this one day enjoyment enough to last the children for many days. Mrs. Craik would sit down upon a stack of level hay, and collect a group around her and sing with them "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon," or "My Old Kentucky Home." This last was for the benefit of the little American children present. She sang a beautiful alto and threw much spirit into the songs. It was a touching sight to see her at such a time, as she would turn her benevolent face to look into the sightless orbs around her. Their verdict was, "she is just too lovely."

Miss Muloch was a noble woman—a woman who reached the royal road of authorship through fiery trials and tribulations enough to have killed the aspirations of any other woman. All she has ever written is wholesome, healthy, pure and sweet, and she is really the benefactor of her sex. Her books are safe books—no mother need fear to put them into the hands of her child—no one will get a false view of life from anything she has written—they will find there nothing to unduly stimulate the imagination. Her women are all brave and pure-minded—women that one can confide in and find com-

fort with, and who will make you better for knowing them.

She has no rebellious, ugly heroines, who fly at fate in anger or despair. Every one of her heroines teaches us imperceptibly and does us good and makes us better. She uses the best types, both in her married and her unmarried women. Her stories are all of quiet every-day life. Her subject is human conduct, domestic happiness, family affection, self-restraint, loving kindness; her principles are sound; her best characters express the worth of high principle in their daily living; her morality is the purest—everything she writes is healthful, refreshing, energizing, and calculated to inspire with high and holy purpose.

Miss Mulock did not believe in waiting for opportunities—her plan was to do the work that lay nearest, no matter how humble nor how small the recompense. She went about her literary labors like any workman whose tools are the trowel, saw, awl, or plane. She made the mood come, she didn't wait for it, but she went to her work as though she meant business. Her thoughts are her own, and her ideas came like birds flying to the hand that feeds them; her habits are worthy of emulation; she proves that method is the key to good work at all time.*

As an authoress she was greatly criticised for feminine softness and sentimentalism in her earlier works. Her own favorite among her works was *Olive*, although not considered one of her best. The Independent said that *A Noble Life* is more interesting than most fictions, and more useful than many sermons. Besides her novels, she wrote a volume of poems and translated many works.

*This sketch is taken, almost word for word, from one by Rosella Rice in Arthur's Home Magazine.

She was remarkably methodical about her work. She would never consent for any book of hers to appear in a periodical until it was entirely finished, and she never promised a book before it was written. She never left behind her an unfinished line of work. All that was intended to be published was published before her death. She died in 1887.

Two hands upon the breast,
 And labor's done ;
 Two pale feet crossed in rest,—
 The race is won.
 Two eyes with coin-weight shut,
 And all tears cease ;
 Two lips where grief is mute,
 Anger at peace.
 So pray we oftentimes mourning our lot ;
 God in His kindness answereth not.

Two hands to work addressed,
 Aye for His praise.
 Two feet that never rest,
 Walking His ways ;
 Two eyes that look above
 Through all their tears ;
 Two lips still breathing love,
 Nor wrath, nor fears.
 So pray we afterwards, low on our knees,
 Pardon these erring prayers: Father, hear these:

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Name the Queens of England.*
 2. *What reigns are noted for literature?*
-

PHILIP, MY KING.

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
 Philip, my king!
 For round these the purple shadow lies
 Of babyhood's royal dignities.
 Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
 With love's invisible sceptre laden ;
 I am thine Esther, to command
 Till thou shalt find thy queen handmaiden,
 Philip, my king!

O, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
 Philip, my king!
 When those beautiful lips 'gin sueing,
 And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
 Thou dost enter, love crowned, and there
 Sittest love glorified! Rule kindly,
 Tenderly over thy kingdom fair;
 For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
 Philip, my king!

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
 Philip, my king!
 The spirit that there lies sleeping now
 May rise like a giant, and make men bow
 As to one heaven-chosen amongst his peers.
 My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,
 Let me behold thee in future years.
 Yet thy head needed a circlet rarer,
 Philip, my king!

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,
 Philip, my king!
 Thou, too, must tread, as we trod, a way
 Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and gray;
 Rebels within thee and foes without
 Will snatch at thy crown. But march on, glorious,
 Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
 As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,
 "Philip, my king!"

DEATH OF MURIEL, THE BLIND CHILD.—(FROM "JOHN HALIFAX.")

John opened the large book—the Book he had taught all his children to long for and to love—and read out of it their favorite history of Joseph and his brethren. The mother sat by him by the fireside, rocking Maud softly on her knees. Edwin and Walter settled themselves on the hearth-rug, with great eyes intently fixed on their father. From behind him the candle-light fell softly down on the motionless figure in the bed, whose hand he held, and whose face he every now and then turned to look at—then, satisfied, continued to read. In the reading his voice had a fatherly, flowing calm—as Jacob's might have had, when "the children were tender," and he gathered them all around him under the palm trees of Succoth—years before he cried unto the Lord that bitter cry (which John hurried over as he read): "If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved."

For an hour, nearly, we all sat thus, with the wind coming up the valley, howling in the beach-wood, and shaking the casement as it passed outside. Within, the only sound was the father's voice. This ceased at last; he shut the Bible, and put it aside. The group—that last perfect household picture—was broken up. It melted away into things of the past, and became only a picture forevermore.

"Now, boys, it is full time to say good-night. There, go and kiss your sister."
 "Which?" said Edwin, in his funny way. "We've got two now; and I don't

know which is the biggest baby." "I'll thrash you if you say that again," cried Guy. "Which, indeed! Maud is but the baby. Muriel will always be sister." "Sister" faintly laughed, as she answered his fond kiss—Guy was often thought to be her favorite brother. "Now, off with you boys: and go downstairs quietly—mind, I say quietly."

They obeyed—that is, as literally as boy-nature can obey such an admonition. But an hour after, I heard Guy and Edwin arguing vociferously in the dark, on the respective merits and future treatment of their two sisters, Muriel and Maud.

John and I sat up late together that night. He could not rest even though he told me he had left the mother and her two daughters as cosy as a nest of wood-pigeons. We listened to the wild night, till it had almost howled itself away; then our fire went out, and we came and sat over the last fagot in Mrs. Todd's kitchen, the old Debatable Land. We began talking of the long ago time, and not of this time at all. The vivid present—never out of either mind for an instant—we in our conversation did not touch upon, by at least ten years. Nor did we give expression to a thought which strongly oppressed me, and which I once or twice fancied I could detect in John likewise; how very like this night seemed to the night when Mr. March died; the same silentness in the house, the same windy whirl without, the same blaze of the wood-fire on the same kitchen ceiling. More than once I could almost have deluded myself that I heard the faint moans and footsteps overhead: that the stair-case door would open, and we should see there Miss March, in her white gown, and her pale, steadfast look.

"I think the mother seemed very well and calm to-night," I said hesitatingly, as we were retiring. "She is, God help her—and us all." "He will." That was all we said.

He went up-stairs the last thing, and brought down word that mother and children were sound asleep.

"I think I may leave them until daylight to-morrow. And now, Uncle Phineas, go you to bed, for you look as tired as tired can be."

I went to bed; but all night long I had disturbed dreams, in which I pictured over and over again, first the night when Mr. March died, then the night at Longfield, when the little white ghost had crossed by my bed's foot into the room where Mary Baines' dead boy lay. And continually, towards morning, I fancied I heard through my window, which faced the church, the faint, distant sound of the organ, as when Muriel used to play it.

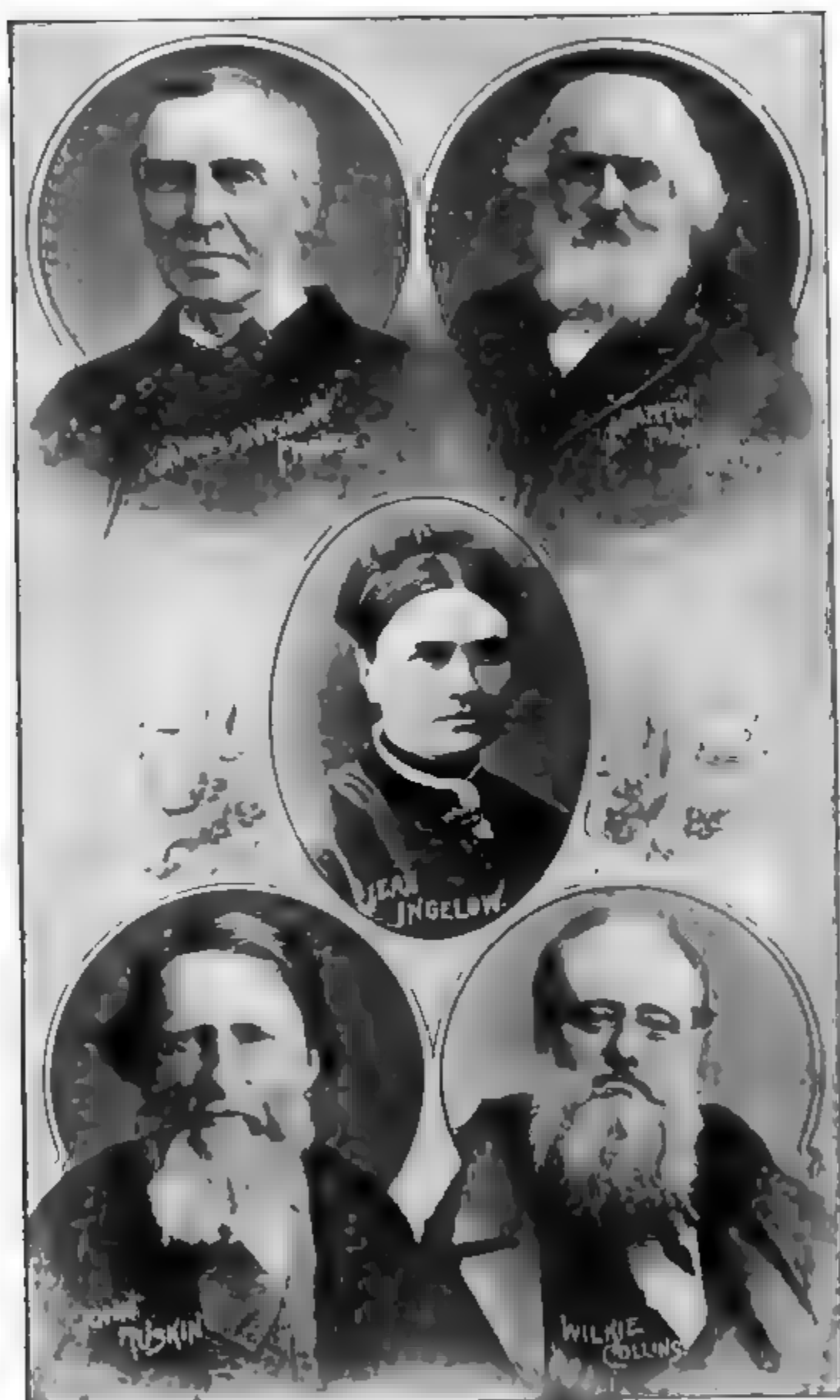
Long before it was daylight I rose. As I passed the boys' room, Guy called out to me: "Halloa! Uncle Phineas, is it a fine morning? for I want to go down into the wood and get a lot of beech wood and fir-cones for sister. It's her birthday to-day, you know." It was for her. But for us—O Muriel, our darling, darling child!

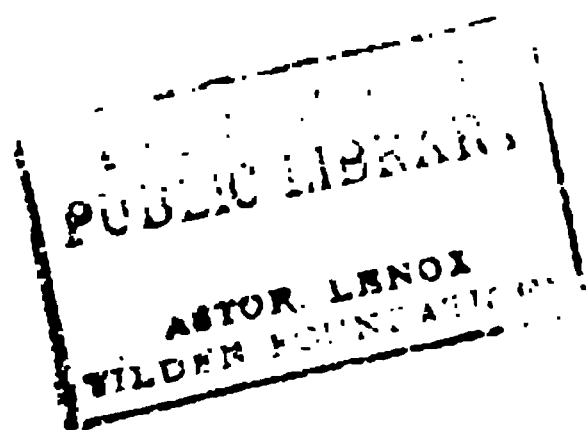
Let me hasten over the story of that morning, for my old heart quails before it still. John went early to the room upstairs. It was very still. Ursula lay calmly asleep, with baby Maud in her bosom; on her other side, with eyes wide open to the daylight, lay—that which for more than ten years we had been used to call 'blind Muriel.' She saw now.

Just the same homely room—half bed-chamber, half a nursery—the same little curtain'ess bed where, for a week past, we had been accustomed to see the wasted figure and pale face lying, in smiling quietude all day long.

It lay there still. In it, and in the room, was hardly any change. One of

Walter's play-things was in the corner of the window-sill, and on the chest of drawers stood the nosegay of Christmas roses which Guy had brought for his sister yesterday morning. Nay, her shawl—a white, soft, furry shawl, that she was fond of wearing—remained still hanging up behind the door. One could almost fancy the little maid had just been said “good-night” to, and left to dream the childish dreams on her nursery pillow, where the small head rested so peacefully, with that pretty babyish night-cap tied over the pretty curls. There she was, the child who had gone out of the number of our children—our earthly children—forever.





WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS.

1824.

William IV.

1889.

Victoria.

WORKS.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| Memoirs of William Collins, R. A.,
1848. | One August Night in '61. (Unfin-
ished. |
| Antonina; or, The Fall of Rome, 1850. | Miss or Mrs.? 1873. |
| Rambles Beyond Railways, 1851. | The New Magdalen, 1873. |
| Basil, 1852. | The Law and the Lady, 1875. |
| After Dark, } 1856-'60. | Two Destinies, 1876. |
| The Dead Secret, } | The Haunted Hotel, 1878. |
| The Queen of Hearts, } 1860. | The Fallen Leaves, 1879. |
| The Woman in White, } | A Rogue's Life, 1879. |
| No Name, 1862. | Jezebel's Daughter, 1880. |
| My Miscellanies, 1863. | The Black Robe, 1881. |
| Annadale, 1866. | Heart and Science, 1883. |
| The Moonstone, 1868. | I Say No, 1884. |
| Man and Wife, 1870. | The Evil Genius, 1886. |
| Poor Miss Finch, 1872. | The Legacy of Cain, 1888. |
| | Blind Love, 1889. |

DRAMAS.

- | | |
|------------------|------------------|
| The Lighthouse. | Black and White. |
| The Frozen Deep. | Rank and Riches. |
| No Thoroughfare. | |

"Wilkie Collins a great artist."—*Charles Reade.*

"No gentler or more kindly-hearted man ever held a pen, or gave encouragement to youthful aspirants."—*James Payn.*

Wilkie Collins, the admirable story teller who has just passed from the ranks of English novelists, was a Londoner by birth. His father was a noted painter of rural scenes, and his mother, Margaret Carpenter, was a portrait painter, so from both of them the son inherited artistic taste and temperament.

His early education was received at Highbury, and his later training on the Continent. He studied Latin, Greek, French, and Italian. He never prized his classical learning at all and insisted it had never been of the

slightest use to him. After leaving school he was placed in a tea-merchant's office. Here he remained four years, and in secret began his literary work. Nothing resulted from his efforts, however, until after his father's death when he brought out his *Memoirs*, which at once stamped him as a writer of genius. Then followed a novel *Antonina*, the success of which gave him a certain rank as a novelist. For a while he was associated with Dickens in the "Household Words," and "All the Year Round." His style in the articles published in these periodicals is noted for individuality, as he was one of the few writers for the magazine who did not imitate the master.

Of all his novels, probably *The Woman in White*, has attracted most attention. The mystery of the story is preserved with marvellous skill. He related that many letters were received after it appeared, complaining that he had made the story so interesting that it had been impossible to sleep for nights after reading it. Many imitators rose up with "The Woman in Black," "Gray," "Blue," "Green," "Yellow," and every other color. But none equalled the original, and the book still continues to be a favorite, for more copies have been sold in the last two years than ever before.

Of Wilkie Collins' dramas, *The Light House* is probably his best. It was acted first in private at Charles Dickens' home, Tavistock House—Dickens himself taking the part of *Aaron Gurnoch*, Collins that of *Martin Gurnoch*; *Jacob Dale* was acted by Mark Lemon; a *Shipwrecked Lady*, by Mary Hogarth, Dickens's sister-in-law, and *Phæba* was taken by Mamie Dickens, his oldest daughter. It was such a success that it was afterwards acted at Camden House, Kensington. His *Rank and Riches* was produced at the Adelphi Theatre, but was a

complete failure. Some one asked Collins on one occasion if he did not feel flattered at a complimentary notice that had appeared of one of his plays. "No," he answered, "that is no test of its merit at all. I usually go to the pit door of the theatre and catch the remarks of the people as they pass out—that is my gauge of popular opinion."

In the early part of 1889 he had a stroke of paralysis, and although he seemed to be getting better, he never really recovered from the attack. He died at his home in Wimpole Street, on the 23d of September.

Wilkie Collins never married and his home has been thus described by one who visited him. "The house (this was his former home in Upper Baker street) bore signs of a certain dinginess which I attributed to the absence of womankind. The furniture was plain and old fashioned and one noticed none of the aesthetic prettiness with which most literary and artistic people surround themselves. Mr. Collins' work-room was on the first floor to which I ascended, following his man servant, who ushered me into the novelist's presence. I found myself in a large back room, in which he spent most of his time, and which communicated with the front drawing room by folding doors, which had the appearance of being always kept open. I discovered Mr. Collins after a few seconds, and was greatly surprised by his diminutive size, and pained by the look of constant physical suffering which his decrepit and bent frame denoted only too plainly. He bade me sit by him at the little writing-table at which he worked and on which, he afterwards told me, he had written *The Moonstone*. Those of us who feel grateful to him for his works and have followed his career, will remember

that a considerable portion of that novel was written or dictated in bed during a very severe attack of gout. It was in the corner of this very room just by the window that the bed was placed ; from here he could see the simple little household treasures with which he felt most at home. Many of them were drawings by his father and little curios which he had collected on the Continent during his various yachting excursions. The room could be scarcely called cheerful. One was struck by the accumulation of dust on the well-worn couches and chairs, by the faded paper, and the threadbare carpet, and the old-fashioned book-cases. But these uncomfortable impressions wore off in a few minutes. Mr. Collins produced a decanter of very fine brandy and a box of cigars, both of which we discussed during the chat which followed."

Wilkie Collins was striking in personal appearance. He had full prominent eyes that sparkled through steel-rimmed spectacles, which he always wore. His beard was long, square-cut and well trimmed, but his moustache was light of growth. His pantaloons were generally well worn and mended in many places. His feet were small, unusually so, and were covered with well-fitting kid boots. His hands were small and white but swollen from rheumatic gout. He wore flashing waistcoats, and large and bright neckties, which gave him the look of a sporting man ; altogether his appearance attracted and interested.

Some time before he had the stroke of paralysis which caused his death, he had begun a novel, the plot of which was well laid and everything ready to be executed. He had even been paid for the work by his publishers ; so when he was taken ill he insisted upon refunding this money, feeling his inability to fulfil the contract.

They refused, hoping he would yet be able to do it. The name of this unfinished work was *One August Night* in '61.

His favorite authors were Scott, Byron and Dickens. The passages in fiction which affected him most were the death of Little Nell and that of Paul Dombey.

It is much to be deplored that he should have allowed himself, like Coleridge and De Quincey, to become a victim to anodynes. That he did take laudanum in very large quantities is not to be doubted, but when we remember his intense suffering from rheumatic gout and his inconsolable grief at the loss of his mother, we must let the veil of charity fall about his memory, and "put ourselves in his place."

HISTORY REVIEW.

Name all the sovereigns from William I, to Victoria.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

1810.

1889.

William IV.

Victoria.

WORKS.

A Thousand Lines.
Ballads for the Times on White Slavery.
Three Hundred Sonnets.
Æsop Smith's Rides and Reveries.
Probabilities; an Aid to Faith.
Stephen Langton.
Lyrics of the Heart and Mind.
King Alfred's Poems.
Pater Familias' Diary.

Raleigh: His Life and Death.
Geraldine.
A Modern Pyramid.
Heart: a Social Novel.
The Times: a Domestic Novel.
The Author's Mind.
The Crock of Gold.
My Life as an Author.
Proverbial Philosophy.

We scarcely know whether to place Mr. Tupper as a philosopher, poet, historian or novelist, he has been so varied in his writings; but, as he is best known to the literary world through his *Proverbial Philosophy*, we will class him under the "Miscellaneous Writers," and there all departments can lay claim to him.

His father, Martin Tupper, was a well-known London surgeon, of a family originally German, which settled many years ago in Guernsey. He was a Charter House boy and a schoolmate of Thackeray, although in a higher form. We obtain from his *Recollections of My School-days*, an interesting account of his life from seven to nineteen. His first teacher was a Mr. Swallow, who greatly impressed his youthful pupil with his superior wisdom by writing an epitaph upon himself:

"Beneath this stone a Swallow lies,
No one laughs, and no one cries,
Where he goes, nor how he fares,
No one knows, and no one cares."

His next school was a very expensive one belonging

to Rev. Dr. Morris, conducted without reference to the morals, happiness or education of the pupils committed to his care. Tupper said the only things he could remember at this school were the cruel punishments of the boys, the teacher's cringing to parents, the utter indifference to the welfare of his pupils, and his total unfitness for a teacher. The next school was a pleasant contrast. Brookgreen always brought to him pleasant recollections. Mr. Raelton, a kind, just, and gentle layman, was at its head. Here a hundred boys lived and learned under the best influences. He then entered Charter-House, or as Thackeray used to call it, "Slaughter-House." He complains greatly of two of the teachers here, Chapman and Watkins, and he said the other teachers were not very much better, and that it was hard to find collected together more ignorant parsons. Russell was one of them, and his cruelty is proverbial. He would smash a boy's head between two books until his nose would bleed, or he would give him "three rods, eighteen most severely."

On one occasion Tupper was left in charge of the playground, and a rich Irish boy was insulted by the other boys because he had killed a stray dog. Tupper winked at the insult, and for this was reprimanded by Russell and assigned the impossible task of translating word for word the longest book of the Iliad in a month, under penalty of expulsion. The boys were indignant, felt the punishment unjust, too severe for the offense, and divided the work into sections between them, so at the appointed time, Tupper carried Russell the manuscript. He suspected, of course, how it had been done, but was wise enough not to push the matter further. After leav-

ing Charter House he was placed under private tutors until he entered Christ College, Oxford.

He studied law at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar, but he put it aside for letters, and at the age of thirty published his book, which made his reputation—a book that reads rather as the work of experience than of youth.

Like Wordsworth and Tennyson, he was fond of reading his own poetry, and of talking about himself. In appearance he looked, as Bowker expresses it, "like a veritable Santa Claus with his ruddy face and long white beard."

He lived near London, at Upper Norwood, and was tenderly nursed by a loving daughter until his death, November, 1889. His *Proverbial Philosophy* has been and still is demanded by thousands of readers. His last work, *My Life as an Author*, has only been published within the past few years, and from that time he had nervous prostration and lived on a pension given him by the government in recognition of his services, an honor well earned.

He ceased writing entirely and devoted himself to getting well, but the tired body could not resist the strain that had been laid upon it, and his many friends in America were saddened by the news of his death, which came so unexpectedly last November. He was even more popular in this country than in England.

"The critics have been less kind than the reading public; and the fame of Tupper has been a theme of mirth to the wits of the literary guild; but from the serene height of his *fortieth* edition an author can afford to smile at the attacks of the envious generation below."

His other works were not at all successful and have made no impression upon the reading world.

HISTORY REVIEW.

- 1. How many rulers has England had since Egbert?***
- 2. How were the Norman and Saxon lines united?***

ROBERT BROWNING.

1812.

1889.

Victoria.

WORKS.

Paracelsus ,
Strafford.
Sordello.
Easter Day.
Pippa Passes.
Saul.
Luria.
Fra Lippo.
Men and Women.
Evelyn Hope.
Christmas Eve.
In a Balcony.
Dramatis Personæ.
Pauline.
The Inn Album.

The Blot on the Scutcheon.
The Ring and the Book.
Bells and Pomegranates.
Prince Hoherstiel.
Schaaugan Saviour Society.
Fifine at the Fair.
Aristophanes' Apology.
King Victor and King Charles.
Colombe's Birthday.
The Return of the Druses.
A Soul of Tragedy.
Balustion's Adventure.
Red Cotton Night-Cap Country.
Andrea del Sorto.
Rabbi Ben Ezra.

MINOR POEMS.

Pied Piper of Hamelin. A Child's
Story.
My Lost Duchess.

How They Brought the Good News
from Ghent to Aix.

" His poems are hard nuts to crack. The kernel, when you get at it, is very sweet, and the rich, racy flavor of the crumbs as they yield themselves to your persistent pecking, keeps you wrestling at the shell with a wonderful patience. It is not the multitude who will task their brains over Browning's problems and content themselves with the reward they find."

" Shakespeare is not our poet but the world's,
Therefore on him no speech ; and brief for thee
Browning ! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man hath walked along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse."

—Landor.

Robert Browning's father was a clerk in the Bank of England ; his mother was Miss Wiedman, of Hebrew extraction. His grandparents were Scotch, Creole, German and English, so we see what mixed blood flowed in this Londoner's veins. He and his sister Sariana were

the only children; their mother was an invalid, having been for many years a great sufferer from neuralgia, but this did not prevent her giving the strictest attention to them, and everything pertaining to their rearing. Robert had always been her special pet, and it is related of him that when five years of age, she insisted he should take a dose of rhubarb and magnesia, and no begging on his part could divert her from administering the potion. When he saw his entreaties were in vain, he assumed a tragic air and said,

" Good people if you wish to see
A hero take physic look at me."

Douglas Jerrold insisted this is the only intelligible verse that Browning ever wrote. When eight years of age he translated parts of Homer, and an adverse critic says that he got his English so badly mixed up then that he never was able to straighten it out afterwards.

When quite young he went to Italy and passed many years in diligent study of her institutions, and while there he paid special attention to art and literature, both ancient and modern. He had a passion for these studies, and a great fondness for Italian life. He also studied music and painting and became a fine amateur in each.

From a child he wrote poetry, but he never thought to have any published until he was well grown. He was probably twenty-three when his *Paracelsus* appeared. *Pauline*, the first poem he ever wrote, remained unpublished until ten years ago. The genius of the writer was recognized as soon as *Paracelsus* was given to the public, although his faults were seen, faults which clung to him through life. His *Strafford* and *Sordello* were next published, and then his *Bells and Pomegranates*. It was through the last that he became known to Eliza-

beth Barrett. He was told of a compliment that she had paid the poem, and he wrote her a letter in Greek to thank her. She replied in Greek; then he called to see her. By a mistake of a new servant the poet was invited into her private sitting room where the invalid was reclining. They were mutually pleased with each other and shortly afterwards married. She says, in referring to this event :

"The face of all the world is changed, I think,
Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul
Move still, oh so still beside me, as they stole
Betwixt me and the dreadful outer brink
Of obvious death, where I who thought to sink
Was caught up into love, and taught the whole
Of life in a new rhythm."

"As brighter ladies do not count it strange
For love to give up acres and degree,
I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange
My near, sweet view of Heaven for earth and thee."

They moved to Italy soon after they were married and passed there many happy years. When she died Browning could never return there to live but remained during the summer months at Maida Vale, Kensington, and spent his winters in Venice. He looked like a business man, a brisk, successful merchant, rather than a poet. He had a well-set figure, with a frank, pleasant face, trim, white beard, and wonderfully bright eyes—altogether he was an exceedingly agreeable man to look at. He was seventy-six when he died and was well preserved, and had a light and easy carriage.

No profane or coarse word was ever known to fall from Browning's lips. He rarely laughed heartily and could never bear to hear a woman laugh. He thought that like birds, women should eat nothing substantial, but should live on almond cake and cream. How very fortunate he married an invalid!

It is sad to think of his latter days. Although surrounded by friends who were tried and true, and comforted by his son to whom he was tenderly attached, still he mourned for "her who is not," and refused to be comforted. His only consolation was in his work, and he busied himself to the last with his books and wrote many volumes of poems. Browning was a great favorite with the ladies, and deservedly so, for he always sympathized with what is noblest and best in womanhood. Then, too, they admired him because he was so loyal and true to the memory of his wife.

From the journal of one who visited Browning just before he died we take these extracts: "He came to the door and welcomed us as though we were old friends. He had a high forehead, white beard under his chin, with mustache, wore a Scotch tweed suit, business-like, a shirt in which there was a line of pink and no tie.

"The home was individual, the carpet green, the wall richly hung with old tapestry and many oil paintings; the curtains were dark figured green velvet. He showed us a bust of his wife, a beautiful smile about the mouth, and long curls falling about her face; also one of his son of whom she wrote so beautifully in Casa Guidi Windows. Close beside the breakfast table at which they used to sit, hung a picture of the room in Italy, with the tables, chairs and pictures as when she lived in it. Tears gathered in his eyes as he spoke of her. Then he showed the chair where she sat, her sofa, and taking us below stairs, showed us the lovely painting of her there. In the study back of this room was a picture of Robert Barrett Browning, the artist son. He sits before his easel in painter's dress in a peasant's home. His father's life seems to center in him. Browning's

sister soon came in and we talked with her of Harriet Hosmer whose studio we had visited in Rome, of Boston where her brother has many friends."

Browning was very genial and cordial, as though he knew the whole world loved him. In manners he did not give the slightest appearance of feeling himself a superior being and was never in a hurry, never egotistical, never seemingly irritable. He had a great heart and most excellent judgment, had sentiment without sentimentality, breadth of thought and uprightness of character.

Lowell says, "We feel ennobled after reading Browning's poems. He is undoubtedly the best poet of conscience, of love, of religion. Love, not knowledge, not genius, not philosophy is with him the end of life. He makes conjugal love the purest type of love. He is in a marked degree a deeply religious poet. He recognizes God as the source of all the grandeur of humanity."

He has really created a literature of his own. In his younger days he was criticised for diffuseness, which gave him such a horror of it, that he has tried to avoid it, and his condensation has been the result.

Cleveland says that some of Browning's poems remind him of an anecdote of an eminent lawyer who wrote his opinions in three different hand-writings,—one that he and his clerk could read, one that he only could read himself, and the third that neither he nor anybody else could read.

Prof. Corson is now publishing a helpful introduction to the study of his poetry. It is a pity that so great a poet should be so needlessly unintelligible. But his thoughts hidden in rugged verse are well worth the delv-

ing for, and societies are being formed in Europe and this country to make special study of his poems. He is now "all the rage." He can never be the poet of the people. His circle of readers will necessarily be small, but they will be the very best. He wrote for the "intellectual few." He has been called "The Thinker's Poet." Browning could never be called a dramatist, in the true sense of the word; he had no faculty for the invention of incidents, nor the power of forgetting himself in his creations.

When Douglas Jerrold was recovering from a severe illness, Browning's *Sordello* was put into his hands. Line after line, page after page he read, but no consecutive idea could he get from it. His wife was not in the room, so there was no one to whom he could appeal. The thought struck him that he had lost his mind during his sickness, and that he was an imbecile, and didn't know it. A cold perspiration burst out upon his brow, and he sat silent and miserable. When his wife returned he thrust the book at her saying, "Read this, my dear." After several attempts to make any sense out of the first page she gave him back the book saying, "Bother the gibberish, I don't understand a word of it." "Thank heaven," cried Jerrold, "then I am not an idiot."

When Tennyson tried to read it, he exclaimed, "There are only two lines in it that I understand and both of those are lies!"—

"Who will may hear *Sordello's* story told."

"Who would has heard *Sordello's* story told."

Browning was scarcely known in London. He was not pointed out to strangers as other men of letters are. His memory, even just before his death, is said to have been remarkable; he had at his tongue's end all that he had ever read.

Morton is about to publish some letters that passed between Carlyle and Browning more than fifty years ago, which will throw additional light upon the characters of both of these great men.

Browning's minor poems are greatly admired, and we can scarcely believe that the same poet wrote *Sordello* and *How the Good News was Brought from Ghent*,* and that the same author penned *Strafford* and *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*.

Probably another generation will with ease find the gems of thought so carefully stored from this, but to our minds thought that is so hidden as to need a commentary to explain it ceases to be the thought that gives the truest pleasure.

Browning died at Venice Dec. 18th, 1889. His remains were taken to Westminster Abbey and not laid by the side of his beloved wife at Florence. Twice every year since her death he had visited her grave and laid fresh flowers upon it. It is sad to think that he could not be laid to rest by her side, but England would not consent to give up one she honored so. His body was laid between Cowley's and Chaucer's, and on account of sanitary regulations there will probably be only a few more interments made in Westminster Abbey.

* It is often asked what was the good news brought from Ghent. Browning himself tells us: "There is no sort of historical foundation for the poem. I wrote it under the bulwark of a vessel, off the African coast: after I had been at sea long enough to appreciate even the fancy of a gallop on the back of a certain good horse, 'York,' then in my stable at home. It was written on the fly leaf of Bartoli's 'Simboli,' I remember"

HISTORY REVIEW.

Name all the wives of the English sovereigns from Matilda of Flanders to Adelaide of Saxe Meinengen.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris and he ;
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three :
 " Good speed," cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew,
 " Speed," echoed the wall to us galloping through.
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.
 Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace,—
 Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place ;
 I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
 Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,
 Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.
 'Twas moon-set at starting ; but while we drew near
 Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear ;
 At Boom a great yellow star came out to see ;
 At Duffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
 And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,—
 So Joris broke silence with " Yet there is time !"
 At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
 And against him the cattle stood black every one
 To stare through the mist at us galloping fast ;
 And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
 With resolute shoulders, each butting away
 The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray ;
 And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
 For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;
 And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
 O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance ;
 And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon
 His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, " Stay spur !
 Your Roos gallops bravely, the fault's not in her ;
 We'll remember at Aix,"—for one heard the quick wheeze
 Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
 And sunk tail and horrible heave of the flank,
 As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.
 So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
 Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
 The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh :
 'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff ;
 Till over by Dalhem a dome spire sprang white,
 And " Gallop," gasped Joris, " for Aix is in sight."
 " How they'll greet us !"—and all in a moment his roan
 Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ;
 And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
 Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
 And with circles of red for his eye-socket's rim.
 Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
 Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
 Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
 Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer,—
 Clapped my hands, laughed and sung, any noise bad or good,
 Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.
 And all I remember is, friends flocking round,
 As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground:
 And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine.
 As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
 Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
 Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

TENTH ERA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Samuel Lover, Thomas Hughes, Lord Campbell, Charles Knight, Robert Vaughan, Agnes Strickland, Walter Farquhar Hook, Robert Chambers, Cosmo-Innes, Earl Stanhope, Sir George Cornwell Lewis, John Hill Burton, Thomas Adolphus Trollope, William Howard Russell, George Wilson, Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, William Hepworth Dixon, John Payne Collier, William Maginn, William Howitt, Alexander Dyce, John Sterling, Mary Cowden Clarke, George Gilfillan, Samuel Philips, George Brimley, George Gleig, John Banim, Annie Marsh, Catharine Gore, Gerald Griffin, William H. Maxwell, Anna Maria Hall, Albert Smith, Angus Bethune Beach, James Grant, Frank Smedley, Mayne Reid, Geraldine Jewsbury, Mrs. Catharine Crowe, William Smith, William Buckland, Gideon Mantell, Dionysius Lardner, Michael Faraday, Sir Charles Lyell, Richard Owen, James Ferrier, Henry Longueville Mansel, J. D. Morell, Prof. McCosh,

Alexander Bain, Dugald Stewart. Sir James Macintosh, John Bird Sumner, John Hartwell Home, John Brown, Hugh M'Neile, Julius Hare, Robert Candlish, John Kitto, Richard Chevenix Trench, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Henry Alford, William Archer Butler, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Robert Anchor Thompson, John Tulloch, John Caird, Norman Macleod, Edward Pusey, John Henry Newman, Francis Newman, Benjamin Jowett, Frederick Temple, Frederick Denison Maurice, James Martineau, Cardinal Wiseman, Henry David Inglis, Sir John Bowring, Eliot Warburton, John Francis Davis, Wingrove Cooke, Rev. Josias Porter, Sherard Osborne, Sir Robert McClure, Leopold M'Clintock, Charles Water-
ton.

MONTHLY REVIEW.

1. Who were the "Lake Poets?"
2. Who lived in Keswick?
3. Who at Ambleside?
4. Whose home was called Fox How?
5. What living writer is related to him?
6. What brother and sister are noted for their affection?
7. What books did they write together?
8. Of whom and by whom was it said, "Him who uttered nothing base?"
9. Who was Mary Hutchison?
10. What sister walked forty miles one day with her brother?
11. Who was Dora Wordsworth?
12. What was the name of Wordsworth's other daughter and whose pet was she?
13. What writer cut the leaves of his books with a greasy knife?
14. Who said it and about whom was it said, "I had rather see a bear in a tulip garden than ——— in my library?"
15. Who said the difficulty about living in the lake country was that it made you unwilling to die?
16. Who was buried at Grasmere?
17. What three authors were confirmed opium eaters?
18. Who was whipped because he was ugly?
19. What three writers married sisters?

20. What author suffered from severe neuralgia?
21. Relate the anecdote told of Lamb and Coleridge.
22. Who wrote Ancient Mariner?
23. Who wrote The Excursion?
24. Relate the anecdote about Fields and Lamb's Tales.
25. Whose library was called "his wife."
26. Who planned the republic in America?
27. What poet married a poet?
28. Which of the Lake Poets became Poet Laureate?
29. What writer was said "never to have given pain to any one?"
30. Which of the authors inherited insanity?
31. Who wrote the Essay on Roast Pig?
32. Whose pillow was a bundle of law papers?
33. Who followed his sweetheart from place to place acting as waiter at the hotels at which she stopped?
34. Who was called "a glutton and a drunkard?"
35. Who wrote "The Song of the Shirt?"
36. Who wished to build a monument to his memory?
37. Who was called the "English Song Bird?"
38. Who wrote Browning a letter in Greek?
39. How did Browning meet his wife?
40. Who thought women ought to eat only ice cream and almond cakes?
41. What poetess is buried at Florence?
42. Who wrote Last Days of Pompeii?
43. Who wrote Lady of Lyons?
44. What family was noted for divorces?
45. What kind of school was Belmont and who was sent there?
46. Who said "Beautiful, too good to be true," when told she was going to die?
47. Who wrote Little Pillows?
48. Who was the little girl who went with her parents to church and "sat in the high-backed pew?"
49. Who was Dinah Morris?
50. What female writer has been compared to Shakespeare?
51. Should we hold Spencer responsible for George Eliot's sceptical views?
52. What was George Eliot's real name?
53. Relate the interview between the tourist and the grave-digger.
54. Who said, "Here I and sorrow sit?"
55. Who wrote "No man can be wise on an empty stomach"?
56. What writer was prime minister to Victoria?
57. Who married a woman sixteen years older than himself?
58. Who said "Silence is the mother of truth"?
59. Who said his wife had all his sweetness but none of his conceit?
60. Who was Dr. Thomas Arnold?
61. Over what noted school did he preside?
62. Who was "A fine puss gentleman, all perfumed"?
63. Who was Harriet Jay?
64. Who was "Seymour"?
65. Who wrote his own epitaph?
66. Who was the Philip immortalized by Miss Muloch?
67. Who gave a dinner once a year to the blind children?

68. Who wrote John Hallifax, Gentleman?
69. Who wrote Drink?
70. Who wrote The Woman in White?
71. Name five writers of this era who never married?
72. Who called Charter House "Slaughter House?"
73. Contrast Dr. Morris' School and Brookgreen.
74. Who looked "like a veritable Santa Claus?"
75. Who said Browning never wrote but one intelligible piece of poetry and that was when he was five years old?
76. What was Tennyson's criticism on Browning's Sordello?
77. Who thought he was an idiot because he could not understand it?
78. What was the Good News from Ghent?
79. Who wrote "Proverbial Philosophy?"
80. Who made the Americans angry by his unkind criticisms?
81. Who wrote The Caxtons?
82. Why was Browning not buried by his wife?
83. Who was the first and who will probably be the last poet buried at Westminster Abbey?
84. Why?

PLUS QUESTIONS.

1. *What modern king and queen were elected?*
2. *Who were the Lollards?*
3. *Who was the first poet laureate of England?*
4. *Who was called by one the "Sister of Tennyson" and by another "Shakespeare's daughter?"*
5. *What book is neither written nor printed?*
6. *What is the "Bug Bible" and why so called?*
7. *What monarch besides Richard the First of England bore the title Cœur de Lion?*
8. *Who wrote the lines and about whom were they written:*
*"Begot by butchers, and by bishops bred,
 How high his honor holds his haughty head?"*
9. *What woman is classed with the "Men of our Time?"*
10. *Upon what battle-field was one king slain and his successor crowned?*

ALFRED TENNYSON.

1810.

1892.

Victoria.

WORKS.

Poems, chiefly Lyrical.
Mariana in the Moated Grange.
Claribel.
The Ballad of Oriana.
The Lady of Shalott.
The Miller's Daughter.
Ænone.
The Lotus Eaters.
The Queen of the May.
Locksley Hall.
The Gardener's Daughter.
Dora.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere.
Godiva.
Ballads.

In Memoriam.
Mort d'Arthur.
The Princess.
Idylls of the King: (Enid, Vivien,
Elaine, Guinevere.)
Ode on the Death of Wellington.
Enoch Arden.
Maud.
The Holy Grail.
The Coming of Arthur.
Pelleas and Etarre.
The Passing of Arthur.
The Lover's Tales.
Tiresias.
The Throstle.

DRAMAS.

Queen Mary.
The Falcon.
The Promise of May.

Harold.
The Cup.
Becket.

The Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, a Lincolnshire clergyman, had twelve children and seven of these were sons. The three eldest, Frederick, Charles and Alfred, were poets, but none of them became distinguished except the last. Their mother was a Miss Elizabeth Fytche, a sweet, gentle, and imaginative woman, so kind-hearted that this trait of character became a proverb in the village, and it is said the wicked villagers would bring their dogs beneath her windows to beat them, knowing full well they would either receive a bribe to leave off beating them, or an offer for the worthless curs. She was intensely religious, so our poet was

very fortunate in the influence of his home. His brothers and sisters were "a noble little clan of poets and knights coming from a knightly race." They grew up together, playing their own games, living their own life, and where can such life be found as that of a happy family of boys and girls?

At an early age Alfred Tennyson showed decided signs of poetic genius. One morning, on the plea of headache, having stayed from church, his brother Charles, suspecting he was not very sick, gave him a slate and required him to write a poem. On his return he found both sides of the slate covered, and his words of encouragement were "Well, Alfred, you can write poetry." He was not so fortunate, however, with the elegy that he wrote for his grandfather on his grandmother's death. He was offered ten shillings for it, and when he carried it to his grandfather, he gave him the money but said, "There is the first money you have earned by your poetry, and take my word for it, it will be the last." But he did not prove a true prophet, for this grandson has at times been offered as much as *ten pounds* a line for some of his poems.

At nineteen, he published a volume of poems, which were very severely handled by the critics. He was not the least disconcerted by their adverse criticisms, but quietly laid the volume aside for ten long years, then set to work to correct the faults criticised, and when his two volumes appeared in 1842 his fame was established.

Carlyle went to see him about this time, and writes to Emerson his impression of the poet.

"I think he must be under forty, not much under it, one of the finest looking men in the world, a great shock of rough, dusty, dark hair, light, laughing hazel eyes,

massive, aquiline face, most massive; yet so delicate; of sallow-brown complexion, almost Indian looking; clothes cynically loose, free and easy; smokes infinite tobacco. I do not meet in these decades such company over a pipe: we shall see what he will grow to."

His fame rapidly increased, and his fortune increased with his fame. He was a shrewd manager of his worldly affairs and his investments always became paying ones, and for a long time he had whatever prices he chose to ask for his poems.

Among his early friends was Arthur Hallam, who afterwards became engaged to his sister. Hallam's early death was the first shadow in the poet's life. He immortalized him by the poem *In Memoriam*, and "who would not willingly die to be immortalized by such a poem?" says Welsh. And while we cannot agree with him in his praise of the poem, still we acknowledge it has great merit. Tennyson spent from fourteen to twenty years in revising and correcting it, and our judgment is that all the heart was taken out of it in that length of time.

Tennyson, like so many other great men, liked to talk about himself and his works, and took great delight in reading his poems to others. Charles Sumner once called on him and bored him insufferably by talking about American politics. Tennyson did not feel the slightest interest in this, and so soon as there was a pause in the conversation he asked him if he had ever read his *Princess*. Sumner answered in the negative, and the poet produced the poem and said, "Then I shall read it to you." Sumner was forced to sit quietly and listen to this long poem read in a high, nasal tone, and became in his turn bored.

Tennyson had a horror of autographs, and we cannot

help wondering how his friends, knowing his peculiarity, dared to ask him for one. Some one writing to Sir Henry Taylor said, "Your friend Tennyson was very violent with the girls to-day on the subject of the rage for autographs. He said he believed every crime and every vice in the world was connected with this passion for records and autographs, and anecdotes, and that this desiring an acquaintance with the lives of great men was treating them like pigs, to be ripped open for the public, and that he knew he himself would be ripped open just as soon as he was dead and gone; and that he thanked God Almighty with his whole soul that he knew nothing, and that he would know nothing of Shakespeare but his writings."

He really had a horror of being lionized or overrun by celebrity hunters. His servants guarded him zealously from all visitors, and even the Prince of Wales was one day refused admittance.

He complained very much of impertinent intruders, and frequently had to leave his home on the Isle of Wight for his other home in Surrey, to get rid of these curious people. Very few friends or acquaintances had access to his house. One of the few was Henry Irving, the actor, whom the poet admired greatly. Carlyle and Thackeray used to dine frequently with him. Tennyson used to be very fond of Mrs. Carlyle, her sharp wit amusing him, and her appreciation of his works flattering him.

He has never been, nor desired to be, a society man. He refused all invitations. Mrs. Gladstone begged him, in vain, for a visit to them in London. He was a great favorite, too, with the royal family, especially with Alexandra, Princess of Wales.

His married life was one of the happiest on record. His wife, Miss Emily Sellwood, is now quite an invalid. Hallam and Lionel, her sons, can be frequently seen wheeling her arm-chair over the lawn at Farringford. The poet's devotion to her was beautiful.

Miss Thackeray describes their home as a charmed place, with green walls without and speaking walls within. "The shelves are filled with books, and there is a glory of crimson everywhere. The oriel window in the drawing-room was full of green and golden leaves, of the sound of birds, and of the distant sea."

Mrs. Hallam Tennyson lived with them and superintended the dairy farm, which supplied milk to all the neighborhood.

Tennyson was made poet laureate upon the death of Wordsworth in 1850. He was knighted, and after his elevation to the peerage, there was much squibbing at his expense. Great disappointment was expressed that he should consent to be knighted, as he had always been looked upon as a liberal.

As a writer he was slow and painstaking. He accomplished much, but he had been writing a long time, fifty-eight years. He spent much of his time in renovating and polishing. *Maud* was rewritten fifty times, and many of his poems upon which he spent years of labor have been pronounced by critics to be perfect failures.

Tennyson was in his later years a robust man, strong, healthy, active and fond of outdoor life. He spent whole days in the open air, and had an Englishman's fondness for walking.*

* He enjoyed a joke and often laughed and told his friends how the old man who was at work before his grounds told the tourist when he asked him what Mr. Tennyson did, that he didn't exactly know, but he thought he was "the man what makes the poets."

As a poet he has divided the critics. It often requires labored thought to see the meaning in some of his pieces, and then you may be left in doubt. How can any one be pleased with what is unintelligible? "But," as Cleveland says, "we rejoice that everything he has written is on the side of purity and Christian truth; that it tends to elevate, reform and improve; that it is as full of nobleness as it is of beauty; and that, moreover, the author, by his private worth and virtues, has endeared himself to the hearts of his countrymen, and indeed to all who know him, in a degree that has been rarely equalled in the history of literature."

HISTORY REVIEW.

- 1. Who is the present ruler of Russia?***
- 2. Who is the present ruler of Germany?***
- 3. Who is the present ruler of Austria?***
- 4. Name their wives.***

JOHN RUSKIN.

1819.

1900:

Victoria.

WORKS.

Salsetto and Elephanta.
Modern Painters.
The Seven Lamps of Architecture.
The Stones of Venice.
Architecture and Painting.
The Queen of the Air.
Lectures on Art.
Lecture on Civilization.
Fors Clavigera.
The Crown of Wild Olive.
Pre-Raphaelism.
The Opening of the Crystal Palace.
Aratra Pentelici.
The Study of Architecture in our
Schools.
The Exhibitions of the Royal Acad-
emy.
The Relations of Employers and
Employees.
Michael Angelo and Tintoret.
Ariadne Florentina.
Lectures on Wood and Metal En-
graving.

Love's Meinie.
Frondes Agrestes.
Deucalion.
Laws of Fesole.
Arrows of the Chace.
The Lord's Prayer and the Church.
The King of the Golden River.
Time and Tide by Wear and Tyne.
Two Paths.
Giotto and His Works.
Notes on the Turner Collection.
Political Economy of Art.
Decoration and Manufacture.
Unto this Last.
Drawing and Perspective.
The Construction of Sheep Folds.
Ethics of the Dust.
Sesame and Lilies.
The Elements of Sculpture.
Val d'Arno.
Proserpina.
Mornings in Florence.

Although John Ruskin has written but few lines of what is generally called poetry, expression of thought in rhythm, yet we unhesitatingly place him among the leading poets of the present century, for every line that he has written is so filled with poetic thoughts and poetic expressions that it makes him in the estimation of the thinking world a true poet.

His father was a man of rare gifts and attainments, and if ever a boy was father to the man, the idea of Wordsworth was exemplified in John Ruskin. His mother combined the spirit of Martha and Mary—un-

flinching, orderly, living for her husband and son, not rejecting the better part, but forcing every member of the household to conform to her views of both worlds, and binding down their lives by some emphatic and restraining power. No toys of any kind were ever allowed young Ruskin, and the pity of his Croydon aunt for his "monastic poverty" was so great that she ventured to overcome this prejudice of his mother, by the splendor of temptation, and bought for her nephew the finest Punch and Judy that could be found—one dressed in scarlet and gold and which could really dance. His mother was forced from politeness to accept this gift, but just as soon as the aunt's back was turned, the toy was locked up and he never saw it again. This aunt must have been a very good friend to little John, for whenever his father was ill, she had the boy taken to her house in the country where he was petted and allowed to romp with Towser to his heart's content; and many a scamper they had over the Duppas Hill and on the heaths of Addington. This Towser was a snappish, starved vagrant of a dog, which his aunt had pity for, "and made a brave, affectionate animal of, which was the kind of thing she did for every living creature that came in her way all her life long."

Mrs. Ruskin with all her affection for her son seems to have had little idea of making him happy. He was whipped just as severely if he tumbled down the steps as he was for committing some grave offense. He was never allowed to come to dessert until he was able to crack other people's nuts, and even then he was never allowed to touch one himself, nor indeed a dainty of any kind. He inherited from his mother a love for tidiness and cleanliness, and said that in Switzerland next to the

“ eternal snows ” what he admired most was his mother’s white sleeves. He learned to read and spell with absolutely wonderful quickness. Every morning after breakfast he sat down with his mother to study the Bible. She was a wise woman and never gave him more to learn than he could easily do if he set honestly to the task, and she never allowed anything to disturb him when the task was set. Of those portions of Scripture which he thus learned by heart he says, “ Truly though I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge, and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, the maternal installation of my mind in Bible language I count very confidently the most precious and on the whole, the one essential part of my education.” Again, in alluding to his boyhood, he said, “ I had Walter Scott’s novels and the Iliad (Pope’s translation) on Sundays, but their effect was tempered by Robinson Crusoe and Pilgrim’s Progress. I had, however, still better teachings than theirs, and that continually and every day of the week. I have to chronicle what I owe to my mother for the resolutely consistent lessons which so exercised me in the Scriptures as to make them, every word of them, familiar to my ear in habitual music, yet in that familiarity of reverence as transcending all thought and ordaining all conduct. Her method was to read alternate verses with me, watching every intonation of my voice, so that if I got hold of it at all, I should get hold of it by the right end.” “ And surely it is in this early training,” as Dr. Lipscomb says, “ we find the germ of the later development, which has led lovers of Ruskin to rank him with David the Psalmist as the sweet singer of old; God’s works are God’s thoughts; and Ruskin thus becomes akin to inspired David, so far as his views of nature are concerned.”

Speaking of his father, Ruskin adds, "My father was an absolutely beautiful reader of the best poetry and prose. I heard all the Shakespeare comedies and historical plays again and again; all Scott's, and all Don Quixote, at which I could then laugh heartily; now, it is one of the saddest, and in some things one of the most oppressive of books to me." He was a large debtor to heredity from his father as well as his mother. About the beginning of the "Teen-Period" the father read him extracts from Byron, who became his master in verse as Turner was in color. Two incidents marked turning points in the boy's life. One was when a friend of his father presented him with a copy of Roger's "Italy" illustrated, and the other was when his drawing-master stated that the world had been greatly dazzled by some splendid ideas thrown out by Turner. Up to this point he had never heard of Turner, and had never had his attention specially directed to the beautiful things in art and poetry.

When his Aunt Croydon died, her daughter Mary became an inmate of the Ruskin home. These two children read the Bible together, wrote abstracts of sermons together, and together attended chapel service at Walworth. They could be often seen sitting in a corner poring over "Pilgrim's Progress" or "Fox's Book of Martyrs." By the time John was twelve years old he was allowed to go to the theatres and to dine with his father and mother on festive days. When he was thirteen he received his copy of Roger's "Italy." Thus we have followed the boy from a little fellow in his "blue shoes and ribbons, his frilled collars and buttons, up to the time he assumed the dignity of silken robe.

and tasselled cap and was allowed the run of all the cloisters of Oxford."

His father and mother had both set their hearts upon his going into the Church. "He would have made a bishop," said his father, long years after, with tears in his eyes. We read now of the first sermon Ruskin ever preached—a baby one, where he describes himself as a little boy standing up with a red cushion before him and thumping and preaching, "People, be good, be good." And has he not throughout all his books continued to preach this sermon to us all?

How beautiful are his words, "For the best and truest beginning of all blessings, I had seen the perfect meaning of peace in thought, act, and word. I never had heard my father's or mother's voice ever raised in any question with each other; nor seen an angry or even lightly offended glance in the eyes of either. I had never heard a servant scolded. I had never seen a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter."

He entered Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1842, and took the Newdigate prize for English poetry. He became early impressed with the idea that art was his province, and for many years he devoted himself exclusively to its study. When he was twenty-three his *Modern Painters* appeared, and bore the impress of deep thought. He was a voluminous writer, and brought forth many works, but critics agree that none have surpassed his first effort, and very few have equalled it. It was written to prove the superiority of modern landscape painters over the old masters. He was writing chiefly in behalf of his friend Turner, but the ideas advanced raised a storm of adverse criticism, which, of course, only increased the popularity of the book. Ruskin really did

not believe as strongly as he wrote and later on his views underwent still greater modification, but he has done, by his work, much to influence and impress modern art.

He wrote *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, and, *The Stones of Venice*, to promote a better style of domestic architecture. They were adorned with illustrations made after the hands of the author himself. In 1869 he was made Slade Professor of Fine Arts by the Oxford authorities, and he gave \$25,000 to endow a chair of Drawing at the University, so interested was he on that subject. He severed his connection with the University solely on account of the Convocation, sanctioning vivisection in the physiological laboratory.

His *Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds* by its title deceived many and was ordered largely by farmers who were greatly disgusted to find it related entirely to church matters.

Ruskin had several love affairs, according to a late biographer. His first love was Adele Domecq, one of the four daughters of his father's law partner. The youth, then only a budding poet, said "he was reduced to a mere heap of white ashes in four days" by this enslaver of his fancy. His father and his partner looked on with quiet amusement as his love affair progressed, but Mrs. Ruskin, his mother, said that the girl was a Roman Catholic, and that "a union between the two was too monstrous to be possible," and so the match was never made. Adele married a French nobleman and died early. In 1858 a coal-dealer, Mr. Withers, came to the door bringing his pretty daughter to show to Mrs. Ruskin. They were invited to

stay a week, and Ruskin said that if Charlotte had only remained a month instead of a week "we would have fallen quite melodiously and quietly in love, and they might have given me an excellently pleasant little wife, and set me up in the coal business without any further trouble on my part." Charlotte disappeared from view, but it taught Ruskin this lesson, that Adele was not, as he thought before, the only girl in the world. The parents then wished him to marry Miss Wardell, a girl of fine social position and wealth, but he said, "She is not my sort of a girl." Miss Wardell died soon after, but hardly can it be said that it was on account of Ruskin's decision. In 1840 he was obliged to give up his duties at Oxford on account of some weakness of his lungs. He roamed about from place to place seeking health, and while at Herne Hill he was thrown with a family from Perth who had known the Ruskins before. There was a beautiful daughter in this family, bright, charming and very vivacious. She greatly cheered the sad and melancholy young man. She asked him one day to tell her a fairy story, he consented and wrote "The King of the Golden River." Seven years later, when traveling in Scotland, he met this young lady again, and proposed marriage to her. She consented and the honeymoon was spent at Keswick, in that lovely English lake district. The marriage was from the first a mistake. The scholarly man was fascinated with the dazzling Effie Chalmers, and she was attracted by his wealth and social position, but neither loved the other. She soon became aware that her husband could never look at life from her point of view. The outside world never suspected the misery

in the household until Ruskin's friend, John Everett Millais, came to pay him a visit and asked Mrs. Ruskin to sit for the girl in the Huguenot Lovers, a picture he was then painting. Ruskin saw and understood that these two were congenial, and before they were conscious of it had fallen in love with each other, so he arranged that their marriage should take place and he quietly went back to his boyhood home. It was a sad experience for a man of his sensitive temperament, but as he did not really love his wife, his nature was not shaken to its depths. Later he did have a real love experience which meant far more to him. Four years after his separation he became tutor to two little girls. One was named Rosie, who nicknamed Ruskin "Saint Crumpet," in token of his generosity to beggars. They were true comrades and he watched the child grow to lovely womanhood. When Rosie was sixteen he wrote *Sesame and Lilies* just to please her; possibly no book of the century has so influenced womanhood. So the man of fifty-three, watching Rosie develop, began to love her, and Rosie loved him in return, but not well enough to marry him, because she felt his religious beliefs were not what they should be, and told him plainly that she could not be unequally yoked with an unbeliever, and they separated. Three years later as she was dying he begged to see her once more, she asked him if he still loved her more than he loved God, and when his answer came that he did, her door was closed to him forever. It meant a great deal for one so young to be so strong, but there is no doubt that Rosie accomplished through the strength of her sacrifice what she could never have accomplished in life,

For she became after death a spiritual presence, guiding, restraining and leading him at last to faith in God and in the world to come. He died on Saturday morning, January 20, 1900, in his eighty-first year. His mind was very much weakened by old age before the end came.

Some one writing of him while he was still living said:

"No living writer on art and on beauty in nature holds so high and so secure a place in the estimation of the English-speaking people as John Ruskin. Despite his eccentricities, he is a writer of wonderful fascination. Much of this is due to the fact that we feel that he is speaking the truth. He is, above all things, honest. He is a hater of shams, and wherever, and whenever he finds one, he punctures it, no matter how hedged round it may be by authority, age, or position."

"Read him, not his biographers. You will find in his words the fountains of Elysian fields; you will find the deepest, clearest, sweetest well-spring of beauty and truth that has gushed from the true heart of England for the centuries that lie between us and John Milton; not an infallible master always but a sweet, true and exalted one always." Ruskin said:

We should be afraid of doing wrong, and of that only, otherwise, if we only don't do wrong for fear of being punished, we have done wrong in our hearts already.

If we hear a man swear in the streets, we think it very wrong, and say he "takes God's name in vain." But there's a twenty times worse way of taking his name in vain than that. It is *to ask God for what we don't want*. He doesn't like that sort of prayer. If you don't want a thing, don't ask for it. If you do not wish for His kingdom, don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it. And to work for it you must know what it is: we have all prayed for it many a day without thinking. Now if you want to work for this kingdom, and to bring it, and enter into it, there's just one condition to be first accepted. You must enter into it as children or not at all.

You may have the child's character in these things—Humility, Charity and Cheerfulness.

The best prayer at the beginning of a day is that we may not lose its moments.

EDWARD ROBERT BULWER.

(Earl Lytton, Owen Meredith.)

1831.

1891.

Victoria.

WORKS.

Clytemnestra and other Minor
Poems.

The Wanderer, a Collection of Poems
in Many Lands.

Fables in Song.

Glenaveril—The Artist.

After Paradise.

The King of Amasis.

Chronicles and Characters.

Serbski Pesme.

Orval, or the Fool of Time.

Lucile, a Romance in Verse.

The Earl's Return.

Life and Letters of his Father.

Tannhäuser, or the Battles of the
Bards.

Earl Lytton is best known to us as Owen Meredith, the author of *Lucile*. He is the son of Edward George Bulwer Lytton, the great novelist, and was born Nov. 8, 1831. His mother was Rosina Wheeler and her unhappy marriage has been described in the life of Bulwer, Earl Lytton's father.

Owen Meredith was educated by private tutors in England, and studied for a time in Rome. His career has been as picturesque as his imaginative father could have conceived for him, as he was not quite eighteen when he entered upon his diplomatic service. He first became private secretary to his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer, who was minister at Washington, and then served in other places afterwards. In 1872 he was secretary of Embassy at Paris, and on his father's death in 1873 he became Baron Lytton, then Earl Lytton, then Viscount Knebworth; in 1874 he was Ambassador to Lisbon, and when D'Israeli was Prime Minister he was made Viceroy of India, which is the highest honor possible for an Englishman to have unless it is to be prime minister. He was Ambassador to France and his health became very precarious, as he had a cancer which devoured his very life, and this finally caused

his death. A writer who saw him in his last years thus described him : " I think those of us who had dreamed of Owen Meredith, the poet, were disappointed to see in the author of *Lucile* a man fifty-five years old, of medium height, with long beard, hair thrown back, and fixed, steely, blue eyes. However, after the first disappointment, his cordial manner and winning smile put every one at ease. Never has the British Embassy been so artistically arranged as since the arrival of this poet-diplomat. The home of Lord Lytton is the magnificent palace offered by Napoleon I. to his sister Pauline, the widow of General Leclerc, afterwards Princess Borghese. Here the famous Pauline carried on many of her intrigues, incurring the displeasure of her imperial brother, and the hatred of every woman in France. Since Lord Lytton's occupancy this Borghese Palace has become a wonder in the way of fine furnishing and wealth of curiosities from all parts of the world. Opposite Lady Lytton's boudoir of green and gold is Owen Meredith's study, hung in *fraise écrasée* ; on the writing-table is an ink-stand that once belonged to Warren Hastings, and by the side of this innumerable goose quills, for the poet has never accustomed himself to use a steel pen. On the table are family photographs, and from the study a door leads to the bedroom once occupied by Pauline Borghese—the room furnished as in her time. Lady Lytton is a niece of Lord Clarendon, and wears well her forty years ; in evening toilet with diamond tiara, her corsage fastened by diamond stars, and the Star of India gleaming on her left shoulder, she is indeed handsome. Lady Constance, who is always seen with her mother, is very plain in appearance, but in manner is a typical English girl. Lord Lytton is now

compiling the memoirs of his illustrious father." He was asked to be his father's biographer, and he edited all his political works. He dreaded the task of writing his father's life, for he felt a true biographer must present all the facts faithfully. To do this would be to reflect oftentimes upon his own mother's character. He dared not refuse the request, for he knew that in other hands than his the world would gain possession of facts which should be kept secret; therefore he accepted the trust, and nobly has he fulfilled it. Much has been told, you will say, which should have been left untold, but when we know how much there was in the lives of each that has been withheld from public gaze, we wonder how he said so little. Is it unnatural that he should have shielded his mother's weaknesses even at his father's expense? When we compare his account of Lady Lytton with that given us by Justin McCarthy, we can scarcely realize the references are to one and the same person. How tenderly the son has shielded the mother!

The love letters which passed between his father and mother are not found in his biography and wisely so, for the drivelling idiocy of the "tootsy wootsy" and the "sweety weety" reflected just as much upon the woman who received the author of such love epistles as a husband, as they did upon the man whose silliness composed them. Nor are the vulgar quarrels which ended in separation given. He tries to palliate all and when blame must be given it is not to his mother.

Lord Lytton did not inherit the family failing for separation. His home circle was a pleasant one and Lady Lytton made a charming hostess to his invited guests. At a dining given in honor of some distinguished person Dean Swift was freely discussed, and his merits

and demerits largely dwelt upon. 'A young lady present wishing to honor so noted a man as Dean Swift was represented to be, whispered to Lady Lytton to know if she could not with impunity invite him to her next lunch. "Oh, no, my dear, that were impossible," Lady Lytton replied. "And why not?" her neighbor urged, "if Dean Swift is as distinguished as you say he is, he certainly should have the entrée to the very best circles."

"Yes, my dear, but the Dean had the misfortune to do something which would make that utterly impossible."

"Why, and what did he do?"

"He simply died about a hundred years ago," was Lady Lytton's quiet rejoinder. Her husband delighted to tell this anecdote with his wife's droll reply.

Lord Lytton was more ambitious to excel in literature than in statecraft, and he took Tennyson, whom he admired extravagantly, as his model. There are traces of sentimentalism and morbid feeling in all his poems, but at the same time fine fancy and graceful musical language. His *Lucile*, which is probably more read by love-sick youths and maidens than any other one poem, is unusually attractive. Its peculiar rhythm fascinates, and had Owen Meredith never written another line this would have given him a reputation as a poet.

HISTORICAL REVIEW.

- 1. Who is the present prime minister of England?***
- 2. Whom did he succeed?***
- 3. Give a sketch of Gladstone.***
- 4. Give a sketch of Lord Roseberry.***
- 5. Give a sketch of Lord Salisbury.***

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

1830

1894

Victoria.

“Christina Rossetti comes to us as one of those splendid stars that are so far away they are seen only at rare intervals.”—*Elbert Hubbard.*

Christina Georgiana Rossetti was the youngest of four children. Her father Gabriel Rossetti was an Italian poet, who was banished from Italy on account of the political bearing of his poems. He came to London with his wife, the daughter of Signior Polidori. She was little more than half his age, but loved him truly in spite of this disparity. She was a woman of sparkling wit and rare good sense. Their home was near Portland Place, 38 Charlotte St. There Christina was born, and there, too, were born two brothers, Dante Gabriel and William Michael and a sister Maria Francesca. The Rossetti children were visionary and had little of what the world would call common sense—but all were geniuses, especially Dante and Christina. The father died and the mother was left with the care of the children. Dante Gabriel became prosperous, married and moved from Charlotte Street to Cheyne Street in Chelsea. He had written “Hand and Soul” and “The Blessed Damosel” at the age of eighteen and they had been published in a magazine called “The Germ”. William married and took a house of his own, leaving the mother with Maria, Christina, two maiden sisters and seven cats in dilapidated apartments in Torrington Square. Dante’s income at this time was

\$10,000, for William Morris was directing the finances of this dreamer who wished the entire family, with his two personal friends, Swinburne and George Meredith to come and live with him. His old mother was too wise, however, to consent to this impractical arrangement. Maria soon passed away and the management of the house devolved upon Christina. She went about her household duties singing as she worked, and as the songs came from her heart she wrote them down with no thought that other eyes than her own should ever see them. Her grandfather Polidori had them printed. He was very fond of this granddaughter, and although these youthful effusions are poor the family thought otherwise, and Dante was indignant that they were not included in a volume of the best poetry. But the true poetic spirit was in Christina, and "she had the faculty of seizing beautiful moments, exalted feelings, sublime emotions, and working them up into limpid song that comes echoing to us across the seas." "In all her lines there is a half sobbing undertone—a sweet minor chord." Her longer poems are more fantastic than imaginative. Her conversation, pleasant and courteous, always was guarded, so it was in her verse that she revealed the depths of her great nature. When a young girl she was said to be very beautiful, and the drawings of her brother represent her so. Christina possibly was never out of London, unless it was when she and her mother taught a day school at Frome.

At eighteen she received an offer of marriage from a well-known artist, but declined the offer because he was a Roman Catholic. When she was thirty-five she received another offer of marriage from an eminent scholar

and man of letters. She loved him and would have married him, but he was either not a professing Christian or had some unorthodox views that made her unwilling to marry him. This incident caused her great pain and a sadder and more austere note rings through her verse written at this period. One can judge of the deep purity of soul possessed by this woman from her choice of books, reading with delight Cranford, by Mrs. Gaskell, and poems by Jean Ingelow and Mrs. Browning and rejecting that modern literature which is not pure and true and ennobling.

Dante Rossetti was seized with many crazes and one was for collecting blue china which finally had to be sold to pay his debts. He got into bad ways, turned night into day, lost his mind, and lost many of his old-time friends. His wife died, so Christina and the old mother moved to his house to care for him. At times his mind would return to him, and joyful were these moments when the lost was found but soon he died and was buried in the old churchyard at Birchington. The mother only lived two years longer. when the maiden sisters died, one aged eighty-seven and the other eighty-four, so Christina was left alone with her cats. She lingered only one year, following them in 1894, having lived a life of suffering and sacrifice. She was glad to go, rejoicing that the end had come. The singer has gone but the songs live after her.

Mackenzie Bell says, "No such treasury of sacred verse as Christina Rossetti's *Verses* has been written since George Herbert," and he questions whether she will not in the end rank higher than George Herbert.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, 1828—1882, was a greater poet than his sister Christina. He belonged to the Pre-Raphaelite school of poetry just as he, Millais and Holman Hunt belonged to the Pre-Raphaelite school of painting. "He lighted his canvas and his pages alike with a quality that is ennobling." His verse, though odd and weird, is full of exaltation and lyrical power. His position in the literary world is due more to the quality of his work than the quantity. When we consider Gray, Keats and Collins who made their reputation as it were on one poem, it can readily be seen that a poet should not be measured by the quantity of his work. He made his first appearance as a writer with *The Early Italian Poets*. His own poems are collected in a single volume. His artist taste comes out in them. "He knows exactly what effect he desires, and produces it by a firm stroke of color, a beam of light, a single musical tone."

Stedman said. "Rossetti moved in a somewhat narrow range with respect to both the thought and method of his compositions; but that he approaches Tennyson in simplicity, purity, and richness of tone," and again that "He had a magnetic influence over all that came within his reach."

The Blessed Damosel is the most widely known of all his poems.

JEAN INGELow.

1830.

1897.

Victoria.

WORKS.

Allerton and Dreux.
Tales of Orris.
Songs of Seven.
Studies for Stories.
Off the Skelligs.
Stories Told to a Child (1st, 2d and
3d Series).
Sailing Beyond the Seas.
Sarah de Berenger.
A Sister's Bye-hours.
Winstanley.
Long White Seam.
Poems of the Old Days and the New.

A Rhyming Chronicle of Inci-
dents and Feelings.
Brothers and a Sermon.
Fated to be Free.
High Tide.
Divided.
A Story of Doom.
Mopsa the Fairy.
Don John.
The Mountain of the Unseen.
Poems of Love and Childhood.
Home Thoughts and Home Scenes.

"The songs of Miss Ingelow sprang up suddenly and tunefully as skylarks from the daisy-spangled hawthorn-bordered meadows of old England, with a blitheness long unknown, and in these idyllic underflights moved with the tenderest currents of human life."—*Edmund Stedman*.

Jean Ingelow was born in the quaint old city of Boston, England, in 1830. Her father was a well-to-do banker; her mother a cultivated woman of Scotch descent from Aberdeenshire. Jean grew to womanhood in the midst of eleven brothers and sisters, without the struggle and poverty so common among the great.

She writes to a friend concerning her childhood: "As a child I was very happy at times, and generally wondering at something. I was uncommonly like other children. I remember seeing a star, and my mother told me of God who lived up there and made the star. This was one summer evening. It was my first hearing

of God, and it made a deep impression on my mind. I remember better than anything else certain ecstatic sensations of joy that used to get hold of me so that I had to creep into corners to think out my thoughts by myself. I was extremely timid, and easily overawed by fear."

Hers was a poetic temperament, that saw beauty in flower and sky and bird; that felt keenly all the sorrows and all the happiness of the world about her; that wrote of life rather than art, because to live rightly was to her the problem of human existence, and with this temperament she grew to womanhood in the city bordering on the sea.

Her poems *High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, Divided* and *Songs of Seven*, placed her at once among the popular writers, and she is appreciated just as much in our country as she is at home.

She spent much of her time visiting the poor of London, and gave a dinner three times a week to discharged invalids from the hospitals and to other sick and disabled ones. She called these her "Copyright Dinners," because they were paid for from the proceeds of her books. At these she gathered the poor people, young and old, to share her bounty.

Her novels, *Off the Skelligs* and *Don John* are not as popular as her poems, still she had the honor of receiving high praise while living.

After Mrs. Browning's death Jean Ingelow was called the "Queen of English Song." Poetry flowed from her pen easily and gracefully. Her songs burst forth like showers from a summer cloud, and are just as refreshing in their influence upon the mind.

She suffered all her life from shyness, and says, "I have never been able to do things by trying to do them. What comes to me, comes of its own accord, and almost in spite of me; and I have hardly any power when verses are once written to make them any better."

Fame came to her at thirty-three when her first book of poems was published. In this she had a message of love, of hope, of cheerfulness to the world,

"Still humanity grows dearer,
Being learned the more."

She died in 1898 and her home for years before her death was in Kensington, and is thus described by one who knew her :

"In Kensington, a suburb of London, in a two-story-and-a-half stone house, cream-colored, lives Jean Ingelow. Tasteful grounds are in front of the house, and in the rear a large lawn bordered with many flowers and conservatories ; a real English garden, soft as velvet, and fragrant as new mown hay. The house is fit for a poetess, roomy, cheerful, and filled with flowers. One end of the large, double parlors seemed a bank of azaleas and honeysuckles, while great branches of yellow primroses and blue forget-me-nots, were on the tables and in the bay windows. But most interesting of all is the poetess herself—just passed middle life, with fine womanly face, friendly manner and cultivated mind. While everything about her indicated deep love for poetry, and a keen sense of the beautiful, her conversation, fluent and admirable, showed her to be eminently practical and sensible without a touch of sentimentality. Her first work in life seems to be the making of her two brothers happy in the house. She usually spends her forenoons

in writing. She does her work thoroughly, keeping her productions a long time before they are put into print. As she is never in robust health, she gives little time to society, and passes her winters in the south of France or Italy."

With great fondness for and pride in her own country, she had the most kindly feelings towards America and her people.

Her life was a quiet but busy and earnest one.

Like George Eliot Jean Ingelow found human nature lovable by living among commonplace people, and studying them and their surroundings.

A London paper said, in speaking of her volume of poems, "We welcome the powers of the most gifted poetess we possess since Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Adelaide Procter sing no more on earth. Lincolnshire has claims to be considered the Arcadia of England at present, having given birth to Mr. Tennyson and our Lady Laureate."

Her poems have as large a sale in our country as in Europe, and as many as one hundred thousand copies of her poems and half as many of her prose works have lately been sold here. She was very familiar with American literature and all of our national questions, and was able to discuss them as an educated woman should.

Jean Ingelow was believed to be too beautiful a name to be real, and it was long supposed that it was an assumed one.

Her volume of poems containing *Brothers and a Sermon* was dedicated to her brother George, partly, as she expressed it, as a token of her affection and partly for the pleasure of connecting her effort with his name.

MICHAEL FARADAY.

1791.

1867.

Victoria.

WORKS:

Chemical Manipulation;
Instructions to Students
in Chemistry.

Experimental Researches
in Electricity.

Various Forces in Nature.

Experimental Researches
in Chemistry and
Physics.

Lectures on the Chemical
History of a Candle.

Michael Faraday, one of four children, the son of James and Margaret Faraday, was born at Newington Surrey, near London, in humble apartments over a stable, and was early obliged to earn his own living. His father was a blacksmith whose health was very feeble, but he was a good and kind man, and an affectionate father; his mother had no education, but was noted for her strength of character and hard common sense, as well as for her neatness and industry. The children were sent to school long enough to learn to read and to write, and then, one by one, they were forced to become wage-earners. At thirteen Michael was an errand-boy in a bookseller's shop, and then became an apprentice to Mr. Riebau for seven years in order to learn bookbinding. It became a habit with him to glance through the books that he was binding, and it was Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations in Chemistry" that first turned his attention to science. While he was binding some old copies of Encyclopaedia Britannica, his eyes lighted upon the article on Electricity. How he longed to know more of this wonderfully entertain-

ing subject, and he determined that he would know more. He saw in a shop-window a notice that a Mr. Tatum was going to give some lectures on electricity at his private home, and the admission was twenty-five cents. He knew perfectly well that he could not afford the price, and so was very grateful when his brother Robert furnished him with tickets. He took notes upon the lectures, then learned how to draw so as to illustrate them; he bound the manuscript into four volumes, dedicating them to his employer, to whom he presented the books. A customer, Mr. Danice, seeing them, and learning of his interest in science, took him to hear Sir Humphrey Davy's lecture. This was an unlooked for joy, he wrote a letter to Davy thanking him and sending him the notes he had taken and expressing a desire to know more of science. Davy remembered that he had once been a poor boy, so he answered very politely, saying that he was going out of town for a day or so, but upon his return he would see if he could not at some time aid him. Time passed, and Michael thought the great scientist had forgotten all about him, but he was not idle, for he kept on with his experiments. He formed few friendships with boys of his own age, setting always a high standard before him, saying that a companion can not be a good one unless he is morally so. This was his safeguard in youth. Benjamin Abbott was one of his few intimate friends, and to him he unburdened his heart.

One day a grand carriage with a footman in livery stopped at his door and left a note. It was from Sir Humphrey, offering him six dollars a week and two rooms at the top of his house. His duty was to clean

the instruments and move them to and from the lecture-room. In his leisure moments he pursued his studies and thus educated himself. He joined a Philosophical Society, composed of thirty or forty young men who wrote lectures, then read them to each other for criticism.

When Davy decided to travel on the Continent, he wished Faraday to accompany him. He went, it is true, more in the capacity of a servant, but the travel meant much in the way of culture. He became so homesick, longing to see his mother and the other loved ones. To his sister he wrote, "Give my love and a kiss to mother, and tell her how much I think of her," and to a friend he confided a secret, and then added, "Tell mother, of course, for I have no secrets from her." No honors conferred upon him by the scientific world ever made him outgrow his love for his mother and his humble home. His father died when he was quite young.

Upon his return to England, Davy paid him \$500 yearly and promoted him. He was now twenty-four and was soon to give a course of lectures on *Chemical Affinity*, which were afterwards published. His first paper on science appeared in the "Quarterly Journal of Science." Thirty-seven of these papers appeared in that Journal, and then he published another book on essays, besides many articles that he had written for the Royal Society.

At this period of his life he began to think of marriage. He fell truly in love with Sarah Barnard, and great fear seized him that he could not win her. She was the daughter of a silversmith and apparently indifferent to his attentions. When he addressed her, she said that she would go to the seaside and con-

sider the question. Wisely he followed, and walking on the cliffs overhanging the ocean, he again pressed her for her answer, and it was all he desired. He had first sent a letter, however, saying, "In whatever way I can best minister to your happiness, either by assiduity or by absence, it shall be done. Do not injure me by withdrawing your friendship, or punish me for aiming to be more than a friend by making me less." Her father said upon seeing this letter, "Philosophers say such foolish things." Faraday had no foolish pride and asked that the wedding-day should be like any other day, so they were quietly married a short while after. For forty-seven years his "dear Sarah" was a joy to him, a true and loving companion who never failed him.

Twenty years followed, and in these years he had every honor that the scientific world could give. Elected an F. R. S. he began a series of lectures on *Chemical Philosophy* before that society, and then began a course of lectures at the Academy at Woolwich. So renowned were these lectures that all London came to hear him. When he lectured, there was a gleam in his eyes no painter could copy and no poet could describe. Prince Albert came bringing his little sons, for he held the lecturer in great esteem.

He published one hundred and fifty-eight essays on *Experimental Researches in Electricity*, and Gladstone said this book was a "marvelous monument of intellectual work—one of the rarest treasure-houses of newly discovered knowledge with which the world has ever been enriched." Tyndall paid him this tribute, "He is the greatest experimental philosopher the world has

ever seen and his discovery of magneto-electricity may be called the Mont Blanc of Faraday's achievements." He discovered electric induction, the principle upon which the Bell telephone of to-day depends; then he proved that the various kinds of electricity are identical. Every great society honored him and sent tokens of admiration. Eminent men came from all parts of the world to see him, but no honors turned his head. His mother's approbation was always first to him, and she always spoke of him as "my Michael." He was not ashamed of early poverty and gloried in the fact that his father was a fine blacksmith.

His health began to fail at forty-nine. His loving wife insisted that he must rest, and persuaded him to go to Switzerland, where they could together climb mountains and row on lakes. For four years he consented to this kind of rest, and with health restored, he began his researches with renewed vigor.

Faraday was a true scientist. He believed more earnestly in the Word of God the more he studied science. In August, 1867 he died sitting in his chair in his study. His memory had been failing for some time, his body growing feebler; he said to a friend just before he died, "I am just waiting." They wished to have him buried in Westminster Abbey because Great Britain made him her idol, but he preferred to be buried by his mother's side in Highgate Cemetery, with a gravestone of the simplest kind; and there amid the clustering ivy, with a plain marble slab to mark his grave, rests one who was elected to seventy societies, and offered nearly one hundred titles and tokens of honor, and yet desired to remain in death as in life, "plain Michael Faraday."

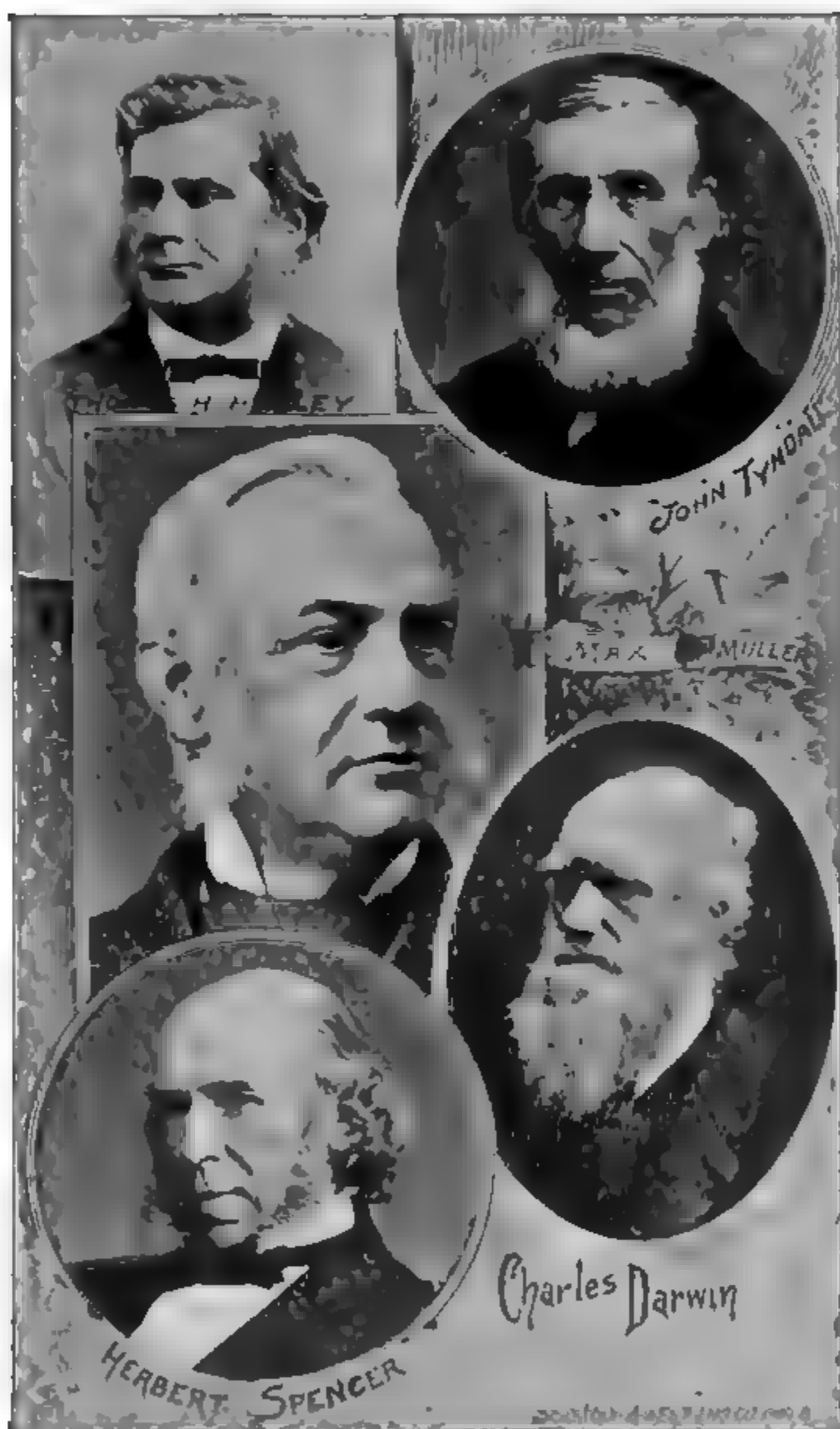
He was a wonderful man; he was great in mind, noble in heart and gentle in manners, a true Christian whose knowledge came from God's Word, the source of all true knowledge. He delighted in testifying through all his scientific investigations to his implicit faith in the Bible as the inspired Word of God.

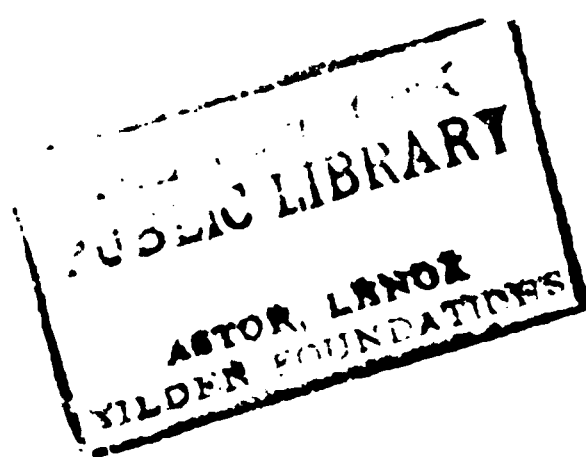
Napoleon III. made him Commander of the Legion of Honor, a rare title; France gave him a medal; Queen Victoria invited him to dine at Windsor, and at Prince Albert's request she presented him with a beautiful home at Hampton Court.

"His standard of duty was supernatural. It was not founded on any intuitive ideas of right and wrong, nor was it fashioned upon any outward experiences of time and place, but it was formed entirely on what he held to be the revelation of the will of God in His Word, and throughout all his life his faith led him to act up to the very letter of it."

HISTORY REVIEW.

- 1. Name Queen Victoria's children.**
- 2. Who was her husband?**
- 3. How is the royal family of England connected with the crown heads of other countries?**
- 4. When did Queen Victoria die?**
- 5. Who succeeded her, and how long was her reign?**





THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.

1825

1895

Victoria.

WORKS.

Observations on Glaciers.
On the Theory of the Vertebrate
Skull.
The Oceanic Hydrozoa.
Man's Place in Nature.
Lectures on Comparative Anat-
omy.
Lessons in Elementary Physiol-
ogy.
Classification of Animals.
Lay Sermons.

Manual of the Anatomy of Verte-
brated Animals.
Critiques and Addresses.
Elementary Biology.
Physiography.
Science and Culture.
The Rede Lecture.
Phenomena of Organic Nature.
Natural Inequality of Man.
The Advance of Science in the
Last Half Century.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY, the naturalist, was born at Ealing, Middlesex, England, where his father was master of a school. His mother was a woman of keen perception, or as he expressed it, "could see things in a flash," and he inherited this trait from her. After receiving a preliminary education, he studied medicine and took a diploma.

In 1846 he entered the navy and was assistant surgeon on the *Rattlesnake* in the expedition sent to the South Pacific Ocean. This expedition circumnavigated the globe, and gave Huxley a fine opportunity for original investigation, and the ardent young student seized it with an eagerness only equalled by Darwin in a similar voyage. He spent four years coasting along the shores of Australia and the result of this voyage was his *Oceanic Hydrozoa*.

This book appeared in 1859, and greatly extended our knowledge of the Zoöphytes. He had before this

attracted the attention of the scientific world by papers he had read and had many honors paid him, having been made a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1851.

After the cruise, when he returned to England, he found his scientific discoveries had made him a name. He left the navy and became Professor of Natural History. Had he cared for political distinctions, it is certain he could have secured his election to Parliament, or have become Prime Minister, as honor after honor was showered upon him.

In 1857 he joined Dr. Tyndall in studying the nature of glaciers, and delivered his able lecture on *The Theory of the Vertebrate Skull*.

When the Darwinian theory was advanced, Huxley immediately ranged himself on that side. His influence doubtless had much to do in making Darwin's doctrines acceptable in scientific circles.

He was made president of the Royal Society. During the latter years of his life his health failed and he was compelled to retire from public life. He was very deaf, and this was a source of great inconvenience to him. He died in 1895 at the age of seventy.

When he wrote of the "unequal distribution of wealth," Darwin wrote to him that the unequal distribution of mind was a greater shame, for no one could write such essays as he had written.

Professor Huxley in "Our Celebrities" was induced to give some points in his own life: "I was born on the 4th of May, 1825, at Ealing, and my parents called me Thomas Henry. Why, I do not know, but it is a curious chance that my parents should have fixed for my usual denomination upon the name of that particu-

lar apostle with whom I have always felt most sympathy." As a child he tells us he aped the manners of a courtly clergyman whom he was supposed to resemble. "I remember," he says, "turning my pinnace wrong side forward in order to represent a surplice, and preaching to my mother's maids in the kitchen, as nearly as possible in Sir Herbert's manner one Sunday morning when all the rest of the family were at church. This is the earliest indication I can call to mind of the strong clerical affinities which my friend Mr. Herbert Spencer has always ascribed to me, though I fancy they have, for the most part, remained in a latent state."

Again he says his ambition in early youth was to become an engineer, but it was ordered otherwise, and he began the study of medicine under a brother-in-law. Physiology deeply interested him, and what he cared most for was the architectural and engineering part of the business, working out the wonderful unity of plan in the thousands and thousands of living constructions and the modification of the same apparatus to serve diverse ends. His education here at an end he joined the navy as a surgeon. It was while acting in this capacity that he began to write seriously on scientific subjects. "During the four years of our absence," wrote Professor Huxley, "I sent home communication after communication to the Linnean Society, with the same results as that obtained by Noah when he sent the raven out of his ark. Tired at last of hearing nothing from them, I determined to do or die, and in 1849 I drew up a more elaborate paper and forwarded it to the Royal Society. This was my dove if I had only known it." Owing to the movements of the ship, he heard nothing from this article

until a year later; when he returned to England he found it had been printed and a huge packet of papers awaited him. After his return he was engaged in a very keen controversy with the Admiralty. They ordered him to join a ship ; he refused, and determined to stay in London. Then he was made Lecturer on Natural History and held this position for thirty-one years.

In speaking of his work he says, " I may speak of the objects I have had more or less definitely in view, since I began the ascent of my hillock ; they are briefly these : To promote the increase of natural knowledge, and to forward the application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems of life to the best of my ability, in the conviction which has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, that there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and of action ; and the resolute facing of the world as it is, when the garment of make-believe, by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features, is stripped of. It is with this intent that I have, subordinated any reasonable or unreasonable ambition for scientific fame which I may have permitted myself to entertain to other ends ; to the popularization of science ; to the development and organization of scientific education ; to the endless series of battles and skirmishes over evolution, and to untiring opposition to that ecclesiastical spirit which everywhere is the deadly enemy of science."

When Darwin published his book on " Natural Selections," Huxley became an ardent supporter of the theory, and was the first to apply it to the problem of the evolution of the human race. He delivered some

lectures to the workingmen called *The Relations of Man to the Lower Animals*. Warm controversies arose over his position on this subject, and he wrote a book endeavoring to trace the descent of man from the anthropoid apes. This book gave rise to still greater discussion. Scientists commended his views, heaped honor after honor upon him, made him president of the Geological Survey, president of the British Association for the advancement of science, had him elected on the London school board, made him secretary of the Royal Society, and afterwards made him president, and then elected him foreign member of the American National Academy. No man could have had in a life time more honors showered upon him. The churchmen, however, felt that in his efforts to establish his scientific beliefs he had attacked the inspiration of the Bible and they maintained that upon the Word of God all true science is based. His friends denied that he did this, but later controversy with Gladstone regarding Biblical interpretation proved that there was foundation for this statement.

HISTORY REVIEW.

- 1. Name four acts of Victoria's reign to encourage literature.**
- 2. Name two acts to encourage home industry.**
- 3. Name four advocating peace with other nations.**
- 4. Name two encouraging science.**

JOHN TYNDALL,
F. R. S., D. C. L., LL.D.

1820

1893

Victoria.

WORKS.

Glaciers of the Alps.
Mountaineering.
A Vacation Tour.
Heat Considered as a Mode
of Motion.
On Radiation.
Sound, a Course of Eight
Lectures.
Faraday as a Discoverer.
Natural Philosophy in Ea-
sy Lessons.

Es-says on the Imagination
in Science.
Fragments of Science for
Unscientific People.
Hours of Exercise in the
Alps
The Story of the Light-
house.
Personal Recollections of
Carlyle.
Freedom of Inquiry.

JOHN TYNDALL, one of England's greatest scientists, was born in the county of Carlow, Ireland, near Leighlin Bridge, an old market town, quaint and interesting. The Barrow, second river in importance in Ireland, is there crossed by a bridge with ten arches. Tyndall's boyhood was spent near this place. His parents had little of this world's goods, and could not give him school advantages desired, so his early instruction was entirely in the public schools, where his time was devoted mostly to mathematics, which was his favorite study, and the bent of his mind was toward engineering. Who knows how much influence that ten-arched bridge may have had over his boyish thought! At any rate he was scarcely nineteen before he was found engaged in practical work in engineering and surveying, and by this means earning a sufficient sum to carry on his studies. He wished to come to America, but friends over-per-

suaded him to abandon this wish. He was elected to fill a place in Queenwood College, which he accepted because there he could gain technical engineering training. He formed a friendship with Dr. Frankland, and the next year the two went to Germany to enter the College of Marburg, where it is thought they studied under Bunsen. Tyndall spent a year at Berlin working in the laboratory of Magnus. He gave special attention to the study of magnetism and diamagnetism, and published some papers on these subjects which so attracted the attention of scientists that upon his return to England in 1851 he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, and two years later was chosen to succeed Faraday, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution at London. The University of Cambridge conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., in 1855. Several years later Oxford gave him the degree of D. C. L., and he was also honored by the University of Edinburgh.

Huxley was becoming interested in the glacier formation in Switzerland, so Tyndall joined him in a trip to Switzerland, and together on their return they published a paper on this subject which attracted much attention. He and Huxley were warm personal friends. He went to Switzerland again, and after experiences of the greatest danger and exposure succeeded in determining the winter motion of the Mer de Glace. He then began to investigate radiant heat, and wrote *Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion*.

In 1872 he came to America and delivered a course of thirty-five lectures on light, heat and sound. These lectures were well received and were a great financial

success. After defraying all expenses he turned over the remaining sum, thirteen thousand dollars, to pay the expenses of students unable to carry on their scientific investigation.

In 1874 the British Association held its annual meeting at Belfast. Tyndall was asked to preside over that meeting, and in his opening address caused a great sensation by declaring his views in regard to materialism. He said he saw "in matter the promise and potency of all the forms of life," The religious world had already been shocked by a proposition of Tyndall's to test the efficacy of prayer in behalf of the hospital patients, and believers were looking askance at scientists like Huxley, Tyndall and Spencer, who while advocating and advancing great discoveries in science, were allowing themselves to cast doubts upon the inspiration of God's Word, the efficacy of prayer, the Divine power in miracles, and the Divinity of our Lord. The greatest discoveries in science can be made and not conflict with God's Word, if only the heart of the discoverer is right with God was what they maintained. They feel that scientists have much for which to answer in taking away the "crutch of faith" from weak believers.

Tyndall, about 1883, bought a cottage among the Alps and devoted his time to studying natural phenomena as observed from the mountain-tops. He gave to the world in his published books the result of these investigations.

His death came by accident in 1893. An overdose of chloral was administered through mistake by a devoted wife, while they were at Haslemere, England, and he died from the effects of this.

HERBERT SPENCER.

1820

1905

Victoria, Edward VII.

The Proper Sphere of
Government.
Social Conditions Essen-
tial to Human Happi-
ness.
Principles of Psychology.
Essays, Political and
Speculative.
Education, Intellectual,
Moral and Physical.
First Principles, a Sys-
tem of Philosophy.
Classification of the Sci-
ences.

Principles of Biology.
Hypothesis of Physiolog-
ical Merits.
Recent Discussions in
Science, Philosophy and
Morals.
The Study of Sociology
and Descriptive Sociol-
ogy.
Ceremonial Institutions.
Data of Ethics.
Political Institutions.

"As a logician and a thinker of broad grasp and deep powers of analysis and synthesis Herbert Spencer has had few equals in the history of man-
kind."—*Brit. Enc.*

HERBERT SPENCER was born at Derby, England, 1820. His father was a teacher of mathematics and a man of wide culture and marked characteristics. As a boy he showed a tendency towards scientific study by his fondness for keeping caterpillars and watching them turn into butterflies; by catching and pressing winged insects, and making drawings of them; and while still very young assisting his father in physical experiments. He was sent when thirteen years old to an uncle who had charge of the parish of Hinton. This uncle, Thomas Spencer, was very kind but very strict with the boy. He remained there three years, devoting his time principally to mathematics, and then later, when he returned home, he studied perspective under his father

in order to become a civil engineer. He contributed some articles on engineering to a scientific journal, and this directed his tastes to a literary life, and he finally decided to forsake engineering and devote his time to literature.

His first work of any importance was *Social Statics*. It was full of radical and original views, but remains today a most valuable text-book on democratic political philosophy. In 1855 his book entitled *The Principles of Psychology*, in which he analyzes the relations between mind and matter, shows a decided inclination to the hypothesis of evolution. Then began a series of essays on philosophical subjects. He took the ground that "the mental faculties have gradually developed through the whole range of animal life under the influence of experience and the long continued moulding of enviroing nature." This was the first attempt to apply the theory of evolution to psychological phenomena. There was a great outcry against these theories. He wrote *The Nebular Hypothesis* and then determined to undertake his great work on science to be issued in ten volumes. Spencer's writings have a great hold upon general opinion, and have been harmful, in that thought has been turned outward not inward, and man the creature is extolled instead of God the Creator. He made futile attempts to escape the evidences of design in the works of the Creator. Was this true philosophy?

He wrote much on education. He opposed the old system of teaching by rote and advocated methods by which the pupil's curiosity and interest were awakened, observation strengthened, and his judgment appealed

to. His father had so taught him, so he knew the method was excellent. He made radical changes in the educational system.

The work ranking highest is possibly his *Descriptive Sociology*. He intended it to be issued in eighteen parts, but on account of the restricted sale of the books as they came, one by one, from the press, he limited the volumes to nine. In speaking of his books, he said: "During the first twelve years of my literary life every one of my books failed to pay for the paper, print and advertisement, and, for many years after, failed to pay my living expenses; every one of them made me poorer." Fourteen years were required to exhaust the first edition of seven hundred and fifty copies of his *Social Statics*.

Germany was the first to recognize Spencer as a great philosopher, and it was in the last few years of his life that England showed any real appreciation of his work.

He lived to be a very old man, possessing to the last his faculties in full. He had been in delicate health for years, but it is said "no jollier or brighter companion could be desired." He was quick to see the humorous side of things and had on hand a fund of bright and ready anecdotes. He was a capital story-teller. He enjoyed billiards, concerts and other amusements. He had a contempt for any one who acted in any way dishonorably, and always treated such impatiently and severely. When his health failed he went to Brighton and lived there in the closest retirement, accepting no social courtesies, and seeing only his most intimate friends. He was never married and his home for years was in a quiet boarding-house in West End, London.

FREDERICK MAXIMILIAN MÜLLER.

1823.

1900.

Victoria.

WORKS.

Rig-Veda Sanhita.

Lectures on Science of Languages.

*Introduction to the Science of
Religion.*

Essays on Mythology.

On the Stratification of Languages.

On Missions.

Science of Thought.

*Chips from a German Workshop—
(4 vols.)*

India; What can it Teach Us?

*Origin of the Growth of Religion,
Illustrated by the Religions of
India.*

My Predecessors.

F. Max Müller, as his name implies, is a German by birth, but an Englishman by adoption. He was born at Dessau in 1823, and studied at Leipsic, then at Berlin, and afterwards at Paris. He became very proficient in the Sanscrit languages.

In Paris he had an excellent opportunity for collecting the material for his *Sacred Hymns* of the Brahmas, *Rig-Veda Sanhita*, and in order to still further prosecute his philological studies he examined the MSS. in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford. The East India Company published this work of his at their own expense.

Then he resided at Oxford, where he gave lectures on comparative philology, and afterwards became Professor of Modern Languages. He was one of the eight foreign members of the Institute of France. Few foreigners have received as many marks of distinction from England as he has, and few are as familiar with her language, her literature, and her institutions.

At the time when the scientific world was excited over the Darwinian theory, Spencer's *Principles of Sociology*, Tyndall's *Freedom of Inquiry*, and Huxley's *Anatomy of Vertebrated Animals*, and weak and unsettled faiths were being shaken by a misconception of, or a belief in the theories advanced, Müller delivered in Westminster Abbey a lecture which indicates a re-

markable advance in the scientific treatment of religious investigation in England. The subject of the lecture was *The Origin and Growth of Religion Illustrated by the Religions of India*.

This lecture did more to do away with the harm done by the theories advanced by Darwin and others than any other one effort.

From his *Language, the Barrier Between Brute and Man*, from which we have quoted before in Darwin's life, we give the following extract:

“Man speaks, but no brute has ever uttered a word. Language is something more palpable than a fold of the brain, or an angle of the skull. It admits of no caviling, and no process of natural selection will ever distill significant words out of the notes of birds or the cries of beasts. No scholars, so far as I know, have ever controverted any of these statements. But when evolutionism became, as it fully deserved, the absorbing interest of all students of nature; when it was supposed that if an animal could develop into a man, and its *bow-wow* and *pooh-pooh* could develop by perceptible degrees into Latin or Greek, I thought it was time to state the case for the science of languages, showing that the results of investigations in that direction do not tally with the results of evolution, and that words could not be derived from interjectional or imitative sounds, and that between sounds and the first beginning of language there is a barrier which has never, nor ever can be passed by any animal except man.

“We cannot be reminded too often that in many things we are like the beasts of the field, but that, like ourselves, and like ourselves only (with the Spirit of God within us) we can rise superior to this bestial self, and strive after what is unselfish, good and God-like.

"The wing by which we soar above the sensuous, was called, by the wise men of old, *logos*; the wing which lifts us above the sensual, was called, by good men of old, the *daimonion*. Let us take care, lest by abusing the gift of speech, or doing violence to the voice of conscience, we soil the two wings of our soul, and fall back through our own fault to the dreaded level of the gorilla."

Evolutionists have never satisfactorily answered this, and all experiments to prove his theory false have failed.

Max Müller, Charles Kingsley and Anthony Froude married three sisters, the daughters of a wealthy London merchant.

Max Müller lost a greatly beloved daughter, and was almost inconsolable at his loss. He retired for a while to a dreary little German town and abandoned all pursuits which had hitherto engrossed him.

Among the later scientists may be mentioned SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, PROF. LANKESTER, J. NORMAN LOCKYER, FRANCIS GALTON and ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

1834

1896

Victoria.

William Morris, a poet, an artist of the beautiful! He delights in the manifestations of objective beauty.—*E. C. Stedman*.

A poet, and one of our half dozen best poets, even when Tennyson and Browning were alive; an artist whose influence is visible almost everywhere; a craftsman who devoted himself in a commercial age to the union of arts and crafts, it may be said of him, with little or no exaggeration, that he adorned all he touched.—*London Times*.

William Morris was born at Walthamstow, Essex, 1834. His father was a London merchant who left his family very wealthy when he died. William was a lad of ten, the eldest of the family, at this time. He was educated at Marlborough and at Exeter College, Oxford. His tastes were for art, and he studied to be an artist, but not being successful he directed his attention to architecture. It was not until 1858 that any thought of literary work was suggested. He issued a volume of poems, the leading one, *The Defence of Guenevere*, gave the name to the book.

His home was in Hammersmith on the Thames—a big, red, old-fashioned house, with an old-fashioned garden full of roses surrounding it. This house was filled with all the art treasures that wealth could buy and good taste suggest. In personal appearance he had a “burly figure,” well dressed always, and while kind, generous and large-hearted, he was brusque and full of nervous energy. In conversation he would stride up and down the room waving his arms to give emphasis to his words.

When Tennyson died Morris's name was proposed for poet-laureate, but he was a socialist—an avowed socialist—so that of course debarred him. It seems

strange that a man of wealth, having under his direction a large factory employing hundreds of laborers, should denounce in such unqualified terms capital and private property as "monstrous iniquities." It only goes to prove the earnestness of his views. It is very easy for a poor man to denounce capital, for he has nothing at stake, but a rich man imperils his estate when he advocates these views.

Morris belonged to a club of socialists which included Walter Crane, Burne-Jones and others, and this coterie were active in promoting other like organizations. This was in his later years, but his literary work was done earlier in life.

In 1863 he established a manufactory for artist supplies and various articles, such as wall-paper, stained glass, wooden goods and household decorations of all kinds. It was while engaged in this that he interested Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and so materially aided this impractical dreamer. Together with Burne-Jones and others they had been interested in the Pre-Raphaelite school of artists. His spare time only was given to literary work, and it is surprising what was accomplished.

In 1867 appeared a narrative poem, *The Life and Death of Jason*; three years later *The Earthly Paradise*, twenty-four legendary tales in verse recited by a company of travelers in Norway, who sailed westward to reach an earthly paradise. There is in it a tinge of fatalism that lessens the charm of the poem. Three years later his *Love is Enough or The Freeing of Pharamound* appeared. His translations were numerous, and were published at intervals from 1869 to 1876. In 1882 he delivered five lectures on

Hopes and Fears of Art and these were afterwards published in book form. He had a press of his own, Kelmscott Press, the name being taken from Kelmscott Manor, his beautiful country home. *The House of the Wolfings* and *The Roofs of the Mountains* are romances written in mingled verse and prose. In 1890 appeared *The Glittering Plain* followed the next year by *News from Nowhere* and that followed by *Poems by the Way*. His last work was a romance, *The Well at the World's End*.

Morris's poetry is fair with the beauty of green fields and summer skies, and has about it a restful charm, but Morris will never rouse the soul to elevated thoughts and deeds. In style he may be called a successor to Boccaccio and Chaucer.

The *London Times* in speaking of him in regard to his socialistic views, said: "The unpractical extremes to which his opinions tended are only the results of a warm heart and a mistaken enthusiasm. It is to be feared that his ideals and aspirations for art will never approach realization."

Morris remained a socialist to the end of his days. He believed that the world would be better if the masses were fused with the classes and influenced by a love of the beautiful in art, and by a greater degree of material comfort in daily life. He felt there should be no antagonism between superior and inferior, and that every one should claim useful employment, and if not, to be compelled to render service to the community. He dignified every art he followed, and taught his workmen to respect work for work's sake, and to make it as true, as honest, and as perfect as possible. His life was filled with useful activities and helpful sympathies, but his dreams were Utopian and his teachings dangerous.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, for more than forty years known as the *doyen* of British journalism, was born in London in 1828 and died at Brighton in 1895. He was both journalist and author, but is best known as the special correspondent of the "London Daily Telegraph." He contributed to "Household Words," "Welcome Guest," "All the Year Round," "Illustrated London News," and wrote the Hogarth papers in "Cornhill Magazine." He was the founder and editor of the "Temple Bar Magazine," for which he wrote his stories *The Seven Sons of Mammon* and *Captain Dangerous*. He visited the United States in 1863 and wrote upon his return *America in the Midst of War*; he visited France during her war with Germany and wrote his impressions for the "Daily Telegraph;" he visited Italy to record the entry of the Italian army into Rome; he visited Spain to give his impressions of Alphonso XII.; he described the fêtes attending the interview between Emperor Francis Joseph and Victor Emanuel and published these impressions in *Two Kings and a Kaiser*; he visited Russia, later Constantinople by the way of the Black Sea and gave his views regarding the Eastern question. He started a weekly called "Sala's Journal," but this was a financial failure.

Some of his works are: *How I Tamed Mrs. Cruiser*, *Twice Round the Clock* and *Journey Due North: a Residence in Russia*, *The Baddington Peerage*, *Looking at Life*, *Make Your Game: a Narrative of the Rhine*, *A Journey Due South* and *The Land of the Golden Fleece* and *Trip to Barbary by a Roundabout Route*.

HISTORIANS OF OUR DAY.

FROUDE, KINGLAKE, LECKY, M'CARTHY, GARDINER, BRYCE
AND GAIRDNER.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

1818.

1894.

Victoria.

WORKS.

Shadows of the Clouds.

Nemesis of Faith.

History of England.

Book of Job.

Short Studies on Great Subjects.

The English in Ireland.

Oceana.

The English in the West Indies.

Thomas a' Becket.

Reminiscences of Carlyle.

Julius Cæsar: a Sketch.

Carlyle's Life.

Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh
Carlyle.

New York.

Lord Beaconsfield.

James Anthony Froude, historian and essayist, was born at Dartington, Devonshire, Eng., in 1818. He was an agreeable man of the world but with a spice of cynicism in his talk. He was twice married; first to Miss Charlotte Greenfell, of Taplon House, and then to Miss Ware.

He was educated at Westminster and Oriel College, Oxford, and graduated with high distinction. He was elected a fellow of Exeter College, and intended to enter the church, but he abandoned this purpose, and chose a literary life instead. He insisted that he did not choose this from inclination but from necessity—he had nothing else to do.

Froude's history has commanded more attention than any that has ever been published, Macaulay's not excepted.

His judgment of Henry VIII.'s character is so different

from that given by other historians, that we are puzzled to know why he so admired him or from what sources he obtained information to sustain him in his views. We are unable to recognize the bloated, cruel, licentious "King Hal" in the charming picture drawn by Froude. Either he is wrong or all history written before is at fault.

His *Nemesis of Faith* is a sad failure. It is a covert attack upon the Bible. In it "faith and hope are poisoned and charity languisheth." His senior fellow at college publicly burned the book, and "this," says Cleveland, "is the only light it will ever shed upon the world." The book offended the University authorities, and it caused him to lose his fellowship and also a situation to which he had been appointed in Tasmania.

As Carlyle's literary executor, he issued his *Reminiscences* in 1881. Then *Carlyle's Life* appeared in 1882, and *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle* in 1883. Froude was severely criticised for these works. It was thought he betrayed the confidence of a friend, who had fully trusted his love and judgment.

"But Froude thought he had materials enough to venture with. He knew, too, how Carlyle had formulated and practiced the principles of biography. And Froude thought himself bound to do the same. Of whom should the naked truth be told, if not of the prophet who had devoted his life to stripping off illusions and preaching 'the eternal verities' alone? 'I for myself concluded,' wrote Froude, 'though not till after long hesitation, that there should be no reserve, and therefore I practiced none.'"

Lord Beaconsfield, a charming sketch, appeared soon after the *Carlyle*.

Since his death much unknown before has been learned concerning his childhood and youth.

He was one of several brothers and sisters, and was left motherless at three. His two elder brothers, Hurrell and Robert, were Eton boys, very brilliant lads, popular at school, and companions at home with their father, who was Archdeacon of Totnes. Hurrell felt that the way to give his younger brother spirit was to take him by his heels and stir a muddy stream with his head, or to toss him out of a boat in water much too deep so as to teach him to swim, or to take away physical fear to keep him in constant dread of "a phantom which haunted a hollow back of his father's house."

Anthony was a precocious youth who, although not sent to school until nine, was reading the Iliad and Odyssey before he was eleven. Later he was sent to Westminster where hazing was practiced, and the older boys made there his life a burden. He was sent home in disgrace because his clothes and books had been stolen or torn in this ill-regulated dormitory. He attempted to explain that the fault was not his, but Hurrell said it was and that he had pawned his clothes. Had his mother lived she would have believed Anthony; as it was his father believed Hurrell, and chastised him severely in the presence of this older brother, who knew little of human nature and believed that by torturing the body he would help the soul.

When Hurrell died his lot was easier, for he became fond of reading, and proved to his father he was not the dolt Hurrell had supposed he was, and from this time dates a turning-point in his life.

Herbert Paul has recently written a charming "Life

of Froude," and from it much of interest is gained, not only facts about his childhood, but also facts regarding his quarrel with Freeman, his relations, personal and literary, with the Carlyles, and many points in connection with his *History of England*.

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE was born at Wilton House near Taunton, in 1811. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, graduating in 1832. He studied law with a view to practice it, but he became interested in literature, and in 1844 brought out his *Eothen* after great difficulty in procuring a publisher for it. He entered the political field for a time, a member of Parliament as a Liberal. He never liked Napoleon III., considering him a political adventurer. In *The Invasion of the Crimea* he does not hesitate to show this hostility. France was so indignant over his views, as therein expressed, that the sale was prohibited in France till the downfall of the Empire. He spent twenty-five years of hard labor on this work. He was returned to Parliament in 1868, but a petition was sent in to unseat him.

At one time he was a brilliant figure in London society, but in later years he became quite an invalid, and lived very quietly and unostentatiously.

His last and best known work is his *Invasion of the Crimea*; it is clear, brilliant, dramatic and fascinating. His death occurred January 2, 1891, having lived more than the allotted age of man.

W. E. H. LECKY, another historian whose *History of Rationalism in Europe* first attracted attention, and has been a synonym for wide research and careful work. He is one of the few writers who verifies his statements by references. He was born at or near Dublin.

JUSTIN McCARTHY, who would be considered a novelist but for his *History of Our Own Times*, is a "wide-minded" man, and a many-sided man. He is historian, novelist, parliamentarian, and journalist—and of good rank in each calling. He is an unostentatious man with "just a pleasant touch of Irish brogue, mild-mannered and genial, who looks through his spectacles in a kindly way upon all the world, and has had about as wide an experience as any man in it."

He spent many years in America and was for a long time editor of "The Independent," a Protestant religious weekly. He then went back to London and became associated with the Daily News. It was by snatches of time that he wrote his history, which the publisher was afraid to accept because the book was so permeated with the author's unpopular nationalist opinions. Another publisher was glad to take it and the author was gratified when the sale of the second volume ran up to fifteen thousand copies, marking the greatest publishing success in history since Macaulay.

Another historian of prominence, SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER, Professor of Modern History at King's College, London, who has written a history which begins where Mr. Froude has left off, although it does not pretend to be a continuation of his at all.

Mr. Gardiner's first wife was Edward Irving's daughter, and for some time he was a minister of the Irvingite church.

He must not be confused with JAMES GARDINER, the author of *Epochs of History* and *Studies in English History*.

PROF. JAMES BRYCE, one of the "North of Ireland Scotchmen," is a great traveler and author of *The Holy Roman Empire*.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

1824.

1905.

Victoria.

WORKS.

The Disciple.
Phantastes. (A Færie Romance.)
David Elginbrod.
The Portent.
Adela Cathcart.
Alec Forbes.
Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood.
Robert Falconer.
Seaboard Parish.
At the Back of the North Wind.
The Princess and the Goblin.
Wilfred Cumbermede.
Malcolm.
Of One Blood.
A Hidden Life.

St. George and St. Michael.
Thomas Winfold.
Welghed and Wanting.
What's Mine's Mine.
Home Again.
The Elect Lady.
Marquis of Lossie.
Paul Faber.
Sir Gibbie.
Mary Marston.
Castle Warlock.
Donald Grant.
Lilith.
Warlock o' Glenwarlock.

POEMS.

Theological Works.
Unspoken Sermons.
The Miracles.

Earl of Quarterdeck.
Legend of the Corrievreckan.
Within and Without.

I do not suppose in the whole range of English literature we can find an author who is more original than Dr. MacDonald. He is particularly happy in describing scenes from humble Scottish life, and he loves to dwell upon the border land between poetry and prose, between this world and romance. As Burns laid bare Scotland's throbbing heart, so MacDonald reveals her soul's belief and hope. He was born in 1824 with the blood of the fiery MacDonalds in his veins. His father was one of the owners of Huntley, and doubtless it was there that his son George found those phases of character so graphically described in his works. He was a native of Aberdeen and became a student at Aberdeen College,





where he remained until he entered the Theological College at Highbury, where he prepared himself to become a minister of the Congregational church. He accepted the charge of the parish at Arundel and remained three years and then went to Manchester. "The wild picturesqueness of that early home in the heart of Aberdeenshire, its snow-capped peaks, its mountain torrents, its lochs and its friths, its deep ravines, its dreary moors must have had a strong moulding influence upon the impressible nature of the dreamy and enthusiastic boy." "Poet prophet he looks," and he has so been well called. Strongly human, yet devoutly mystic, he could both feel men's joys and sorrows, and speak wise things about them. His prose is full of poetry. We can not rank him as a poet, although his dialect poems are not unworthy of Burns.

His threatened breakdown in health forced him to give up preaching, and then he took charge of a young ladies' seminary in London. He traveled in Europe and in Africa to try to regain his former vigor, and he visited many points of interest on the Mediterranean coast. A short stay in Algiers did more to benefit him than anything else, and when he returned he determined to devote himself to literature. He made a lecturing tour in 1872 through the United States where his fame as an author had preceded him, and where he met with a warmth of reception, almost unprecedented, from his numerous admirers.

Critics have found his late works unorthodox, and it must be admitted there are many passages in his novels which justify this criticism. *Robert Falconer* is considered by many to be his best work. This is a life of noble self-sacrifice for the good of his fellow creatures,

and from it is gained a wonderful insight into the wretched hovels in the great city of London. This beautiful story is told in the Scotch dialect, for which Dr. MacDonald is especially noted, and which forms the chief attraction of all his novels. It is difficult to find in the whole range of English novels a purer, sweeter story than *Alec Forbes of Howglen* or *Sir Gibbie*, which appeared about the same time. This last is the life history of a deaf and dumb boy and is strictly original in all its conceptions.

MacDonald has been successful, too, in the domain of fairy lore after the Grimm German Stories, and he has written two or three volumes of poetry, but we know him best as a novel writer.

He frequently lectured on the poets, and these lectures were attended by large and intellectual audiences from London and its vicinity. His health steadily failed after 1882, although he continued to engage in active charities, and to write volume after volume of novels. This labor was necessary, as he had a wife and a large family of children, besides others adopted into his home, to support. He spent his winters in Italy, at Bordighera, and wrote constantly.

He had an intense admiration for women, and in his female characters draws forth all her noble and best qualities. He has said somewhere, "You may drive woman out of Paradise, but you can never drive Paradise out of woman."

Over and over again his poetry and prose overflows with this message: "God is and God is love." Surely he has done his part, according to his own ideal:

"The best that I can do
For the great world, is the same best I can
For this, my world. What truth may be therein
Will pass beyond my narrow circumstance
In truth's own right. The world is in God's hands;
This part in mine."

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE was born at Longworth, Berkshire, in 1825. His mother was a descendant of the good old Dr. Doddridge, and his father was a minister, Rev. John Blackmore. He was educated at Liverton School and Exeter College. He studied law and was admitted to the bar but never practiced.

He was fond of gardening and owned one of the largest market gardens near London. His fruit trees and flowers were noted, and he became better known as Blackmore the "fruit man" than Blackmore the author. His literary work was but slightly noticed until his *Lorna Doone* appeared. At first this fell flat, but owing to a peculiar incident connected with the Marquis of Lorne's marriage to Princess Louise, it created a great furore, and the result was the speedy publication of several editions. This novel deserves all its good fortune for it does honor to English fiction. It is simple in its heroic character, clear in its story, noble in its aim ; it is a fine story finely told. One striking feature in Blackmore's writings is his masterly power of handling the Devonshire dialect. One reliable critic has said *Lorna Doone* is the best novel of its kind produced during this century. It is a semi-historical novel, and is a story of the days of Sedgemoor and the Bloody Assize.

In regard to Christianity, he rang true. "Whatever the age or the intellect of the passing age may be, even if ever arise again such a galaxy of great minds as dawned upon this country three hundred years ago ; though all those great minds start upon their glorious careers comprising and intensifying all the light engendered by, before and since the time of Shakespeare, Bacon and

Newton, then, though they enhance that light tenfold by their own bright genius, till a thousand waking nations gleam, like hill-tops touched with sunrise, to guide men on the human road—to lead them heavenward—all shall be no more than a benighted river wandering away from the stars of God. Do what we will, and think as we may, enlarging the mind in each generation, growing contemptuous of contempt, casting caste to the winds of heaven, and antiquating prejudice, nevertheless we shall never outrun or even overtake Christianity. Science, learning, philosophy may regard it through a telescope; they touch no more than astronomy sets foot upon a star. To a thoughtful man, who is scandalized at all the littleness felt and done under the holy name, until he almost begins to doubt if the good outweigh the evil, it is reassurance to remember that we are not Christians yet, and comfort to confess that on earth we never can be. For nothing shows more clearly that our faith is of heaven than the truth that we can not rise to it until it raise us thither. And this reflection is akin to the stately writer's sentiment that our minds conceive so much more than our bodies can perform to give us token—ay, and earnest of a future state. Of all the creeds which have issued as yet from God, or man, or the devil, there is but one which is far in advance of all human civilization. True Christianity, like hope, cheers us to continual effort, exalts us to unbounded prospect, flies in front of our best success. Let us call it a worn-out garb when we have begun to wear it; as yet the mantle is in the skies, and we have only the skirt with the name on it."

Blackmore was very adverse to having his picture

placed before the public and when asked for it replied that it made no difference to the public whether he had two eyes and one nose, or two noses and one eye. "No, I keep out of all such little curiosity. More people know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows." Little could be found out about his methods of writing or his home life. He seemed very much opposed to any publicity. He died on Sunday, January 21, 1900.

His works are:—

Eric and Karine.
Epuilia.
The Bugle of the Black Sea.
Olara Vaughan.
Alice Lorraine,
Eréma; or My Father's Sin.
Christowel.
The Fate of Franklin.
Translations of "The Georgics of Virgil."

Springhaven.
Craddock Nowel.
Tale of the New Forest.
The Maid of Sker.
Cripps, the Carrier.
Mary Anerly.
Tommy Upmore.
The Farm and Fruit of Old.
Kit and Kitty.
Lorna Doone.

WILLIAM BLACK, another well-known novelist, was a native of Glasgow, and began his literary career as a journalist, becoming assistant editor on the "Daily News." He was born in 1841 and died in 1898. He was a man of humors—at one time silent and contemplative and uncommunicative, or else brimming over with rollicking fun.

His habit, when writing, was to be alone and his wife zealously guarded his room keeping everything absolutely quiet; and as the least noise distracted him, he chose a study next to the roof. A Scotch reviewer gives the following estimate of William Black:

"As for the productions of the last decade of his life, they are little better than 'cauld kail het again'; impulsive tomboys, Highland seas, polychromic sunsets. To predict immortality for his writings were hazardous."

His works are :—

In Silk Attire.
 Black's Works.
 A Daughter of Heth.
 The Strange Adventures in a
 Phaeton.
 Princess of Thule.
 The Maid of Killeena and
 other Stories.
 Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart.
 Madcap Violet.
 White Heather.
 In Far Lochaber.
 Green Pastures and Piccadilly.

Three Feathers.
 The Strange Adventures of a
 Canal Boat.
 Macleod of Dare.
 White Wings.
 Sunrise.
 Shandon Bells.
 Judith Shakespeare.
 That Beautiful Wretch.
 An Adventure in Thule.
 Sabina Zembra.
 Yolande.

WALTER BESANT, 1838—1901, wrote a number of very clever and entertaining novels in connection with James Rice, the chief characteristics of which are veracity and humor. He was born at Portsmouth, and his parents intended that he should enter the church, but he himself decided otherwise, feeling conscious that he was not fitted for this calling. He began to teach, and accepted a professorship in the Royal College of Mauritius, but his health failed and he was forced to resign. He became secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund and several of his books are in connection with the work in Palestine. He was educated at King's College, London, and Christ's College, Cambridge, and graduated with high mathematical honors. He was a careful writer, writing by rule, and his eleven rules for the art of fiction are well worth careful study.

Besant by his pen has done much to alleviate the distress of the poor, and Queen Victoria in gratitude had him knighted.

His principal works are :

Studies in Early French Poetry.
 History of Jerusalem, (assisted
 by Prof. Palmer).
 The New Plutarch.
 Ready-Money Mortiboy.
 The Golden Butterfly.

The World Went Very Well Then.
 The Children of Gibeon.
 Self or Bearer.
 The Doll's House and After.
 The French Humorists.
 Rabelais.

The Eulogy of Richard Jeffries.
 The House of Life.
 Sweet Nelly.
 Chaplain of the Fleet.
 The Captain's Room.
 So They Were Married.
 All in a Garden Fair.
 The Bell of St. Paul's.
 Herr Paulus.
 All Sorts and Conditions of Men.
 The Revolt of Man.
 Dorothy Forster.
 Katharine Regina.
 The Holy Rose.
 To Call Her Mine.

Readings from Rabelais.
 Coligny.
 Whittington.
 Survey of Western Palestine.
 Uncle Talk.
 Such a Good Man.
 The Case of Mr. Lucraft.
 Life of Professor Palmer.
 The Seamy Side.
 By Celia's Arbour.
 My Little Girl.
 Julia.
 For Faith and Freedom.
 The Inner House.
 Armored of Lyonesse.

AMELIA BLANFORD EDWARDS was born in 1831 and died in 1892. She was one of the most learned of English women, and presents a rare example of a youthful prodigy. She was a story writer at four, and appeared in print at seven. She was only twelve when she wrote a long historical novel which was published in a London periodical. Her novels were written with laborious care, and no scene was described until the place had been actually visited or thoroughly studied. Although her characters are never drawn from real life all of her conversations are said to be founded upon fact.

She became much interested in Egyptian lore,—indeed she is considered an authority upon that subject. She gave a series of lectures in this country, and was honored by Columbia College with the degree of L.H.D.,—the only woman so distinguished. Smith College honored her with the degree of LL.D.

Dr. Edwards made many expeditions to the buried cities of the Nile, and was enabled to add valuable contributions to the Museums of London and Boston. She aided Sir Erasmus Wilson in his preparation of "Egypt of the Past."

Her works are numerous; probably the best known are *Dolomites Untrodden Peaks*, *Unfrequented Valleys*, and *A Thousand Miles up the Nile*.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

1850.

1894.

Victoria.

WORKS.

In Inland Voyage.
Travels with a Donkey.
Virginibus Puerisque.
Familiar Studies of Men and
Books.
New Arabian Nights.
Treasure Island.
The Silverado Squatters.
A Child's Garden of Verses.
Prince Otto.
Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and
Mr. Hyde.
Kidnapped.
The Merry Men.
Underwoods.
Memoirs and Portraits.
The Black Arrow.
Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin.
The Master of Ballantrae.
Ballads.

Across the Plains.
The Amateur Emigrant.
Island Nights' Entertainments.
The South Seas.
A Foot-Note to History.
David Balfour.
Vallima Letters.
Fables.
Weir Hermiston.
St. Ives.
Letters.
More New Arabian Nights
(aided by Mrs. Stevenson).
The Money Box, } (aided by
The Wrecker, } Lloyd
The Ebb Tide, } Osburne).
Deacon Brodie, } (Dramas,
Beau Austin. } aided by
Admiral Guinea, } W. E.
Macaire. } Henley.).

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, & Howard Place, November 13, 1850. His father was Thomas Stevenson who, like his ancestors for several generations, was a civil engineer and a light-house builder. He was a man of the highest character, while he possessed defects peculiar to an austere type of virtue; he was a wise adviser and many men took counsel with him habitually; he had excellent taste, though considered whimsical and partial.

Stevenson's mother was Margaret Isabella Balfour, the daughter of a Scotch minister in Midlothian. Little is said of the influence of the mother over her only child. She was known to be a woman of sterling

qualities of heart and mind, and outlived her son. While he did not inherit from her his ill-health, or rather delicate constitution, he must have gotten from her some of his unconventional ideas, for it is said, she was sixty years of age when she moved to Apia, and there rode bare-backed, went barefooted, and lived the life of the natives in Samoa. Stevenson said that he was a tramp and a gipsy, and he could not fail to be that for he "was Margaret Balfour's son."

Stevenson's real name was Robert *Lewis* Balfour, and the change was made to *Lewis* owing to the dislike to some politician whose surname was Lewis. An old Scotch saying is, "There never came a fool out of Scotland," and surely Stevenson was no exception. He was a most precocious child, who was left almost entirely to the care of a Calvinistic nurse; she taught him when a mere baby to say, "The Lord is my Shepherd." At six years of age he dictated to his mother a *Life of Moses*; he was only nine when he wrote *Travels in Perth*, a pamphlet still in existence. From birth he was very delicate, so he was not sent to the public schools, but kept at private academies until he was ready to enter the University of Edinburgh, and it was there that he completed his education.

He was not popular with his schoolmates or college-mates, for they considered him vain and self-conscious. He had been taught by his father that conformity to current ideas in the matter of dress, manners and behaviour was the mark of imbecility and want of spirit. He rather prided himself on being unconventional, playing the Bohemian, neglecting "the minutiae of the toilet," and while this eccentricity may have been pardonable in youth it had no justification in later

years. He is described as attending an informal evening entertainment in a blue flannel shirt, a knitted tie, pepper-and-salt trousers, silk socks, patent leather shoes (he had a small foot and was exceedingly vain of it); his hair falling to his collar. Over this costume he put when departing a velvet jacket and a Spanish cloak, and upon his head placed a pork-pie hat. The ladies were in fits of laughter over his appearance. Yet so charmingly did he waltz, and so charmingly did he talk, that they thought him altogether wonderful.

After graduating at the University of Edinburgh he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1875. His father said, "law was no profession," but when he saw that his son's heart was fixed upon that course, he unwillingly gave his consent. His delicate constitution unfitted him for the close confinement of a law office or the excitement of the court room, so he began that search for health which made him a wanderer the rest of his life. He crossed the sea to America, coming over as a steerage passenger; then he boarded an immigrant car for San Francisco. He had met, while in France in the forests of Fountainsbleau, a Mrs. Samuel Osbourne; they had fallen in love with each other, and while Mrs. Osbourne was separated from her husband, who was still living, no divorce had been obtained, so she could not marry Stevenson. She went to California, and the divorce was later secured, and the marriage occurred in San Francisco, her son Lloyd Osbourne afterwards becoming Stevenson's literary assistant. They went to Southern England where they lived three years, but Stevenson's health failed, and he was forced to make a change. He lived in the Adirondacks for a while hoping for restoration to health. Finally he hired

a beautiful yacht, and decided to cruise in the Southern seas. His wife, his mother and several friends accompanied him. It was said that he was very much disappointed to find such civilization in the Pacific waters. He had hoped to meet savages, to see savage customs, but on the contrary he found the people well posted in regard to literary matters and, to his surprise, they had read with interest a strange story called *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

Love for literature had taken firm hold upon him even while law was his mistress. He was a regular contributor to the Cornhill and Macmillan Magazines and his *New Arabian Nights* appeared in the London Magazine. Henley, the editor of this last magazine, became his great friend, and together they wrote several dramas. He had as early as sixteen published *The Pentland Rising*. In his youth he tells us he played "the sedulous ape" to authors of all kinds and all ages such as Hazlitt, Wordsworth, Montaigne and others ; and, while this may be true, he lived to see others play the ape to him, for his style possesses organic purity, and distinct individuality, and no writer laboured more to form a style which was dignified and worthy. He always acknowledged the influence of covenanting authors over him, and he thought he and Robert Ferguson had some special intellectual and moral affinity. He was the leader of a movement to resuscitate good English, and this movement reacted upon slipshod writers, and some rebelled as Mrs. Oliphant, who never liked him and was not willing to concede much that others granted to him.

His first work to attract the general public was *Treasure Island*, but no work of his, before or after, attracted such general attention as *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*,

which really has become a classic. The theme of this book is dual personality, the two natures warring for mastery. It was a subject that had always had a strong fascination for him; he had touched upon this in *Markheim* and many think handled it to better purpose. When the book appeared, the public eagerly devoured it, finding it not only a thrilling narrative, but a highly edifying allegory. Ministers commented on it from the pulpit, feeling that it would be a strong ally in teaching morality, and Stevenson was after that hailed as a "very helpful writer." There are few women in his books but some are strong characters. Nothing that Stevenson ever wrote surpasses the dedications in his books. It is said his father during the last years of his life would read and reread these, when too ill to care for other literature.

Stevenson taught the doctrine of duty and courage. He preached these with all the energy of his nature whether he felt it or not.

He resided at his home in Samoa, busy with his literary work, engrossed in his spare hours with the politics of the island, and the domestic affairs of his home. Although he felt that his life was fast ebbing away he ever sang a cheerful song, apparently not fearing death, but longing for it. His published prayers are specimens of exquisite word invocations.

He was a man of wide curiosity, buoyant spirits, and unfailing good-fellowship. Few men have ever shown a heartier willingness to breast the world, and to rub off the angularities of character in the face of all sorts of discouragements. Many have suspected him of posing here, and hiding his real feelings, but be that as it may, it would be very uncharitable to call such bravado, so

infectious and so salutary in its influence, by any other name than virtue.

The natives of the island of Samoa loved him very much, and entered upon the friendliest relations with him, and he stood to them as a sort of father. His health seemed to improve, so his death, which occurred suddenly, came as a shock to his friends and loved ones.

The Samoan chieftains buried him on the summit of Mount Vaea, overlooking the harbour of Apia. They placed this inscription over him which he had written himself:

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live, and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

*This be the verse you grave for me;
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.*

A large tomb after the Samoan fashion, built of great blocks of cement, was placed over his grave. On one side was a bronze plate bearing these words, "The Tomb of Tusitala," followed by Ruth's speech to Naomi, "Whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried," taken from the Samoan Bible. On each side of the inscription was a thistle and a hibiscus flower. On the opposite side upon a panel was put the inscription above that he wrote himself.

The chiefs have forbidden the use of firearms upon the hillside where he lies, saying they wish the birds to live there undisturbed, and to sing above his grave the songs he loved so well.

MARGARET OLIPHANT.

1828.

1897-

Victoria.

WORKS.

Passages in the Life of Margaret Maitland.

Phoebe Junior.

Katie Stewart.

The Minister's Wife.

Kirsteen.

The Beleaguered City.

**Historical Sketches of the
Reign of George II.**

Within the Precincts.

The Fugitive.

**The Greatest Heiress in
England.**

The Queen.

**He That Will not when He
May.**

Henry Joscelyn.

Lady Jane.

**It was a Lover and His
Lass.**

The Little Pilgrim.

Salem Chapel.

Agnes.

Chronicles of Carlingford.

St. Francis d' Assisi.

Edward Irving.

The Makers of Florence.

The Makers of Venice.

The Wizard's Son.

The Song of His Father.

A Country Gentleman.

**A House Divided against
Itself.**

The Ladies Lindores.

Sir Tom.

Hester.

Madam.

The Land of Darkness.

Neighbors on the Green.

On the Dark Mountains.

Margaret Oliphant's maiden name was Wilson; she was the daughter of a farmer and was born at Wallyford, in Midlothian; her brother was a Presbyterian minister in Northumberland. When a very young girl Margaret Wilson was very devout, an enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Chalmers and a Free Churchwoman.

In 1852 she married her cousin, Francis Wilson Oliphant, a painter and designer of stained glass. His health failed and he was forced to go to Rome to recuperate, and he died there in 1859, after seven years of happy wedded life. One son, Cyril, had been born

before this, and two months after his death another son Francis Romano was born. Mrs. Oliphant began to write then to support herself, although her literary work began before her marriage. Her sons, when grown, became companions in her work, contributing articles to magazines, and aiding their mother.

Sorrows came very fast into her life after 1890, for her boys had inherited their father's feeble constitution and first Cyril, and then Francis Romano were taken from her by disease. She was prostrated by grief for a time, but rallied. Then a niece came to live with her, a niece whom she loved very dearly, and she took up her work again with a brave heart.

Her works show an originality of invention and a high literary quality that are remarkable indeed. All this she did through sorrows bravely borne and responsibilities cheerfully accepted, which may not be spoken of here, but which, if known, would make her dearer than before to those who know her only through her books, and admired by all who can admire womanly courage and devotion. Her cheerful presence was a delight to all her friends, and neither hard work nor the wear of life seemed to dim her spirit. Mrs. Oliphant lived to the age of sixty-nine, having been born in 1828, near Musselburgh, in Midlothian, and not in Liverpool, as has been frequently stated. Her first work, *Pages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside*, which won instant approval for its tender humor and deep insight into Scottish character, appeared in 1849, when she was not yet twenty-one, but it was the several novels in the series of *Chronicles of Carlingford* published between 1862 and 1866, that gave her permanent fame.

In the thirty-nine years of her literary life scarcely a year passed without its novel, and in some years she published more. She wrote more than forty novels; besides this her biographies alone—*St. Francis d' Assisi*, *Edward Irving*, *The Makers of Florence*, and *The Makers of Venice*—would have sufficed to give her fame in letters. She also edited the series of "Foreign Classics for English Readers," writing herself the volumes on *Dante* and *Cervantes*, prepared the voluminous *Literary History of England*, besides much periodical work. Of late years the fresh and tender vein of *The Little Pilgrim*, and the ghostly element of her *Be-leagured City* and *The Wizard's Son*, have surprised her old readers with quite a new development. This enormous productiveness was attained by persistent steadfastness of application, and it is perhaps because she set herself a high standard of workmanship from the beginning that under great pressure of work she did everything so well.

A curious fact about Mrs. Oliphant is that although she was before the public so long, next to nothing was known of her personality. She held herself aloof from literary people, living quietly in the country. She was on friendly terms with Queen Victoria, who read her manuscripts before they were sent to the publishers. Newspaper men tried to find her in her seclusion and printed much from hearsay. For instance, a paragraph appeared in one of the leading dailies that the author of *The Little Pilgrim* was the mother of twelve children, whom she brought up and educated herself, and that between her visits to the nursery and the schoolroom she had little time to devote to the

writing of her numerous books. The reporter gave her ten too many children, and showed he knew little or nothing about her and her surroundings.

She delighted in picturing the life of ladies in the country, ladies with pleasant surroundings and ample means, and nowhere else save in England can such beautiful pictures of this life be found. Possibly her biographies attracted as much attention as her novels—while not considered as strong or true. Her first was *Edward Irving* and she was accused of great unfairness to him—this may or may not be true. She was also a magazine writer and critic.

Mrs. Oliphant had her weak points as well as strong points. "She could say more easily than most people the things that stab and blister. She was often merciless, and sometimes she was unfair. She fiercely resented popularities that were undeserved. She could not abide mawkish sentiment. She was sometimes cruel, and it is to be wondered at that her hard experience never seemed to school her into charity and restraint. To the last she was as fierce, as uncontrolled, as bitter as ever when her temper was touched."

She took a great dislike to all Scotch writers, but Barrie was a marked exception. She thought his "Margaret Ogilvy" would be the most enduring work of recent literature. Kipling she admired, but she never had anything but a positive hatred for Stevenson. Even after his death she spoke of him with extraordinary malignity. She was a woman of very strong likes and dislikes.

Throughout her long career she never allowed in her fiction anything that could not be read aloud and ad-

mitted into any family. She did not write of criminals, she avoided immorality as a contagion, and ever strove to keep her works free from all that would injure the young.

She died June 26, 1897, at her home in Wimbledon, and death was welcomed by her, for she had longed for sometime to go.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE, 1823—1901, scarcely needs to be introduced to the reader of novels, for who has not wept tears of real sorrow over *The Heir of Redcliffe* and *Daisy Chain*, so vividly are the griefs of her heroines brought forth to appeal to our love and sympathy.

Miss Yonge has been a prolific writer. Over one hundred works are attributed to her. Her histories are charming books, though they have met with severe criticisms on the score that they contain statistics which bore. She has always been generous with the fruits of her pen. For instance, she gave £2,000 of the profits of *Daisy Chain* to build a Missionary College in New Zealand, and from the proceeds from *The Heir of Redcliffe* she fitted out "The Southern Cross" a missionary schooner for the use of Bishop Selwyn. *Lances of Lynwood*, *Abbeychurch*, *Heartscase*, *The Little Duke*, *Dyneover Terrace*, *The Young Stepmother*, *The Trial*, *A Book of Golden Deeds*, *The Clever Woman of the Family*, *The Dove in the Eagle's Nest*, *The Chaplet of Pearls*, *The Pupils of St. John the Divine*, *The Pillars of the House*, *My Young Alcides*, *The Three Brides*, *Stray Pearls*, *A Modern Telemachus*, and *The Two Sides of the Shield*, are among her best known books.

MRS. E. LYNN LYNTON, the daughter of a clergyman, was born in 1824, at Keswick, that lovely spot on Derwentwater in the Lake Country. Her husband, W. J. Lynton, was an artist whom she met in 1858. Together they wrote their first book—she as author and he as artist. She earned her living by her pen from the age of twenty-three, and said she had rather be poor and write than rich and idle.

Her first work was a story of ancient Egypt and her second one of ancient Greece. In her third, *Realities*, she dealt with modern life. Then she began to write for periodicals and became an unsparing critic and a Radical. The *Girl of the Period* articles in Saturday Review were from her pen, although they were not acknowledged by her until 1883. Then followed *The True History of Joshua Davidson, Communist*, and *The Autobiography of Christopher Kirkland*. Her experience gave her habits of work. She used to write nine hours and never allowed herself to get too lazy or too ill to write.

One who would read her works intelligently must not only be well up in Greek and Roman mythology, but he must have within reach a lexicon containing the latest introduction into our absorbing language. If we judge of her by one of her latest, *Through the Long Nights*, her stories have a kernel worth the breaking. Her pictures of human nature as portrayed here are not at all flattering, but we are forced to recognize their truthfulness. Some critic has said Mrs. Lynton has a savage genius and a merciless pen. She died at London, July 14, 1898.

Mrs. T. R. MACQUOID is a sweet-faced, gray-haired, motherly little woman, proud of her two sons—the one an artist, the other a lawyer. Her husband is an artist and their home is on the King's Road, Chelsea, where they have lived for twenty-five years.

Mrs. Macquoid showed tendencies towards a literary life as early as twelve years of age, as she translated a French play and wrote a love sonnet after the Italian at that period of her life. Her brothers and sisters laughed her away from her pen, and it was not until years afterwards when her "babies had become big boys" that the encouragement she received from her husband started her to writing again. George Henry Lewes was interested in her too and advised her to look for material in the strong impressions of youth. We remember her first by *Patty* and afterwards by *At the Red Glove*. Her other works are *Through Normandy* and *In the Ardennes*.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

1832.

1904.

Victoria.

WORKS.

The Light of Asia.
Poems: Narrative and Lyrical.
Pearls of Faith or Islam's Rosary.
Griselda, a Drama.
Indian Poetry.
Indian Idylls.
The Euterpe of Herodotus.
The Song Celestial.
The Feast of Belshazzar
Good Night; Not Good By—a
poem.
The Future of English Tobacco.

With Sa'di in the 'Garden or
the Book of Love.
The Light of the World.
Japonica.
After Death in Arabia.
Joseph's Wife and Other
Poems.
Aduma or the Japanese Wife—
a play.
The Tenth Muse and Other
Poems.

The author of *Light of Asia*, born in 1832, was the son of Robert Coles Arnold, a country gentleman, and a small landed proprietor of Sussex. We must not confuse him with Matthew Arnold the critic and poet. They were in no way related to one another, nor cared to be, for they did not admire one another.

Edwin Arnold received his education at Rochester and at King's College, London. He first attracted attention by taking the Newdigate prize at Oxford with his poem, *The Feast of Belshazzar*. He entered the profession of teaching and became president of the Sanscrit College, in India. In 1861 he became editor of the Daily Telegraph, and it was he who arranged the expedition of Stanley into Africa to find Livingstone, and of George Smith to Assyria to obtain the Chaldean tablets.

While in London he sat next to a newspaper man at a dining who remarked to him that in America he was never mentioned as the editor of the Daily Telegraph but always as the well-known author of *Light of Asia*. "And yet," said Arnold, "the hardest work of my life has been on the newspaper. I have written over 8,000 editorials."

He is authority on the religions of India and Eastern Asia from his poems, and he was the politician who kept the Beaconsfield government in power long after it would otherwise have fallen under the fierce attacks on its Eastern policy.

Although Arnold had given the reading world many poems, he was not really known until his *Light of Asia* appeared. This is an epic of Buddhism and has great poetical merit. His life at Poona, Bombay, enabled him to become well versed in Eastern subjects, which knowledge he utilized in his Indian Poems.

He married an American lady, the grandniece of William Ellery Channing. During the War between the States he did much to inculcate among his countrymen his views regarding slavery. He was violently opposed to the system and unhesitatingly expressed his views regarding it.

His son, Edwin Lester Arnold, is also a writer, and published a curious, and entertaining book on "Coffee Planting in India."

Edwin Arnold was knighted by the queen in the early part of 1888, and received the distinction of the "Companion of the Star of India;" besides this he had the Imperial Persian Order conferred upon him by the Shah who was greatly delighted with his poem *With*

Sa'di in the Garden. Sir Edwin being desirous of studying the poetic writings of the Persians, took up the study of their language, straining his eyes morning and evening over the pages of a Persian grammar in the cars of an underground railroad, and this last poem of his is perhaps the highest note he struck. His *Light of the World* fell far below his *Light of Asia*, and disappointed his readers.

He always refused to have his photograph taken on account of a protuberance on his forehead which greatly disfigured him. He had been compelled for years to wear a skull cap to hide this. The specialists refused to remove this fleshy growth, saying the roots of it extended to the brain, but one day Sir Edwin's family physician persuaded him to allow him to perform the operation, and to the surprise of every one it proved the specialists in error. It was simply an excrescence which might have been cut away twenty years ago—a scar on the forehead was all that remained.

He was a model of systematic labor, and could always be depended upon for a certain amount of copy within a certain time. His articles were never signed, his peculiar style being recognized at once.

He died March, 1904, at London.

HISTORY REVIEW.

1. *Name Queen Victoria's titles.*
2. *How many children had she?*
3. *Whom have they married?*
4. *Who was her successor?*

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

1837.

Victoria.

WORKS.

Rosamond.
The Queen Mother.
Atalanta in Calydon.
Chastelard.
Poems and Ballads.
Notes on Poems and Reviews.
A Song of Italy.
Slena.
Essays and Studies.
Bothwell.
Studies in Song.
Locrine. (A tragedy.)
Ben Jonson's Discoveries.
John Marston.
Songs Before Sunrise.

Ode on the Proclamation of the
French Republic.
A Note on Charlotte Brontë.
Poems and Ballads. (Second series.)
William Blake.
A Study of Shakespeare.
Song of the Spring-Tides.
Mary Stuart. (A tragedy.)
Tristram of Lyonesse.
A Century of Roundels.
Life of Victor Hugo.
A Summer's Dream.
On the South Coast.
Sonnets on the Death of Browning.

"He was born a tamer of words; a subduer of this most stubborn, yet most copious of the literary tongues. In his poetry we discover qualities we did not know were in the language,—a softness that seemed Italian, a rugged strength we thought was German, a blithe and debonair lightness we despaired of capturing from the French. He has added a score of new stops and pedals to the instrument."—*Stedman*.

Algernon Charles Swinburne comes of aristocratic blood, his maternal grandfather being the Earl of Ashburnham, while his father, Admiral Swinburne, was the son of doughty old Sir John Swinburne, whose mother belonged to the noble Polignac family. The poet's mother, Lady Jane Henrietta Swinburne, lived to be ninety or more and was wonderfully well preserved. She enjoyed greatly her son's popularity and read with eagerness all his poems. He received his early education at Eton, and entered as a commoner in Baliol College, Oxford, but never took a degree. Some biographers state that he was educated in France, but this is a mistake, as he

never left England until after he was eighteen, and then only remained a few weeks in France. He never cared for study as a young man; he only loved poetry, riding and swimming, and though his verses were very bad, his riding and swimming were the best. His ambition was to be either a poet or a soldier. His father opposed the latter, so he devoted his energies to the former.

He early attracted attention by his tragedies, but he did not really become well known until his *Atalanta* appeared. This was founded on the Greek legend of the Caledonian hunt, and it is thoroughly Grecian in form and spirit. It was hailed by lovers of poetry as the finest imaginative poem that had appeared since the days of Shelley. Indeed, the poet at one bound leaped into fame. His next work, *Chastelard*, was a tragedy founded on the story of Mary Queen of Scots' visit to France. He deals with the unfortunate chevalier who accompanied her and fell a victim to a romantic passion for the queen. The subject was a perilous one to choose, even if handled with the utmost delicacy; but Swinburne did not treat it delicately, and his portrait of Mary, whom he represents as cruel, relentless, and licentious, shocked her admirers.

Later appeared his *Poems and Ballads*. These were so objectionable, on account of their coarseness, that the publishers endeavored to withdraw them from circulation. Robert Buchanan, a fellow poet, wrote a stinging attack upon Swinburne and his friend Rossetti under the title of "The Fleshly School of Poetry." Swinburne retorted by studying Buchanan as an animalcule in a pamphlet entitled, *Under the Microscope*. And Rossetti answered by "The Stealthy School of Criticism." It was the war of the pigmies and the cranes

over again, neither winning nor losing the fight, but all parties covering themselves with disgrace. The feud lasted for years, but finally Buchanan made tokens of amity.

The height of his passion for radicalism was reached in his *Songs Before Sunrise*, glorifying republicanism and pantheism. He resided for many years at his family mansion at Henley-on-Thames, but for the last few years he has lived in Fulham in the house of his friend Theodore Watt. Under his influence, he is said to have become quite conservative in his views.

Swinburne is noted for absent-mindedness. On one occasion having been invited to dine at a certain house, he arrived in due time. Every one noticed his strange, excited manner, but it was attributed to his high-strung nervous temperament. After dinner he talked brilliantly, and was invited to read some of his own poems, which he did unusually well. He then presented to the lady of the house his volume of poems and inscribed her name in it. The next day he called, and began to pour forth a string of apologies as to why he had not been to dinner the day before, but really he had misplaced the card of invitation and had mistaken the day, having been called out in the country unexpectedly. He then drew forth another volume of his poems and begged the lady of the house to accept it with his compliments. His friends delight in relating this anecdote as illustrative of the eccentricities of his genius.

Swinburne is not blessed with good looks. He has a broad, white brow, too large compared with the rest of his face, and a heavy mass of hair which used to be very red, but of late years has become very gray. His complexion is clear white, and his delicate chin is

adorned with a straggling red beard. His mouth is small, but his eyes are large and very bright. He is not tall, and is rather slight in figure. He is a fluent talker but extremely nervous, and his writings impress one the same way. He has a kind and tender heart and always carries his pockets filled with candy to give to the children whom he meets in his walks.

Some one has said Swinburne is "the poet of love, not the love of a poet." He is fond of the society of artists and men of letters, but does not enjoy general London society.

He has some reputation as a critic, but he is not reliable, for anything written by one he likes is "above praise or price," "without fleck or flaw," while he sees no beauties in the works of one whom he dislikes.

He has written a great deal, but probably his most powerful production is his tragedy *Bothwell*. It is rather long, but the historical part of the play is fine, and the dialogues natural and the plot well laid. He has painted Mary as a perfect Lady Macbeth, treacherous, passionate and sensuous.

His *Lochrine* is pronounced a great poem, full of fine passages, noble in theme, and lofty in style. It is dedicated to his sister Alice. He was once asked to send to a magazine a bit of verse of "not more than sixteen lines," to which he replied he could not supply a verse to order, and that no magazine could have a line of his for less than fifty dollars.

Swinburne as a poet has been compared to Shelley and Byron. Stedman says, "He excels any other living poet in his gift of rhythm. Before his advent we did not realize the full scope of English verse."

Love's Cross Currents appeared in 1905.

ANNE ISABELLA THACKERAY,

(Mrs. Ritchie.)

1838.

Victoria.

WORKS.

The Story of Elizabeth.
To Esther and Other Sketches.
Old Kensington.
Blue Beard's Keys.
Madame de Sévigné
Mrs. Dymond.
Miss Williamson's Divinations.
A Book of Sibyls.

Little Scholars in the London
Schools.
Toilers and Spinsters.
Letters of Madame de Sévigné
The Village on the Cliff.
Miss Angel.
Anne Evans.
Five Old Friends with a New Face.

Those who love William Makepeace Thackeray will be interested in his children, and will eagerly read whatever is written of Anne Thackeray, his daughter, who has already become familiar through her charming sketches of *Miss Edgewood*, *Miss Opie*, *Miss Austin* and *John Ruskin*.

Bowker, in his paper "London as a Literary Center," calls her "the first among lady novelists," and "the daughter of the king." Her books and still more her charming private letters show often that self-same touch of the hand that is dead. She cherishes her father's memory as a worship, and all about her are tokens of him.

Among those treasures innumerable we find "the silver *Mr. Punch* presented to Mr. Thackeray by the citizens of Edinburgh, many of his sketches and autographs, and most interesting of all, that book of *Memorabilia* given to Thackeray's daughter by his school-mate and life-long chum Edward Fitzgerald, who seemed to have an early prescience of his friend's after-fame. 'I promised it to you as a legacy,' he wrote to her some years before he died, 'Why should you not have it now?'

In this precious scrap book is Thackeray's first work of art—a picture of a real, red British soldier, done in wafers with the help of a little penciling, achieved at the early age of six; his own contemporary sketch of that fight at school in which his nose was literally broken, and many letters as a struggling school boy, showing much the same touch and quite the same kind of humor that were afterwards to become famous the world over."

In 1877 Anne married her cousin, Mr. Richmond Ritchie. He is an officer in the India Office, and is himself a man of letters. Their home is a little house in Young street, Kensington, almost opposite the old Thackeray mansion. Her husband's family have a suburban home at Winbledon Park, and there the family frequently goes for the benefit of Mrs. Ritchie's health, which has not been good of late years. She is one of those "not pretty but precious women," who is greatly beloved by all who know her. She is her "father's own child" and is bubbling over with humor and friendly instincts.

Her first literary effort was *Little Scholars in the London Schools*, and when she read it to her father he advised her to lay aside fiction until she was older and to read and study more. This story, finally, however, by his advice, appeared in the "Cornhill Magazine" and in three years afterwards was followed by her first novel, *The Story of Elizabeth*.

James T. Fields tells us that "Thackeray took great delight in his young daughter's first contribution to the 'Cornhill,' and I shall always remember how he made me get into a cab one day in London, that I might hear as we rode along the joyful news he had to impart, that he had just been reading his daughter's first paper which

was entitled 'Little Scholars.' 'When I read it,' he said, 'I blubbered like a child; it is so good, so simple, and so honest; and my little girl wrote it, every word of it.' "

Most of her stories are worked out from suggestions of real people, incidents and scenes associated with her earlier life. *The Village on the Cliff* was written as a respite from sorrow after her father's death. She dots down the thoughts as they strike her and then she patches them all together afterwards. When she read "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" she was horrified to find it was her very story that she had thought out herself; "my very best, most delightful story that I ever thought of," she tells us bitterly. This shows how silent and subtle ideas are, and how quickly they come into one's head.

Mrs. Ritchie's health has failed rapidly, and her relatives and friends are much concerned about her. "She is a very hard student; you see the influence of books, and can follow her methods and see them repeated so exactly that you predict the results." As her first book was published the year of her father's death, she may be said to have made her advent in literature as he passed away from us. The careful and exquisite finish of her works—even the simplest of them—is likely to render them lasting as well as popular.

From "St. Nicholas" we quote a sketch that Mrs. Ritchie gives of her father in connection with his father's picture. "There is a picture we used to look at as children in the nursery at home, and which my own children look at now, as it hangs upon the wall. This picture represents a family group—father, mother, infant child—

a subject which has been popular with painters ever since they first began their craft. This special group of Thackeray is almost the only glimpse we have of my father's earliest childhood, but it gives a vivid impression of his first home, which lasted so short a time.

My long, lean grandfather sits at his ease—such ease as people allowed themselves in those classic days—propped in a stiff chair, in tight white ducks and pumps, and with a kind, grave face. My grandmother, a beautiful young woman of some two and twenty summers, stands draped in white, with a certain nymph-like aspect, and beside her, perched upon half a dozen big piled books, with his arms around his mother's neck, is her little son William Makepeace Thackeray, a round-eyed boy of three years old dressed in a white muslin frock. He has curly, dark hair, an innocent face, and a very sweet look and smile. This look was almost the same, indeed, after a lifetime; neither long years of work and trouble nor pain, nor chill winters of anxiety ever dimmed its clear simplicity, though his spectacles may have sometimes come between his eyes and those who did not know him very well.

He used to take his spectacles off when he looked at this old water color. 'It is a pretty drawing,' he used to say, 'but if my father in the picture should have risen from his chair, he would have been about nine feet high, according to the length of legs there depicted.'

My father used to tell us he could just remember our grandfather, a very tall, thin man, rising out of his bath. Richmond Thackeray was little over thirty when he died. His young widow remained in India and married again. Two years after this the little son came back to England with a cousin of the same age, both returning

under the care of an Indian civilian, Mr. James McNabb, who had promised to befriend the children on their journey home, and of whose kindness we were often told in our childhood."

Thackeray was one of the most affectionate fathers, feeling, as he did, the necessity of being both mother and father to his children. Many amusing incidents are related of him in connection with his interesting family. On one occasion he said he was terribly hungry, and his oldest daughter, Anne (now Mrs. Ritchie), begged to let her bring him some dinner. His reply was: "There is nothing, my dear, you can give me, for I could now only eat the chop of a rhinoceros or a slice from an elephant." Whereupon the little three-year-old sister disappeared, and returned shortly holding in a plate a wooden rhinoceros and an elephant from her Noah's ark. Thackeray laughed and rubbed his hands with glee, then, taking the child in his arms, kissed her, remarking: "You little rogue; you already know the value of a kiss." After that he asked for a knife and fork, smacked his lips, and pretended to devour the elephant and the rhinoceros, much to the amusement of the other children.

Mrs. Ritchie's last sketch of John Ruskin, which appeared in "The Century," gives us a new insight into the home and life of England's great poet. May she be spared to give to literature many more such charming sketches.

HENRY RIDER HAGGARD.

1854.

Victoria.

WORKS.

Dawn.
The Witch's Head.
King Solomon's Mines.
Jess.
Colonel Quaritch, V. C.
She.

Allan Quartermain.
The Fate of Swaziland.
Maiwa's Revenge.
Cleopatra.
Queen Esther.
Beatrice.

“In a charming old manor of Ditchingham which is overrun with Banksia roses, clematis, and jasmine,—there, in a pleasant little corner room, Rider Haggard writes those weird and uncanny stories which are exciting the reading world of the nineteenth century. He is a slightly built blonde, wiry-looking, with pale complexion and light blue eyes. This is what one may judge of him as an occasional glance is caught when he comes to the door in a jacket and knickerbockers of brown tweed, soft felt hat, thick knitted stockings and serviceable boots, holding in his hand an old black briarwood pipe.”

He is a great literary lion in the literary circles in London, where he listens with a vague manner of well-bred ennui to the fulsome flattery regarding his books; but he is scarcely known to the public at large who watch with eager curiosity to catch a glimpse of one who conceived such a creature as is represented in *She*.

His mother, a native of Bradenham, England, was quite a literary woman, and is the well-known author of a volume of verse. She has only recently died, and although sixty-nine years of age was well preserved in mind and body. It is said by some that he inherited

his vivid imagination from her, but by others that he cultivated by a vegetable diet these imaginative powers, for he boasts that he had nothing upon which to build and has by education brought them to this point of perfection, and maintains that they can be still further cultivated.

Some critic exclaims in horror, "Does he intend to give us anything more terrible than *She*? If so, let him, we pray, be put on a meat diet at once and continue on it as long as life shall last!"

She was written in six weeks, and brought him \$50,000. It is considered one of the best of his creations, although it is a complete enigma to the public.

Since its appearance Mr. Haggard has made known some of his own impressions and intentions regarding the character represented. "*She* was not conceived by him as a tale of imaginative adventure only. An attempt was made in the first place to follow the actions of the probable effects of immortality working upon the known and ascertained substance of the mortal; and secondly, he has built the legend upon the hypothesis that deep affection is in itself an immortal thing. Hence, when *She*, in the coming ages, grows hard, cynical, and utterly regardless of that which stands between her and her ends, her love still endures, true and holy, changeless, amidst change, and when at last the reward is in her sight, and love possesses her, it gives her strength to cast away the evil and even do homage to the majesty of virtue. Lastly, he has tried to portray in *She* the type of that spirit of modern intellectual paganism which looks to earth for its sole comfort and its only recompense. It does point a moral,—and that moral is the vengeance of the Omnipotent, which has been out-

raged and denied. This strikes her at last in her proudest point—her beauty; and in her lover's very presence shows her to be the very thing she really is, as well as teaches her what is the end and consummation of all the earthly wisdom, and all the earthly loveliness which she prized so highly."

When this book appeared and its success was noted, many worthless imitations followed, such as "He" and "It," &c. These accomplished nothing, unless it was to disgust the more, if possible, those who were already disgusted with Haggard and his *She*.

Jess, which appeared soon after was entirely different. It is a simple love story. The scene was laid upon an ostrich farm in South Africa during the uprising in the Transvaal. There is plenty of hard fighting in which in point of strength and courage one Englishman is represented as more than a match for two or three Boers. Jess, a gentle, refined English girl, does brave, desperate and heroic deeds for the sake of those she loves. The book is full of stirring adventure and graphic description of African life.

King Solomon's Mines, which ranks next to *She* in point of popularity, represents a party of English explorers, who, during the nineteenth century of the Christian era, go into the treasure house of Solomon, who ruled the Jews when the world was only three thousand years old. Hutton says "that good little boy" who is always on the lookout for the "fightingest parts" of a story will enjoy beyond measure the wonderful scenes portrayed in *King Solomon's Mines*.

"Mr. Haggard is absolutely Homeric in his accounts of battles and wars. There is blood upon the face of every moon that rises and sets upon his gloomy pages,

and blacks and Boers, and elephants and lions, lie on every plain he explores. Long experience has made him familiar with the real scenes and actual persons of his tales; and the weird and the supernatural are so possible and so probable, that it is sometimes difficult to say where terra firma ends and where wonderland begins."

Colonel Quaritch, although not considered one of Haggard's best, will amuse and entertain.

At the age of nineteen he was secretary to Sir Henry Bulwer, at Natal, and two years later he was Master of the High Court of the Transvaal. He returned to London in 1879 to marry a lady of distinguished family, and on her account decided to remain in London and practice law. It was while he was a barrister at Lincoln's Inn that he began to write, his first effort being a political pamphlet. *Dawn* was his first novel, which was quickly followed by *The Witch's Head*. Both of these were written before he was thirty years old. He is still a young man, having not yet (1890) reached his forties.

He has been offered large sums if he would only turn his attention to plays, but he much prefers his novel writing. He makes it a rule never to copy his books, so the original manuscript is always sent to the publishers.

His later works are: *Nada the Lily*, *The People of the Mist*, *Acart of the World*, *Joan Aaste*, *Doctor Therne*, *Lysbeth*, *Rival England*, *The Brethren* and *the Ayeska*.

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD.

(Mary Augusta Arnold.)

1851.

Victoria.

WORKS.

Milly and Olly.

Thoughts from Amiel's Garden
(translated).

Miss Bretherton.

Robert Elsmere.
David Grieve.

Very little is known of the personal life of Mrs. Ward except that she is the granddaughter of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, "Tom Brown's Arnold," and consequently the niece of Matthew Arnold, the late poet and critic. Her father, Thomas Arnold, accepted a government position in Tasmania, and while there married Miss Sorrell, the daughter of the Governor. Mary Augusta was their eldest child, and was born in Hobart, the chief town of the island. Her brother Theodore is now teaching school in New Zealand, and one of her sisters married the son of Prof. Huxley.

In personal appearance Mrs. Ward is of that medium type between blonde and brunette which is popularly denominated fair; her head is not very large, as one would judge from her portrait, and her forehead is almost entirely concealed by the old style she adheres to of combing her hair smoothly down each side; her features are long and not regular; her hair is dark and very much inclined to wave; her eyes are full and luminous, and of that color that makes you doubtful whether they are gray, chestnut, brown or blue; they are of various hues according to the external light or the

internal occupation. They look gravely brown when she thinks a long time upon the same topic; they become childishly blue when she gives forth a pleasant and unrestrained laugh. Her figure is tall and well proportioned, and she looks well in anything. One would not call her a beautiful or even a handsome woman, but she impresses every one with her dignity and with her intellectual ability.

In 1872 she married Mr. Thomas Humphrey Ward, who is, himself, well known in literary circles as the editor of "The English Poets." Her home is in Russell Square, London, where she spends almost the entire year devoting herself to literary work. Her first published book was *Milly and Olly*, written for the entertainment of children; then *Miss Bretherton* followed, but none of her works attracted any attention until *Robert Elsmere* appeared. This book, on account of its bold assertions in the disbelief in miracles, was eagerly read and criticised.

It has met with favorable criticisms from many eminent men of ability, although it is said to be a "work of a woman with more imagination than judgment or reason." Mr. Gladstone, the "old man eloquent," wrote a criticism on the book to show that the arguments brought forward against Christianity were fallacious. Some one urged him to write a criticism on "John Ward, Preacher," and seemed indignant when he refused, and so expressed himself to Mrs. Gladstone. Her reply was that her husband considered it one of his sacred duties to do his utmost to check the flood of infidelity which was sweeping over England. "John Ward, Preacher," made no attack on Christianity, therefore no answer was needed from him.

There seems to be a diversity of opinion about the book and the harm that might result from reading it. Rev. Lyman Abbot, when appealed to in behalf of Christian mothers to know if it were a safe book to put into the hands of their children, replied, "Do not forbid your children to read Robert Elsmere. You can forbid them to read an immoral or vicious book, and their conscience will enforce the prohibition. Society can prohibit the publication and sale of grossly immoral books, and the conscience of the community will enforce the prohibition. But the attempt to guard the human mind from error by prohibiting men to read erroneous doctrine has been often made, and has always proved a failure. If your children want to read Robert Elsmere, read it with them; if that is impracticable read it before they do, and be ready to give an answer to them when, incited to questioning by the story, they ask you to give them a reason for the hope which is in you. We must guard ourselves and our children from error, not by keeping them out of the blasts, but by striking the roots of faith down so deeply that it can stand whatever blast of skepticism blows in the free air of modern literature." He says further, "I believe, therefore, Robert Elsmere will eventually do good. It will compel men and women who have not known what they believe, to inquire of themselves and ascertain. It will compel others to do the same. Misshaken faith is overpraised. What we need is a faith that has been shaken and has endured the shaking. We have no right to believe things because they are pleasant. We must believe them because they are true. And if they are true we must be able to give some account of their truth. The present epoch is like examination in school.

The student never likes it; but it tests him, and only the coward and the slattern try to cut examinations."

"Mrs. Ward is certainly a poet, perhaps I may say a prophet of a real, though as it seems to me an inadequate religious faith."

"I think that Robert Elsmere is a book of rare literary qualities, though of some serious literary defects; that it is popular because it represents a common state of mind, not because it represents a definite, desirable, or consistent religious philosophy; that it shows in the author great culture but little scholarship; that it offers nothing new to the thoughtful student of theological problems; that you are not to prohibit, but to teach your children to read it with a reflective and critical understanding, and finally that Robert Elsmere will do good not harm, as every assault on Christianity has done good not harm, by strengthening the faith which it attempts to destroy.

As to whether Robert Elsmere was a Christian or not, I can only reply in a word, that to be a Christian is not to believe something about Christ, but to possess Christ's spirit and follow his example. The philosophy of Robert Elsmere was not Christian, but his life was."

Mrs. Ward's friends who examined the manuscript, advised her not to have it printed, but in spite of their advice she sent it to the publishers, and her father states its success astounded them all. She has been accused of plagiarism, for it is said the whole book is only a repetition of Rev. Spofford Brook's sermons preached at Bloomsbury Chapel. He was a leading theologian whose departure from the orthodox faith caused a panic some years ago in the English clerical circles. Mrs. Ward

is said to have taken these ideas and to have woven them ingeniously into this novel; there may not be the slightest foundation for this accusation; coincidences of like nature frequently occur. The book has had the largest sale of any of her works—over 200,000 copies having been sold in America.

David Grieve did not have so large a sale, although Mrs. Ward, it is said, considers it her best work. *Marcella* has been better received, and is indeed a story of great power in dealing with social problems of the day. Still later works are *The Story of Bessie Costrell*, and *Sir George Tressady*, *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, *Eleanor*, *Lady Rose's Daughter*, *The Marriage of William Ashe* and *Fenwick's Career*.

MARY ELIZABETH BRADDON (Mrs. John Maxwell, 1837—), ranks now as the literary queen of England, so far as her wealth is concerned, as her pen has yielded her a magnificent sum already, and she still continues to write. Her garden parties at Litchfield House, Richmond, every Sunday, are attended by the *crème de la crème* of literary and artistic London. Mr. John Maxwell, her husband, is devoted to her, and very proud of her literary success. Being a good financier, he manages her property in the wisest way. He is a tall, genial Scotchman, and finds no topic of conversation so charming as his wife and her works.

She has written about forty novels, and all show remarkable skill in plot and arrangement. They never fail to interest, although they do oftentime fail to point a high moral. She is particularly happy in her delineation of character. Her works are full of surprises, literally packed with incidents of a most striking nature.

Lady Audley's Secret and *John Marchmont's Legacy* may be taken as good specimens of her style. The first ranks as her best work, and is the one upon which her reputation rests.

She has also produced some dramatic poems, but she has never been successful in this department of literature.

OLIVE SCHREINER, the daughter of a German Lutheran missionary, and granddaughter of an English Congregational minister, was born in Cape Colony, Africa, in 1862. Her early life was spent at this lonely mission station, and she was fully grown before she had ever visited a town. She began writing when quite young, and in 1882 she carried her manuscript of *The Story of an African Farm* to London; there George Meredith examined it, recognized its merit, and introduced her to the publisher who afterwards brought it out. Thus introduced to the London reading world, she had no difficulty in commanding a ready acceptance of her literary work. She determined to make that city her home in order the more readily to meet the demands for her writings. In 1890, however, she returned to Cape Colony to obtain some data needed in the preparation of *Dreams*, which appeared in 1891.

She writes under the pen name of Ralph Iron; and although married, she still retains her maiden name Schreiner by special agreement with her husband.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

1828.

Victoria.

WORKS.

The Ordeal of Richard Feveril.

The Egoist.

The Tragic Comedians.

Poems and Ballads of Tragic Life.

Modern Love, Poems and Ballads.

Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of
Earth.

Ticonderoga.

Diana of the Crossway.

A Reading of Earth.

Rhoda Fleming.

The Empty Purse: a Sermon to the
Prodigal. (a poem.)

George Meredith, the "prose Browning of English literature" is a Hampshire man, a novelist and poet of considerable power. One critic has said "He is the most remarkable of all modern novelists, short of the very greatest." His obscurity of style, however, and lack of power of telling a story well has greatly marred his popularity. One writer said he is "chaos illumined by brilliant flashes of lightning." Robert Louis Stevenson said, "I am a true blue Meredith person: I think him out and away the greatest force in English letters, and I don't know whether it can be considered a very encouraging thing that he has now become popular or whether we should think it a very discouraging thing that he should have written so long without any encouragement whatever. It is enough, for instance, to disgust a man with the whole trade of letters that such a book as *Rhoda Fleming* should have fallen flat; it is the strongest thing in English letters since Shakespeare

died, and if Shakespeare could have read it, he would have jumped up and cried, 'Here's a fellow.' No other living writer of English fiction can be compared to Meredith."

He is now a man sixty years old, and has lived for several years past at Chelsea with his friend and fellow poet, Dante Rossetti. Now he lives quietly at Box Hill and is very seldom seen in London. He writes in his own peculiar style, and is much admired by other writers. His novels are a mixture of bitter experience, and strange philosophy, but they are pregnant with thought and difficult in style.

He was educated for the law but became a writer. Like George Eliot, his ambition is to excel in poetry, but, alas, we should never have noticed George Meredith the poet, while we honor George Meredith the novelist. In his poetry and prose, both of which he continues to write, he invites the keenest intellectuality of his readers, and his eager, fine face, his charm of manner, his brilliant talk, his subtle sympathy, leave a strong impression upon all who come within range of his personality. His great charm of manner makes him many friends. He is besides a handsome man with fine physique and splendid health, although his picture would give a different impression. His eyes are dark and brilliant, his nose straight, keen and sensitive, and a mass of iron gray hair adds to an exceptionally beautiful head. His family consists of a son and a daughter, and his little home has only six small rooms, plain and humble, but possessed of an indescribable charm, and grace of refinement. His daughter who inherits her father's fine looks and manners, presides over this home. It is not here that Meredith works, however,

for he has a den of two rooms built on the edge of the wood back of his house, and here he can write unmolested by visitors. He is not a rapid writer, as it takes him sometimes two or three years to finish a book, but his motto is "Better a bit of writing done well than a volume done ill." One critic has said, "We prefer the slowly carved marble of artists like the unworldly Meredith, to the unbaked bricks which sensation mongers hurl at the million-headed multitude."

George Meredith has the honor of being preeminent in his treatment of women. He has a power that is really marvellous of throwing himself into the feelings of a woman and analyzing her motives of action. He makes her a creature of intellect—she thinks; and while his women are thoroughly feminine, never masquerading as men, they are decided, strong, characters and must be admired.

His later works are: *Lord Ormont and His Arminta*, *The Tale of Chloe*, *The Empty Purse*, *The Amazing Marriage* and a volume of *Poems*.

THOMAS HARDY, the "clever English novelist," was born in Dorsetshire some eight and forty years ago. He belongs to one of those numerous branches of the Hardy family that we meet with everywhere in England. Thomas passed his school days in his native town, then went up to London for wider study, and there distinguished himself by his architectural writings and won the medal offered by the Institute of British Architects. This led him to direct his attention to art criticism, and he was thirty years old before he found that the real field of his success lay in novel writing.

Few novels of late years created a greater sensation

in reading circles than did Hardy's *Tess D'Urbervilles*, unless it is his *Jude, The Obscure*. In speaking of the latter Hardy says, "For a novel addressed by a man to men and women of full age, I am not aware there is anything in the handling to which exception can be taken"; but Mr. Hardy is wrong. There is in this book as well as in his *Tess D'Urbervilles* much that a reading public should take exception to. No matter with what motive the books were written, they are not calculated to do good. No author has the moral right to place such sentiments in the reach of young people.

He sets aside one day of the week to receive visitors and will allow no interruptions at any other time. He is assisted by Mrs. Hardy, his charming wife, who is his first reader and critic and to whom he is indebted for valuable assistance. He tries to be regular and systematic in his work,—to begin after breakfast and to work steadily all the forenoon, but generally his work is done at fitful and irregular periods. You rarely find Mr. Hardy making mistakes as Thackeray did, killing a character in one chapter and having him to talk unconcernedly in the next. He once did make a curious slip of his pen. He brought one of his characters up the hill and then forgot and started him up again. The publisher called his attention to the mistake. He corrected it by postal saying, "For up read down."

His other works are *The Woodlanders*, *Desperate*, *Under the Greenwood Tree*, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, *The Hand of Ethelberta*, *The Return of the Native*, *The Trumpet Major*, *A Laodicean*, and *The Lady Penelope*.

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE.

1860.

Victoria, Edward VII.

WORKS:

Auld Licht Idylls.
When a Man's Single.
Better Dead.
A Window in Thrums.
My Lady Nicotine.
A Holiday in Bed.
A Tillyloss Scandal.
An Auld Light Manse.
Two of Them.

An Edinburgh Eleven.
The Little Minister.
Sentimental Tommy.
Margaret Ogilvy.
Tommy and Geizel.
The Little White Bird.
PLAY.
Alice Sit-by-the-Fire.

James M. Barrie was born at Kurriemuir, Scotland, the *Thrums* of his stories. His father was a physician, and one can see him so plainly in Dr. MacQueen, a character so naturally portrayed by his son. His mother was Margaret Ogilvy, and to her he devotes an entire book, calling it her life. "She loved books and literature as any lady might who had never had anything else to think about." She read everything that James wrote of course and always laughed at the wrong place, so her son said. There were several children in the family, many older than James. These children came crowding so fast into the home nest that one of the sisters had to be sent to the grandfather to be cared for. Another sister had a very sad love experience. She was engaged to the Rev. James Winter, pastor of the Bower church, and just three weeks before they were to be married he was thrown from his horse and killed. Her grief was very great, but she bore it with most beauti-

ful Christian spirit, as we learn from a letter written by her brother to the church at Bower. He said, "My sister has not physical strength to be with you just now in the body, but she is with you in spirit, and God is near her, and she is not afraid, and she thanks Him for taking her Jim so prepared to face his Master without a moment's warning instead of taking one who was unprepared. She says you are not to grieve for her overmuch, for she is in God's keeping. This is a word from her brother who can not come to the funeral of his dearest friend, the purest soul I have ever known. The love between my sister and James Winter was so pure a love that God was ever a part of it. Let all the youth of Bower remember that there is no other love between man and woman save that."

This letter gives an insight into the spirit of the Barrie home. They had not much of this world's goods, for in the life of his mother, *Margaret Ogilvy*, he tells us that the day he was born six black hair-bottom chairs were bought, a most notable event in the Barrie family. The motherly care over her children is shown by the advice given to James when he went to London to begin his literary career. "You must walk in the middle of the street (they jump out on you as you are turning a corner); never venture forth after sunset, and always lock up everything."

James was educated at the Academy in Dublin and the University of Edinburgh. He carried off the honors in the English literature course, graduating when only eighteen years of age. Then it was he went to London, and began to contribute to papers the articles he wrote. He did not have an easy time from his own

account. "I was leading a lonely life in London; not an editor was willing to print my Scotch dialect. The magazines, Scotch and English, would have nothing to say to me. I tried them all with *The Courting of T'nowhead's Bell*, but it never found shelter until it got within book covers. In time I found a paper, the British Weekly, with an editor bold enough not only to publish but to let me sign my own name to the articles. This brought me many offers for my work, but they said always "*not Scotch.*" I collected my *Auld Licht Idylls* and offered them around as a gift, but they would not have them even then, but finally an offer came from Hodder and Stoughton, and for this I had to thank again the British Weekly."

The St. James Gazette, with Frederick Greenwood as editor, had published a few of his sketches called *Auld Licht Idylls*, but they finally rejected the others of this series. The editor, however, recognized that a new genius had appeared, but seemed unwilling to allow him to write as the bent of his mind inclined him. The *Auld Licht Idylls* possibly offended many Scotch people because he portrayed the Scotch Puritans, their forefathers, as the "Old Lights" giving in perhaps too broad and vivid, and may be uncomplimentary way, their characteristics. He had a trying time at first and depicts his sorrows in *When a Man's Single*, which came out as a serial. He followed this with *Better Dead*, which was long drawn out and tiresome, and would have fared better had it not been so long.

Barrie should never have tried his hand with any other muse than the Scotch—for there he is most at home. All of a sudden it came to him as by an inspi-

ration that he must and could write about the things in his own home place, and he began sending sketches, with which the editor was so delighted that he said, "Send more"—"I sent him a marriage, and he took it, and then I tried him with a funeral, and he took it, and really it began to look as if we had him. My mother was alarmed, and she wanted to know by return post whether I was paid for those articles as much as I was paid for real articles; and when she heard that I was paid better she laughed and had them out of her band-box for re-reading, and it can not be denied that she thought the London editor a fine fellow but slightly soft."

Mrs. Barrie admired Carlyle very much, but admitted he was not one to be lived with unless one liked to be banged about. She said that she would much prefer to have been his mother than his wife. "There was a time," she said, "when Carlyle must have made his wife feel like a glorious woman," "When?" asked her son. "When she peeped in the study door and said, 'The whole world is ringing with his fame, and he is my man!'" "Yes, but he roared to her to shut the door." "Pooh! Pooh!" said Mrs. Barrie, "a man's roar is neither here nor there."

Barrie's masterpiece is *A Window in Thrums*; it contains homely sketches of homely people in a homely village. It is rather a continuation of *Auld Licht Idylls* taken from the inside of the home. The crippled woman *Jess* sitting at the window piecing out with keen shrewdness the drift of current affairs outside is meant as a picture of his mother, and *Leeby* the daughter is one of his sisters. This book was a success from the

first. *Lady Nicotine* followed and while containing some amusing sketches will not endure as his other books must.

No book that he has written has been more generally read than *The Little Minister*. This is a true story of a Scotch minister who brought home a wife from some far-off place, so different in her ways of thinking and doing from the people of the little village that the parish spent their time speculating as to her history and weaving all sorts of legends about her.

While *Sentimental Tommy* is said to be a stronger book it will never be appreciated by the general readers as *The Little Minister*. It is the story of a sensitive boy who passes his days building air castles, always making himself the hero.

Barrie's genius is of an unusual order. He makes you love the most grotesque characters, which in real life you would heartily dislike. His pathos never makes you wince; you never hesitate to read his books aloud, a test that few modern books can stand; there is no mawkish sentimentality in any of his works. No one can express an idea with fewer strokes than Barrie; his management of the Scotch dialect is masterly; he uses it sparingly, making it as near the English as possible and yet retaining its flavor.

Quiller-Couch has said, "Among novelists there are some whom we love; others to whom we are accustomed; and others again whom we are constrained to respect for their commercial agility, but Barrie conciliates our love."

RUDYARD KIPLING.

WORKS:

Quartette, Christmas Annual.

{ On Her Majesty's Service
Only.
{ Departmental Ditties.

Plain Tales from the Hills.

Soldiers Three.

The Light That Failed.

The Story of the Gadsbys.

In Black and White.

Under the Deodars.

The Phantom Rickshaw and
other Tales.

Wee Willie Winkie and Other
Stories.

The Courting of Dinah Shadd
and Other Stories.

Departmental Ditties and
Other Verses.

The City of Dreadful Night.

Life's Handicaps, Stories of
Mine Own People.

Letters of Marque.

Barrack-Room Ballads and
Other Verses.

The Naulahka, A Story of
West and East.

Ballads and Barrack-Room
Ballads.

Many Inventions.

The Jungle Book.

The Second Jungle Book.

The Seven Seas.

Slaves of the Lamp.

Captains Courageous.

The Day's Work.

A Fleet in Being.

Stalky and Company.

Kim.

The Five Nations.

Traffics and Discoveries.

Rudyard Kipling was born in Bombay, Christmas Week, 1865. His father was John Lockwood Kipling, a man of culture and an author of some note, who was at this time Principal of an Art School in Lahore. He instructed his pupils in modeling and in making plaster casts of mythological subjects. He had met the pretty Alice Macdonald while in England, had fallen in love with her, married her, and taken her to India. She was a woman of great beauty and charm—one of three sisters, all marrying distinguished Englishmen, Kipling, Burne-Jones and Millais. Alice Macdonald and John Lockwood Kipling met for the first time at Rudyard Lake, and so for the sake of a pretty bit of sentiment,

when their boy was born they named him Rudyard. "Ruddie" was the pet name by which he was called. He was a lad of unusual aptitude for learning; scorned common-place toys that other boys enjoyed, but delighted in any game or puzzle requiring mathematical knowledge or skill. He really was what may be called a precocious child, for he had an intellect far beyond his years, and possessed a will that made him at times very hard to control. He and his father were great chums, understanding and appreciating each other from the time that Rudyard could walk and talk. When he was twelve years old he accompanied his father to England, and was left at "Westward Ho," a school in Devonshire named for Kingsley's novel. He remained there five years, and his course, while exemplary so far as conduct is concerned, did not exhibit, judging from the reports sent to his father, any great diligence in study; indeed this undersized, near-sighted lad was a very poor scholar. It is true he did win a prize in English literature, for the bent of his mind was in that direction, and while at school he was writing short stories and sending them to India to be published in the Civil and Military Gazette when it was supposed he was studying other things.

He edited the College Chronicle for two years, contributing very clever sketches and verses.

In 1883 he returned to India. His father had in the meantime moved to Lahore. When Rudyard was asked to be sub-editor of the Civil and Military Gazette published in Lahore he gladly accepted, for his mind was now bent on journalism. His duties were to prepare the telegrams, provide extra paragraphs, to make offi-

cial reports, to read all proofs, except the editorial matter, and to collect all local news. He really did the work of two men, and in *The Man Who Would be King* he gives his experience as editor.

The Duke of Connaught, Military Commander in India, was a frequent guest at the Kiplings. He became greatly interested in Rudyard and asked him one day what he would like to do. He replied, "I would like to live in the army for a time to write up Tommy Atkins." The Duke considered for a while, then gave him permission to go to any military station under his jurisdiction and live with the officers and men. It was in this way Kipling learned to know so much of army life, which he has so perfectly portrayed in his Barrack-Room Ballads and Verses.

The first book published was really not all his own work, for *The Christmas Quartet*, was a collection of sketches from the Kipling family. Although the price was only two shillings, very few were sold, and the publisher said he had left on his hands enough unsold copies to paper Lahore. Today this book commands twelve pounds sterling.

Departmental Ditties followed, and few readers out of military posts in India knew the book; then *Plain Tales from the Hills*, *Soldiers Three*, *The Story of the Gadsbys*, and *In Black and White*, and these also had only a local circulation at first. In 1890 he started for America, and landed in San Francisco, hoping to find a sale for his heretofore unsalable books. He evidently met with no encouragement there, and quickly made his way to New York, carrying in his pocket a letter of introduction to a large publishing house. This house not

only refused to accept his books, but Kipling says "actually snubbed him." He left America in disgust and went to England. There his books were brought out by a London publisher, but the reviews were not enthusiastic and did not attract attention. He was very much discouraged but too proud to make his presence in London known to his mother's or father's family, who would gladly have given him aid, but he secured very economical lodgings, and determined to wait. How long he would have waited can not be told had not a friend proposed to Edmund Yates, who was looking for material for a magazine article, to interview Kipling, for he knew more of India than any man he had ever met, and he believed that he was the coming man in story-telling. This advice was followed and the interview filled two columns, and created no little talk. The editor of the The London Times remembered that some of Kipling's stories were lying, covered with dust, upon his desk. He hunted them up and gave to them a half column review. To be endorsed by The Times was enough for the average Englishman, and Kipling's books began to be read and appreciated and he became a much-discussed author. Indeed like Byron he flashed into notice in a day.

He met Wolcott Balestier about this time, formed a great friendship for him, and together they wrote *The Naulahka*, Kipling describing the scenes in India, and Balestier those in America. He went to America to visit his friend at his home in Brattleboro, Vermont. He was charmed with Americans and their ways; especially did one American entrance him, for he soon found himself very much in love with Carolyn, Wol-

cott's sister. They were married in 1892, and he built a beautiful home near Brattleboro, naming it for *The Naulahka*. There he wrote *Many Inventions* and *The Seven Seas*, and was very happy and contented until his friend and co-worker, Wolcott Balestier died. This loss was felt keenly by him for many years. He went to South Africa for a while, then to England, settling in a little Sussex village near the sea, where he lived an ideal life, coming back to America whenever he needed a month's holiday. "Versatility is the one marvel of Kipling and his work. He knows men, animals, and inanimate things. He is a man who sees more with the same number of eyes, hears more with the ordinary complement of ears, than any Anglo-Saxon mortal has ever seen or heard or been able to express before."

He is devoted to his home life, domestic in tastes, simple in his habits, regular and systematic in his work.

His *Barrack-Room Ballads and Verse* have been adversely criticized for reeking too much of the army canteen, for having too much odor of horse and stable, too much beer, and too much rowdyism incident to bar-rooms.

His *Recessional* might redeem much that has been said adversely about him. This poem made the English people realize that a religion of humanity was being preached rather than a religion of philosophy. He says it gave him more trouble than anything he ever wrote. He had promised it for the Jubilee and *The Times* kept reminding him of the promise. He made many attempts to write it and failed. Finally a telegram came urging that the promised poem be sent at once, and this forced him to shut himself in his room with a de-

termination to stay there until it was written. It startled the world when it did appear. James Lane Allen says it is Kipling's noblest and most enduring poetic achievement. "It came as a loud voice crying from out of a multitude of voices, heard and recognized above the babble of Fleet Street, in a time of great national rejoicing among English people."

If one were asked to name the qualities most noticeable in Kipling's short stories, the answer would be strength and sympathy. He had a wonderful power to see and then represent with bold effect. Then, too, he had a deep brotherly apprehension of the mental powers, and interests of humanity.

After he had tried his hand upon short stories of native soldier life, he turned his attention to animal fables. His fault here was a grave one, for his animals are superior in many respects intellectually to man. That Kipling had a motive beyond entertainment in writing his *Jungle Books* is evident, but just what it was has not yet been definitely determined. That he wrote stories of great interest to children may be proved by the many children who read and love them. Those animals have become household companions.

Kipling is an essayist but the note struck in this department of literature is not so high as in others. As a poet he has been most successful. First he was a maker only of rollicking rhymes about the soldier in his camp—then he became a veritable barrack-room bard, describing all their dramatic virtues as well as their sins in such heroes as Danny Deever, Tommy Atkins, Bill 'awkins and the like. These songs gave him a reputation as a verse writer, and he might have

been rightly called "the strongest living writer of the English-speaking tongue," but he could never have been called "the bard of Greater Britain," "the uncrowned laureate of the whole English-speaking world," unless he had sounded a higher note than that, and he did this in his *Recessional*.

While no excuses can be made for the broad, the coarse, the vulgar, and at times the impious in his verse. because there was no necessity for him to choose the themes requiring it, justice demands that in presenting the sin-seamed skipper, the lawless soldier, the cattle-keeper, and the profane engineer on ship board, he presents them in such a way that in spite of their rough exterior something lovable in them may be seen, and somehow a touch of love for human kind may be surely awakened. That this requires real meritorious ability can not be denied.

Kipling's spirit is restless; there is in his blood a desire for adventure. At one time he is on the New England hills, then suddenly at the London clubs, and before one knows it in an Indian bungalow.

In personal appearance he is short and thin, with keen piercing eyes, distinctly seen behind his glasses. His last works (1906) are *Kim*, *Five Nations* and *Traffics and Discoveries*.

Kipling traveled in America in 1889, writing descriptive letters as he traveled; these show accurate observation, and in the main just comments on American people and their manners. His novel *Captains Courageous* deals with the New England cod-fishermen, and shows a remarkable insight into their character and speech, and a fine knowledge of that particular line of

industry. He really is gifted in presenting all forms of speech—from the brogue of the Irishman, to the broken tongue of the German and Frenchman, trying to speak our language.

Kipling knows what to say and he says it—but sometimes he does not know so well what to leave unsaid. He has not yet reached the zenith of life, so no just estimate can be made of him or his works.

RECESSIONAL.

God of our fathers, known of old,—
 Lord of our far-flung battle line,—
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine,—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies,
 The captains and the kings depart:
 Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,—
 An humble and a contrite heart—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
 On dune and headland sinks the fire—
 Lo! all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use
 Or lesser breeds without the law,—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard,
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
 From frantic boasts and foolish word,
 Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!

Amen.

ALFRED AUSTIN, the poet, dramatist, critic, essayist, novelist, and journalist, was born at Headingley, near Leeds in 1835. He is the son of Roman Catholic parents; his father was a merchant and magistrate. His early studies were at Stonyhurst College and St. Mary's College, Oscott. In 1853 he received his degree from the University of London. He studied law, but afterwards abandoned it for journalism. He has written several novels and many narrative poems. His earliest efforts were published by Blackwood, and his first poem, written when he was only eighteen, was *Randolph*. In 1861 he published a volume of poems, *The Seasons*. *Poetry of the Period* is considered his most important work in verse.

In 1896 Austin was made poet laureate to succeed Alfred Tennyson, many years having elapsed between Tennyson's death and this appointment. Strange to say, just in the same spirit that he criticised in youthful strains his predecessor, so the English press criticised him. It is to be hoped that he will as successfully outlive these criticisms. The very qualities that he complained of as lacking in Tennyson are the very qualities which are lacking in his own poetry.

IAN MACLAREN (Rev. John Maclaren Watson) is "a pure Scot," although born in Manningtree, Essex, where his father was stationed at that time. His youth was spent at Perth and Stirling, and being an only child he would no doubt have been overindulged but for the good fortune of having parents far too wise "to spare the rod and spoil the child." His father was very religious and an elder in the Free Church of

Scotland; his mother, a woman of strong convictions and equally strong aversions, belonged to what in England would probably be known as the "broad church." In death, as in life, she was courageous, unselfish and truthful. When dying her minister asked her whether she was firm in the faith; her reply was, "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and the Saviour of the world, and if I had not believed it long before, I would think it a mean thing to begin believing it now."

Young Watson was accustomed to spend the summers with his uncles, both of whom belonged to the Established Church in Scotland, so that his sympathies early became divided between the two great Presbyterian Churches of that country. He went to the Edinburgh University, and when his studies were completed he became a minister of the Free Church much to his father's delight. He accepted a call to the Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, where he now (1896) preaches to one of the largest and most influential congregations in that city. His literary work is a secondary object with him. At the suggestion of a friend he commenced writing those sketches which have given him a world-wide fame. He has written many religious articles as well as *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, and *Kate Carnegie*.

Mr. Watson is an energetic worker; he never loiters, he never trifles, but has alway everything in strict order.

LIVING ESSAYISTS (1906).

ANDREW LANG, EDMUND GOSSE, AUSTIN DOBSON AND ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

ANDREW LANG, poet, critic and general writer was born at Selkirk, Scotland, 1844. He received his education first in Edinburgh at St. Andrews University and then at Balliol College, Oxford, where he gained the Merton Fellowship. He went to London soon after graduation to begin his literary work by contributing to periodicals. His verses were collected and published under the title of *Ballads and Lyrics of Old France*. Later other volumes followed as *Ballades in Blue China*, *Ballades and Verses Vain*, *Rhymes à la Mode*, *Rhymes Old and New*, and *Bau and Arrière Bau*.

Lang attempted fiction but *The Mark of Cain* did him no credit, *The World's Desire*, however, written with Rider Haggard, was somewhat better, and *The Maid of Fife*, a historical novel in which Joan of Arc is portrayed, indeed she is the heroine, may be called very good, and possibly the best novel he has written.

Lang also has been a fruitful translator, editing many volumes of foreign fairy tales, such as *Blue Fairy Book*, *Red Fairy Book*, and translations from Homer and Virgil, works of loftier character. Besides this he has edited standard literature, such as the *Life of Lockhart*, and written *Custom and Myth*, and *Myth, Ritual and Religious* from his standpoint as a student of anthro-

pology. These are brilliant expositions of the modern theory of the universality of myths among primitive savages.

It is as an essayist that Lang ranks highest. In this department of literature he is vastly more engaging. He seems ever ready for a tilt; for firm in his belief in the classics, old and new, he becomes whimsically humorous or pettish in their defense, and shows a profuse display of learning, whenever he is heard from.

His essays, while they may irritate, because truth does hurt, it must be acknowledged possess liveliness and quality. These, with his many-sided literary activities, make him a decided force in modern literature.

EDMUND WILLIAM GOSSE, born in 1849, is the son of P. H. Gosse, an English zoölogist of note. He was not graduated from any college, but having been reared amid cultured surroundings, reading largely himself, and acting for sometime as librarian in the British Museum, he supplemented an otherwise imperfect education. At twenty-six he was appointed as translator to the Board of Trade. When quite young he began writing for leading periodicals, such as *Saturday Review*, *Cornhill* and *Academy*, and attracted attention as a fine critic.

Realizing that culture comes from travel, he spent two years on the Continent, visiting Norway and Sweden, Holland and Belgium, and wrote upon his return critical studies of his travels. His first published volume was *Madrigals, Songs and Sonnets*, which elicited high praise from Tennyson. Elegance and careful workmanship, study of nature and felicity in phrasing, are essential qualities shown in this work.

On Viol and Flute, a collection of his poems that appeared in 1873, and *New Poems* in 1879, *Ferdansi in Exile*, *In Russet and Gold*, that appeared later—all showed some loss of the happy singing quality that was noticeable in his first volume. He is a lyric poet, and with his friends Lang and Dobson revived the old French metrical forms such as the roundel, triolet, and ballade in English verse. Fine as he is as a poet, Gosse is finer still as an essayist. He is really one of the most accomplished, most agreeable, most charming of the English writers; he has culture and sympathy; and he has a style picturesque and full of grace.

To him we are indebted for an introduction not only to Ibsen but to many foreign writers. His interest in Ibsen led to his translating with William Archer "The Master Builder."

He was the Clark Lecturer at Trinity College, Cambridge, and some of his books are based upon the lectures delivered at that time, *The Literature of the Eighteenth Century, From Shakespeare to Pope*, *The Jacobean Poets*, *Critical Kit-Kats*, and possibly his *Seventeenth Century Studies*. He also wrote biographies of *Raleigh*, *Congreve*, and *Gray*. He has done much to popularize the best literature, possibly as much as any other writer has ever done.

AUSTIN DOBSON, the son of George Clarisse Dobson, a civil engineer, was born in Plymouth, England, 1840. He was educated in Beaumaris, Coventry, and Strasburg, and like his father became a civil engineer. In his leisure moments he read and studied the best literature and finally ventured to send some verses

of his own to the Magazine St. Paul's, then edited by Anthony Trollope. These were collected and published afterwards under the title *Vignettes in Rhyme* and *Vers de Société*. His *Proverbs in Porcelain*, *Old World Idylls* and *At the Sign of the Lyre*, followed.

Dobson's rhymes are good, but his essays are better. These essays are very original and have been published in three volumes. His work with Lang and Gosse has already been mentioned. He also wrote character sketches of four Frenchwomen, Charlotte Corday, Madame Roland, Princess de Lamballe, and Madame de Genlis; also biographies of Hogarth, Fielding, Steele, Goldsmith, and Horace Walpole.

His critical introductions to several editions of eighteenth century classics would alone have placed his name high in literature.

. Some one has said in speaking of Dobson's poems that as they approach them they feel as though they stand before an exquisite jewel-box, filled with curios, delicately carved, and so beautiful in design and finish; or they feel as though wandering in a quaint old garden with roses and hollyhocks, and with trim box hedges; and they leave the impress of scented rose-jars, or lavender-filled presses—so delicate is the construction of his verse.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL, an English novelist, was born in London, 1864. His parents were Jews of excellent family, but poor, so the son was forced to teach in order to secure the means to take the course at the University of London necessary for graduation.

. His first literary work was sent to the magazines, Pall

Mall and others. In 1888 his first romance appeared, entitled *The Premier and the Painter*, then *The Big Bow Mystery*, *The Old Maids Club*, and *The Bachelors Club*. Zangwill's best work is his short stories, like *Children of the Ghetto*. *Merely Mary Ann* has been dramatized, and has been quite successfully played. He has written many other novels and stories, but it is as an essayist he will be longest remembered.

TENTH ERA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE—(CONTINUED).

William Ewart Gladstone, Austey Guthrie, Leslie Stephen, Philip Gilbert Hamerton, E. Nesbit, William Edward Norris, F. W. Robinson, B. L. Fargeon, F. J. Fargus (Hugh Conway), J. A. Symonds, Samuel Smiles, Lewis Morris, Sir Theodore Martin, Henry Taylor, J. A. Heraud, Robert Buchanan, William Stubbs, Edward A. Freeman, J. R. Green, Joseph Hatton, Charles Gibbon, Mrs. Dobson, Edmund Yates, Goldwin Smith, Mrs. Singleton (Violet Fane), Marie Corelli, George Moore, John Veitch, Robert S. Hichens, Hall Caine, William Watson, Samuel Rutherford Crockett, George Saintsbury, Edward Clodd, George Gissing, Henry Norman, Grant Allen (Can.), Anthony Hope (Hawkins), William Ernest Henley, William Clark Russell, A. T. Quiller Couch, Conan Doyle, Eden Philpotts, George Bernard Shaw, Sir Gilbert Parker, William Butler Yeats, Egerton Castle, Gilbert Knowles Chesterton, Robert Barr, Maurice Hewlett, Oscar Wilde, Hillaire Belloc, George Du Maurier, Henry Arthur Jones, J. G. Milne, Adolphus W. Ward, W. G. Aston, Frederick J. Crowest, Guy Boothby.

ADDENDA.

(Omitted from Fourth Era.)

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

1618

1667

Charles I. Commonwealth. Charles II.

WORKS.

Tragicall History of Piramus
and Thisbe.

Constantia and Philetus.

Elegy on the Death of
Dudley, Lord Carlton.

Poetical Blossoms (containing
the above three).

Love's Riddle.

Naufraguine Joculare.

The Guardian (The Cutter of
Coleman Street).

The Mistress.

Pindarique Odes.

The Chronicle.

Miscellanies.

It seems strange that Abraham Cowley, who in Milton's lifetime outranked the author of "Paradise Lost," should not have more prominence than is usually given him in a history of English literature. He was a remarkably precocious boy, and early gave promise of greatness. He was born in London, in 1618. His father was a man of wealth, having made his fortune as a grocer, so his life was not a struggle with poverty like that of many English writers. He had a mother noted for piety and devotion to her religious duties. His home was therefore filled with books that were calculated to lead his mind to the love and service of God. Spying one day on the table in the parlor a book differing from all others he had seen, called "Fairie Queene," by Edmund Spenser, he eagerly began to read

it, and one reading was not sufficient, it was read the second time, and this style of reading was appreciated by a boy who was then under ten years of age. The poetical in his nature was stirred and in his tenth year he wrote a *Tragicall History of Piramus and Thisbe*, an epic romance written in six-line stanza—really the most astonishing feat of imaginative precocity on record. Its constructive merits are not only of very high order, but the poem shows no faults of immaturity. He was sent to the Westminster school and before he was twelve he had written another very ambitious poem, *Constantia and Philetus*. While there at school he became marked for not only mental precocity but great versatility of talents, and was in his thirteenth year when he wrote another poem the *Elegy on the Death of Dudley, Lord Carlton*. These three poems were collected and published in a volume entitled *Poetical Blossoms*, which he dedicated to the head-master of the school, the one who had greatly encouraged him in his literary work. Many admiring schoolmates wrote laudatory verses and had them included in the preface. So Abraham Cowley really became a noted author before he was fifteen years old.

His *Love's Riddle*, which followed soon after, is a marvelous work when one considers that it was written by a sixteen-year-old boy. The language in which this pastoral comedy is written is not only harmonious, and the style rapid in movement, but it is a correct style.

At eighteen he was given a scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge, and devoted himself while there with enthusiasm to his studies and early distinguished himself for fine scholarship. He wrote a scriptural epic *Davideis*, the life of King David, which first ap-

peared in Latin. It is noted for little less to-day than having given Milton some ideas that he afterwards made use of. Many other poems came from his pen until the Civil War came on. Espousing the royalist side he found it very unpleasant at Cambridge, so went to Oxford, and formed friendships there with some of the royal family. After the battle of Marston Moor he accompanied the queen to Paris and remained in exile twelve years. His life was endangered by the part he played in deciphering the secret correspondence between Charles I. and his Queen Henrietta Maria. He had some little leisure while in France for literary work, and studied Pindar and determined to translate his works into English. He began a history of the Civil War but it was never finished and unfortunately it was destroyed. His elegies on Harvey and Crashaw are considered the finest poems he ever wrote.

It is said that Abraham Cowley was so timid by nature that he never had the courage to speak a word of love to any woman in his life, and yet *The Mistress* is filled with such expressions of love as might have been tolerated in one who felt them, but become unendurable from one whom every one knew only imagined them. He returned to England before the Restoration, but had the misfortune to be seized and imprisoned by mistake for some one else, and was only released upon the promised payment of £1,000. Hearing then of Cromwell's death he hurried to Paris again, and remained there until Charles II. was restored to the throne. Worn out with political life he retired to his country home near Chertsey and buried himself literally among his books. He died there in 1667, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

(Omitted from Eighth Era.)

JANE AUSTEN.

1775.

1817

George III.

George IV.

William IV.

WORKS.

Sense and Sensibility.
Pride and Prejudice.
Mansfield Park.
Emma.

Northanger Abbey.
Persuasion.

Jane Austen was born at Steventon, Hampshire, in 1775. Her father was the rector of that parish, and dying while Jane was quite young left her with another daughter for his widow to rear and educate. Finding that it would be wiser to move to Southampton, because it offered better educational advantages, Mrs. Austen and her two daughters left Steventon soon after her husband's death, but later decided to move to Chawton, and it was there Jane first began to write.

Her early training must have been the best, for she developed into a beautiful Christian character, and this is largely reflected in her works. It is said of her that she never uttered "a hasty, a silly, or a severe expression, and that her temper was as polished as her wit, and her manners not inferior to her temper." No one was ever in her company without feeling a strong desire to obtain her friendship. She had reserve without stiffness; she was communicative without self-consciousness; she observed the faults and frailties of

others, but never commented upon them with unkindness; faultless herself, as near as human nature can be faultless, she always strove to excuse faults in others. If any one injured her, she knew well how to forgive and forget, and where extenuation was impossible she was silent. She read a great deal; especially was she fond of history and belles-lettres. Her memory was excellent and she retained easily, what she read—Johnson and Cowper were her favorite moral writers. She eagerly sought for the best essays in the English language, acquainting herself with their merits and defects. Richardson was her favorite novelist; his power of creating and preserving the consistency of his characters, especially as exemplified in his "Sir Charles Grandison," particularly pleased her, while she resented the tediousness of the conversations and his long drawn-out narratives. Fielding held a low rank in her estimation because he was coarse, and grossness and coarseness met with no response in such a pure mind as hers, and neither Fielding's wit nor his humor could make amends for his low standard of morals.

Jane Austen became an authoress from taste and inclination; hope of fame, or any profit that might come to her from the sales of her work never once entered into her early motives. She wrote for the pleasure it gave her immediate friends and for her own satisfaction, and it was with great difficulty that her friends, whose partiality she said she always suspected while she honored their judgment, could prevail upon her to have her works published. They were written years before she would consent, and then so sure was she that the sales from them would not repay the expenditure of their publication that she laid aside a certain sum from

her moderate income in order to meet the expected loss. When *Sense and Sensibility* cleared her £150 she could scarcely believe her good fortune. She said, "What a prodigious recompense for what has cost me nothing!" She shrank from notoriety, and no amount of persuasion could induce her to put her name to any of her productions. She highly appreciated the words of praise that came to her from time to time, and talked freely with the family and with friends about her books, but in public she shrank from any mention of them, or of herself as the author of them. Everything came finished from her pen, and her ideas were always as clear as her expressions were well chosen. It is said of her that she never wrote a note or a letter that could not have been published.

Her powers of inventing seem to have been intuitive and almost unlimited. She drew from nature, never from individuals. Her letters were written in the same style as were her novels, and the great charm of her novels lay in the truth and simplicity depicted there. She gives simple representations of English life in the middle and upper classes at the time in which she lived, and she gave these with no attempt at fine writing, and without an effort to portray striking or thrilling adventures or any extraordinary characters. Sir Walter Scott, after reading her *Pride and Prejudice* for the third time, said, "That young lady had a talent for describing the feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I have ever met with. The big bow-wow I can do myself like anyone going; but the exquisite touch which renders common things and characters interesting from the truth of

the description and the sentiment is denied me. What a pity so gifted a creature died so early !”

And she did die early. In 1817 her health failed so rapidly that it became necessary for the family to move to Winchester to secure the best medical aid, for rapid consumption was withering that fair body. The disease seemed only to increase her mental activity. She wrote as long as she could hold a pen, and the day before her death she composed some verses showing real fancy and vigor.

In personal appearance she was below middle height with a fine and exceedingly graceful carriage. Her features, taken separately, were all good, though somewhat disappointing when taken as a whole ; in the expression was shown cheerfulness, sensibility and benevolence, and these were her leading characteristics. Her complexion was the finest, and her voice extremely sweet. Her conversation was fluent, really excelling her powers of composition. Possibly she did not possess very many of what the world would call accomplishments, but she had enough “to sweeten every life with which she came in contact.”

One trait she possessed in large measure and this made all others unimportant. She was thoroughly religious, fearing God, and walking in His ways, keeping His ordinances as blameless as she could, and loving her fellow creatures—this was the summing up of a beautiful life.

She was only forty-two when she died, retaining to the last her faculties. Her memory was perfectly clear, and she asked that the sacrament should be administered before her strength should fail. Her last words were thanks to her medical attendant for some service

rendered, and when asked if she wished anything, she answered smiling, "I only wish death."

Her novels were greatly admired by Macaulay, and over and over again in his journal he records the pleasure he derived from reading them.

Archbishop Whatley said, "Her works may be safely recommended, not only as among the most unexceptional of their class, but as combining in an eminent degree instruction with amusement, though without direct effort at the former. Those who delight in the study of human nature may improve in the knowledge of it, and in the profitable application of that knowledge, by the perusal of such fictions as these."

Possibly *Northanger Abbey*, one of her latest works, portrays in a more natural way than any of her other books the heroine in every-day life with a naturalness that gives her the loftiest charm.

The cultured reader will never fail to find Miss Austen's books as entertaining as they are natural and delightful.

(Omitted from Eighth Era.)

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

1775

1864

George III. George IV. William IV. Victoria.

WORKS.

Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen (6 Vols).	Fra Rupert, the Last Part of a Trilogy.
Poems.	Popery, British and Foreign.
Gebir.	Letters of an American on Russia and Revolution.
Count Julian.	Letters to R. W. Emerson.
Heroic Idylls.	Antony and Octavius: Scenes for the Study.
Latin Verse.	Dry Sticks Fagoted by W. S. Landor.
The Pentameron.	Savonarola and the Prior of St. Mark
The Hellenics.	The Last Fruit Off an Old Tree.
Italics.	
Satire upon Satirists and Admonition to Detractors.	
Andrea of Hungary and Giovanni of Naples.	

Walter Savage Landor, a successful writer of both prose and poetry, was born at Warwick in 1775. There is something in the air of Warwickshire to produce greatness. Shakespeare and George Eliot came from near the Avon. Landor in after years alluding to his birthplace said:

"I drank of Avon, too, a dangerous draught,
That roused within the feverish thirst of song."

As a child he manifested an uncontrollable temper which at times bordered almost upon insanity, and this was a sore trial to him through life, for it involved him in trouble while at Oxford, causing him to be suspended, and as he was unwilling to return, it really

made him lose his degree; then later it was the cause of family misunderstandings and quarrels which led to separation from his wife and family and to real unhappiness; then in old age it involved him in lawsuits and endless worries.

His early education was begun at Rugby and he intended to complete it at Oxford, but a breach of discipline resulting from his high temper, as has been shown, interfered with this plan being carried out. His father dying and leaving him heir to a very large estate he turned his attention to the care of it. He purchased Llanthony Abbey in Wales and commenced to build a magnificent mansion which would have cost £8,000. Here his temper again interfered with his plans, for he quarreled with his tenants and everything became so unpleasant for him, that in a pet of rage he ordered the almost completed mansion to be demolished, and left for the continent, spending much time in France and Italy. He became so enamored with Florence that he bought the beautiful villa of Gherardesca near the city and began to spend large sums of money upon beautifying that.

In 1811 he met a pretty French girl, Jule Thuillier, and married her. She had a high temper, too, and so neither knowing how to bear and forbear, all sorts of disagreements followed, real quarrels began, estrangements resulted and finally the home was broken up and, leaving his family behind, he went back to England and settled at Bath, and there remained for over twenty years.

His literary life began with his *Poems* and *Gebir* which he had written before he was twenty. While living at Bath in the latter years of his life he wrote *Dry Sticks*

Fagoted by W. S. Landor in order to make an attack upon a lady who had become obnoxious to him. A suit for libel was the result, and Landor, now an old man of eighty, was compelled not only to pay heavy damages, but to live among a perfect swarm of enemies. He returned to Florence and there spent the remaining nine years of his life. It was there that Swinburne met him and appreciated the poet in him while living.

"Came as to one whose thoughts half linger,
Half run before,
The youngest to the oldest singer
That England bore."

Having given this hurried glance to Landor and his weaknesses let a more lingering look dwell upon his greatness, for that he was great in many ways can be shown.

He was a true worshiper of nature. He knew and loved the sky, the woods, and the waters; he spent the greater portion of his time roaming over the hills, facing the breeze, and composing in the open air. He had a real passion for trees, and he would have planted a half million of them had those country churls at Llanthony Abbey allowed him. Trees, flowers, every growing thing was sacred to him. He could not bear to pull a growing flower. He said,

"To let all flowers live freely, and all die,
Whenever their genius bids their souls depart
Among their kindred in their native place.
I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank,
And not reproached me; the ever sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoiled, not lost one grain of gold."

Then his affection was just as great for all animals, dogs and birds and any dumb creature; indeed he seemed to understand them intuitively. "I never see an ani-

mal," he said, "unless it be a parrot or a monkey or a pug-dog or a serpent, that I do not converse with it either openly or secretly."

His appetite for knowledge was insatiable. He gathered up facts insensibly and retained everything that he read. He was a very close student of history, and as it is said he did not possess a book of reference he was forced to rely upon his memory, and so felt that he could not afford to have it at fault, although it really did fail him occasionally.

Landor was a true critic. Rarely is it found that critical and creative natures are united in one person. The greatest poets have not recorded their opinions of their contemporary poets, but Landor lived in a critical age, and was forced to comment upon the literary productions that came under his observation.

Great as he was as a critic, essayist, dramatist, and as a writer of prose, he really was greatest as a poet. He ranks among the foremost poets, because it was the poet within the man that made him great. His prose was prosaic in form while his poetry belonged to high order of art. His *Gebir*, though now over a hundred years old, has the finish of Tennyson and the romantic touch of Keats. "It was the envy of Byron, the despair of Southey, the bosom companion of Shelley, and no doubt had much to do with the development of the Victorian school" and yet when it appeared it was only read by a select audience. Landor himself had no feeling upon this subject, for he knew time would give him justice. He spent no time in cowardly whining. Nothing could make him morbid, for in spite of his discouragements he knew his own powers, and said, "I shall have as many readers as I

desire to have in other times than ours. I shall dine late; but the dining-room will be well lighted, and the guests few and select."

He lived beyond the allotted age of man, until nothing was left but his voice; but in spite of being deaf, lame and blind his last years were full of thought and excellence, and the love of song stayed by him to the end. Most poets do their best work under thirty; Landor was not in the noontide of his success until after he was fifty.

QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

- 1 Egbert m. Raedburgh.
- 2 Ethelwolf m. Osburgha . . . Judith.
- 3 Alfred m. Ealhswith.
- 4 Edward the Elder m. Ecgbwyn, Edgiva.
- 5 Edgar m. Ethelflead, . . .
- 6 Ethelred II. m. Emma of Normandy.
- 7 Edmund Ironsides m. Algitha.
- 8 Edward the Confessor m. Editha.
- 9 Canute m. Elgiva . . . Emma of Normandy.
- 10 William I. m. Matilda of Flanders.
- 11 Henry I. m. Matilda of Scotland.
- 12 Matilda m. Geoffrey Plantagenet.
- 13 Stephen m. Matilda of Boulogne.
- 14 Henry II. m. Eleanor of Aquitaine.
- 15 Richard m. Berengaria of Navarre.
- 16 John m. Alix of Morlaix, . . Isabel of Gloucester,
. . Isabel of Angouleme.
- 17 Henry III. m. Eleanor of Provence.
- 18 Edward I. m. Eleanor of Castile, . . Margaret of
France.
- 19 Edward II. m. Isabella of France.
- 20 Edward III. m. Phillipa of Hainault.
- 21 Richard II. m. Anne of Bohemia . Isabella of
France.
- 22 Henry IV. m. Mary of Bohun . . Jane of Navarre.
- 23 Henry V. m. Catherine of France.
- 24 Henry VI. m. Margaret of Anjou.
- 25 Edward IV. m. Elizabeth Woodville.
- 26 Richard III. m. Ann Nevil.
- 27 Henry VII. m. Elizabeth of York.
- 28 Henry VIII. m. Catherine of Aragon, Anne
Bolcyn, . . Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, . .
Catherine Howard, . . Catherine Parr.

- 29 Mary I. m. Philip II. of Spain.
Elizabeth never married.
- 30 James I. m. Anne of Denmark.
- 31 Charles I. m. Henrietta of France.
- 32 James II. m. Anne Hyde, . . . Mary of Modena.
- 33 Charles II. m. Catherine of Portugal.
- 34 Mary II. m. William III.
- 35 William III. m. Mary II.
- 36 Anne m. George of Denmark.
- 37 George I. m. Sophia of Zell.
- 38 George II. m. Caroline of Anspach.
- 39 George III. m. Charlotte of Mecklenburg.
- 40 George IV. m. Caroline of Brunswick.
- 41 William IV. m. Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen.
- 42 Victoria m. Albert of Saxe-Coburg.
- 43 Edward VII. m. Alexandria of Denmark.

VICTORIA'S CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN.

VICTORIA m. Frederick Emperor of Germany.

Frederick William (Emperor of Germany),...Albert William Henry,...Victoria,...Marguerite,...Charlotte,...Sophia,...Sigismund,...Waldemar.

ALBERT, PRINCE of WALES, m. Alexandria of Denmark.

Albert Victor,...Louisa Victoria,...Maude Charlotte,...George Frederick,...Victoria Alexandria,...Alexander.

ALICE m. Louis of Hesse.

Victoria,...Elizabeth,..Irene,...Ernest Louis,...Frederick,...Alice,..Mary.

ALFRED, Duke of Edinburgh m. Marie of Russia.

Alfred Alexander,...Marie Alexandria,...Victoria Melita,...Louise...Beatrice.

ELEANOR m. Christian of Sleswig-Holstein.

Christian Victor,...Albert,...Victoria Louisa,...Augusta,...Harold.

LOUISE m. Marquis of Lorne.

ARTHUR, Duke of Connaught m. Louisa of Prussia.

Marguerite,...Victoria,...Arthur Frederick.

LEOPOLD, Duke of Albany m. Helena of Waldeck.

Alice Maria.

BEATRICE m. Duke of Battenburg.

Albert,...Victoria,...Leopold,...Maurice Victor Donald.

IMPORTANT EVENTS CONNECTED WITH ENGLISH HISTORY.

- | | | |
|------|----------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| 1066 | Norman Conquest..... | William I. |
| 1100 | Saxon and Norman lines united by Henry's marriage to Matilda.. | Henry I. |
| 1215 | Magna Charta | John. |

1265	Establishment of House of Commons.....	Henry III.
1339	Beginning of the Hundred Years' War.....	Edward III.
1377	Wicliffe begins the Reformation.....	Edward III.
1429	War with France; Joan of Arc.....	Henry VI.
1455	War of the Roses.....	Henry VI.
1474	Printing introduced into England.....	Edward IV.
1492	Discovery of America.....	Henry VII.
1531	Establishment of the Church of England.....	Henry VIII.
1555	Persecution of the Protestants.....	Mary I.
1577	Drake circumnavigated the globe.....	Elizabeth.
1605	The Gunpowder Plot.....	James I.
1620	Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England.....	James I.
1622	First newspaper printed in England.....	James I.
1642	Civil War between Charles and his Parliament.....	Charles I.
1649	England under Oliver Cromwell as Protector.	
1660	Restoration.....	Charles II.
1665	The Great Plague in London.....	Charles II.
1666	The Great Fire.....	Charles II.
1687	Law of Gravitation Discovered by Newton.....	James II.
1738	Rise of Methodism under Wesley.....	George II.
1765	Stamp Act passed.....	George III.
1776	Declaration of Independence.....	George III.
1812	Second War with America.....	George III.
1815	Battle of Waterloo.....	George III.
1830	First Railway.....	William IV.
1833	Emancipation of the Slaves in the British Colonies.....	William IV.
1858	The Atlantic Cable Laid.....	Victoria.
1865	Slavery Abolished in the United States.....	Victoria.
1871	War between France and Germany.....	Victoria.

POETS LAUREATE.*

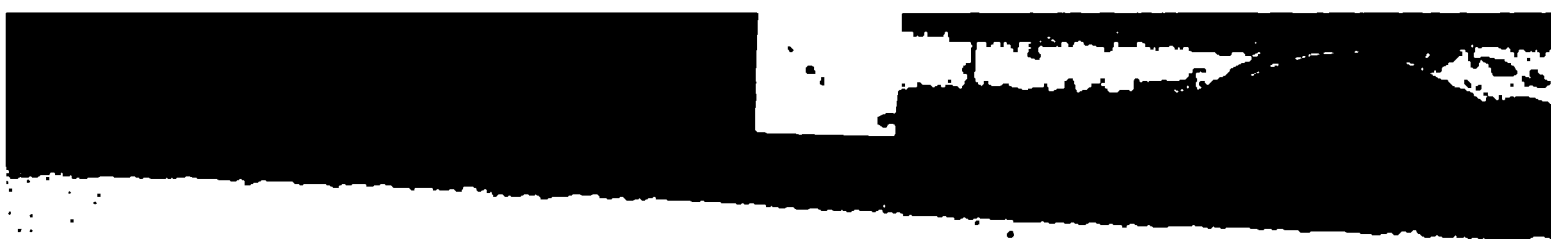
1591-1892.

Edmund Spenser	1591-1599
Samuel Daniel	1594-1619
Ben Jonson.....	1619-1637
Interregnum.	
William Davenant	1660-1668
John Dryden	1668-1689
Thomas Shadwell.....	1689-1692
Nahum Tate.....	1692-1715
Nicholas Rowe.....	1715-1718
Lawrence Eusden	1718-1730
Colley Cibber	1730-1737
William Whitehead.....	1737-1785
Thomas Wharton.....	1785-1790
Henry James Pye.....	1790-1813
Robert Southey.....	1813-1843
William Wordsworth.....	1843-1850
Alfred Tennyson†.....	1850-1892

*The first poet Laureate was John Kay (1461-1483). A regular salary was not fixed until Charles I. came to the throne. George III. increased the salary.

†Alfred Austin succeeded Tennyson in 1896.





100-443888-100

b6
b7C

100-443888-100

b6
b7C

100-443888-100

b6
b7C

100-443888-100

b6
b7C

100-443888-100

b6
b7C

100-443888-100

b6
b7C

100-443888-100

b6
b7C

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

*** book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building**

[illegible]

